Newton Public Library

780.9 Eaton, Seymour
Eat The World's Great
Musicians

DATE DUE

MAR 6 1995			
JUN 6 1995			
AUG 08 1994			
DEC 03 1996			
MAR 19 1997			
JAN 29 1998			
MAR 24 2001			

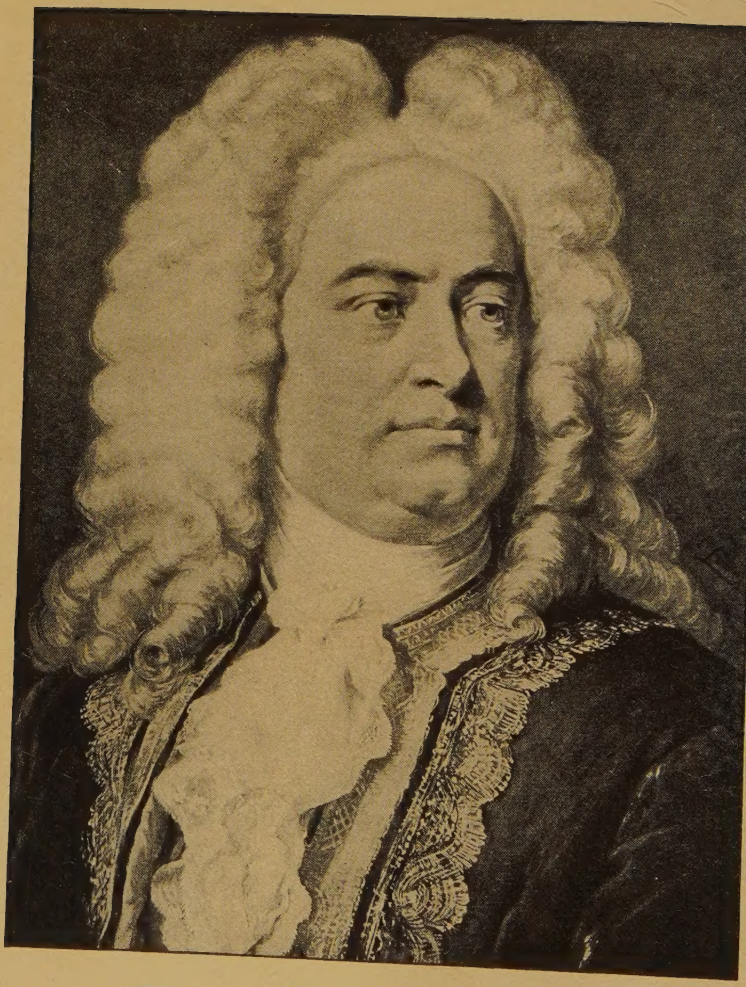
DISCARD

GULF SHORES PUBLIC LIBRARY

GULF SHORES, AL 36542

THE WORLD'S GREAT
MUSICIANS

GULF SHORES PUBLIC LIBRARY
GULF SHORES, AL 36542



George Frederick Handel

HOME STUDY CIRCLE LIBRARY

EDITED BY

SEYMOUR EATON

THE WORLD'S GREAT MUSICIANS

THE HOME STUDY CIRCLE LIBRARY
ASSOCIATION
1903

Copyright, 1898, 1899, 1900, by THE CHICAGO RECORD.
Copyright, 1899, by SEYMOUR EATON.
Copyright, 1900, by VICTOR F. LAWSON.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL CHICAGO, ILL. 82

ROST. O. LAW CO., PRINTERS AND BINDERS, CHICAGO

THE PURPOSE OF THESE STUDIES

Music is recognised everywhere as one of the most potent of civilising influences. It is certainly inspiring and happifying in its immediate effects; and there is scarcely a thinker or philosopher who does not consider its effects to be lastingly beneficent.

Good music, however, like good poetry, or good art of any sort, is something the appreciation of which comes through culture. Many who have a strong desire to be able to appreciate what is best in music fail in their desire through lack of knowledge.

Culture can be got only by effort. It is a treasure of slow accumulation. Its possession, however, is the peculiar privilege of no one. The busy toiler, whose hands and head are at work all day, but whose heart is open to such elevating influences as are within his reach, is just as surely in the way of acquiring culture as the man of fortune and opportunity who is privileged to frequent the galleries, the salons, the magnificent opera houses and concert halls, of the capitals of Europe.

Culture is largely a matter of personal sympathy. We can appreciate truth and beauty all the more easily when we know something about the lives and characters of those who portray the truth or create the

beauty. This is why so much of culture is got from biographical study. It is so in literature, and especially so in poetry; it is so in painting and sculpture; and it is likewise so in music. We stand in closer relation to a work of art, we seem to come more directly under its influence, to be able to understand more clearly its meaning and intent, when we know something about its creator.

The *Home Study Circle,* in devising its course of study on "the world's great musicians," had this in view. It selected nine of the greatest masters of music, and had biographical studies prepared of these masters—studies at once interesting and educational. Musicians are intensely human people, and they live intensely human lives. Apart from their art, their biographies are full of valuable lessons — lessons which show that even genius is dependent for its fullest recognition upon character and conduct, and that success, even with the most gifted, comes only to those who use common-sense means to achieve it.

But the principal value of these biographical studies of "the world's great musicians" will be that they will put readers in full sympathy with the actual lives of these great children of genius—with their hopes, their aims, their struggles, their ambitions, their disappointments, their successes—and so serve to make their masterpieces of musical art more intelligible and of greater personal interest.

With the biographic study of each musician are also presented brief popular studies of his principal works, the purpose being to show what these are, under what circumstances they were first produced, what is their

relative and absolute importance, what has been their influence in developing subsequent art, etc. To accomplish this purpose, advantage has been taken of that vast body of critical literature which has grown up in connection with "the world's great musicians." The aim, however, has simply been to present such accounts and explanations of the great masterpieces of the musicians selected for study, as will enable the reader to understand and enjoy and appreciate them, even although he has not had the advantage of a technical musical education.

CONTENTS

HANDEL

PAGE

Biographical Study 3

Critical Studies and Reminiscences—Selected 19

HAYDN

Biographical Study 51

Critical Studies and Reminiscences—Selected 65

MOZART

Biographical Study 87

Critical Studies and Reminiscences—Selected 100

BEETHOVEN

Biographical Study 131

Critical Studies and Reminiscences—Selected 149

MENDELSSOHN

Biographical Study 191

Critical Studies and Reminiscences—Selected 208

SCHUBERT

Biographical Study 233

Critical Studies and Reminiscences—Selected 244

SCHUMANN

Biographical Study 265

Critical Studies and Reminiscences—Selected 273

GOUNOD PAGE
Biographical Study 293
Critical Studies and Reminiscences—Selected 311

VERDI
Biographical Study 323
Critical Studies and Reminiscences—Selected 339

EXAMINATION PAPERS 345

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

George Frederick Handel.....*Frontispiece*

PAGE

German Musicians Playing a Portable Organ ... 6

Handel at the Harpsichord.....*facing* 14

Westminster Abbey and the Royal Box on the Occasion of the Handel Commemoration ..... " 26

Handel and George I. of England..... " 40

Joseph Haydn..... " 58

Haydn Crossing the English Channel.... " 76

House at Salzburg in which Mozart was Born ..... " 88

Leopold Mozart ..... " 90

Young Mozart Before the Court of Empress Maria Theresa ..... } " 96

Mozart Singing his Requiem..... }

Mozart and his Sister Marianne..... " 104

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart ..... " 120

Ludwig van Beethoven ..... " 134

Beethoven Statue at Bonn..... " 146

Beethoven and his Friends.....*facing* 150

Beethoven at the House of Mozart..... 156

PAGE

Beethoven in his study ..... *facing* 164

Beethoven and the Rumnousky Quartette .. " 178

Mendelssohn 193

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy ..... *facing* 210

Facsimile from Manuscript of Mendelssohn Preserved in British Museum 221

Franz Schubert ..... *facing* 240

The Schubert Monument at Vienna ..... " 252

Schumann in his Youth ..... " 268
From a water-colour made in Vienna.

Robert Schumann ..... " 274

Clara and Robert Schumann ..... " 282

Charles Francis Gounod ..... " 304

Facsimile from Manuscript Score of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" 309

Giuseppe Verdi ..... *facing* 330

Facsimile from Manuscript of Verdi Preserved in British Museum 335

HANDEL

THE WORLD'S GREAT MUSICIANS

I

HANDEL

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

In the exhibition of the Royal Academy for 1893 was a picture that excited the universal interest not alone of lovers of art but also of the public, especially the music-loving public. Seated on a high chair at a spinet or harpsichord — the old-fashioned piano— with his face wan with affright and yet glowing with the inward light of genius, his little bare feet drooping tenderly toward the floor, his delicate, graceful hands resting falteringly on the ivory keys, the white drapery of his nightdress and the little white cap that held in place his curling hair showing almost as if they enrobed a visitor from some other world, was a little child of six or seven; and approaching him, one hand with lantern held aloft, the other in menacing attitude, as if to punish, the stern figure of an old man, his father; and immediately behind, her beautiful young face lit up with the lantern's glow, her hands outstretched as if in sympathy and protection, the mother;

while in the rear followed the curious figures of an aunt, a young sister and a domestic. The scene is an attic in the house of a barber-surgeon of the little Saxon town of Halle; the time, an early year in the last decade of the seventeenth century. The child was George Frederick Handel, destined to become the Milton of the musical world, the inventor and great master of the sacred drama or oratorio, the national musician by adoption of the English people, the great tone-poet who more than any one else was to give musical expression to the highest and noblest thoughts and aspirations of the Anglo-Saxon race.

HANDEL was born February 23, 1685. His father at the time of his birth was sixty-three. The mother, her husband's second wife, was very much younger. The musically gifted child was the mother's especial love, and when the father, wishing to check his son's musical inclinations, removed the spinet and every other musical instrument in the house to the garret, it was her care and affection that had secured for the child, with the connivance of his aunt and his nurse, the happiness of playing upon these instruments unknown to his father, though at hours so late or so early that he ought to have been in bed when doing so. When sounds were heard they were averred to be ghosts' noises, the women folk giving out that the house was haunted. But finally the music-despising barber-surgeon, guessing that the sounds had a more explainable origin than that which his women folk pre-

tended, instituted a search; and, lantern in hand, made the discovery the painting above described depicts.

The elder Handel wished that his son should be a lawyer, and it was for that reason he had banished the spinet and other musical instruments to the garret and had forbidden his son to touch them. But an event soon happened that to some extent softened his obduracy. He one day went to pay a visit to another son —a son by his first wife—who as a page was in the service of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels. He had not intended to take his music-loving child with him, but when the carriage set out the little fellow had "hung on behind" and was not discovered until the distance was too great for him to return. At the ducal residence was a chapel with an organ in it, and little Handel, discovering the organ, could not refrain from playing it. The duke, hearing the unwonted music and being astounded that the player should be so young, asked his page who the child was. On learning that it was his page's half-brother, and that the child's knowledge of music had been all picked up clandestinely, the duke appealed to the father to allow his gifted son to follow the bent of his genius. The father, thus appealed to by a duke, consented, though somewhat grudgingly. The banished musical instruments were brought back. But the barber-surgeon still wished his son to be a lawyer, and eventually Handel lost two or three years in endeavouring, out of filial respect, to carry out his father's wishes.

Handel's musical education was begun in Halle, the town of his birth, under Zachau, an excellent organist there. Zachau's tuition was very thorough,

and no doubt it was to that cause that Handel's subsequent great technical knowledge of harmony and counterpoint was largely due. But it was not long before the instructor confessed that the pupil knew more than his teacher. The young musician was only ten years of age and already his *motets* and other musical pieces had been sung in the Halle cathe-

German Musicians Playing a Portable Organ.
(Facsimile of an engraving by Israel Van Meckema.)

dral for a year or two. In 1696 he went to Berlin, where his extraordinary gifts at once became the wonder of the court, and also, sad to say, the envy of older musicians. It was as an improviser on the harpsichord and as a master of the organ that at this time Handel was remarkable. Indeed, all through life Handel's powers of improvisation were remarkable,

and in fact it must be said that even the matured works of his genius, his colossal oratorios, so rapidly were they produced, were scarcely other than wonderful improvisations, while as an organist he early became, and all through life remained, with the possible exception of Bach, the greatest performer of his time.

HANDEL's one great passion was music. He never married. It is said that he never was in love. The only woman whom his heart ever felt warm towards was his mother. His mother he revered and cherished and cared for until she died. On the other hand, he was frequently the object of tender thoughts on the part of women who loved him. One young lady, a lady of fortune, is said to have died heart-broken because of him. Another young lady, a lady of both birth and fortune, was equally desirous that her hand should be asked for by him. When in Italy, the Archduchess Vittoria, a beautiful woman, who was also the finest singer of her day, was so madly in love with him that, so it is said, she followed him from Florence to Venice and "literally demanded that he should marry her," a proposition that the musician was too quick-tempered even to listen to with equanimity. And in another way Handel was frequently the object of the tender regard of the gentle sex. When he went to Berlin, the Electress Sophia of Brandenburg, afterward the first Queen of Prussia, took such an interest in the gifted child—he was then but eleven—that she offered to take him into her service, to send

him to Italy and have him educated in music there at her own expense and afterward to confer upon him some important post—an offer, however, that his father, who was still intent upon his being a lawyer, would not permit him to accept. Subsequently, when Handel went to England, Queen Anne conferred upon him a handsome pension. Later he was the object of the affectionate care of the Princess Caroline, afterward Queen Caroline, wife of George II., who gave him another handsome pension and made him music master to her family. Still later he was equally the object of the regard of Queen Caroline's daughter, the Princess Anne, and also of Queen Caroline's daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, the mother of George III. Throughout all the vicissitudes of his long career—and they were many and oftentimes distressing—Handel never for a moment was without the good will and interest of the ladies of the English court.

It was in 1706 that Handel went to Italy. For some years he had been in Hamburg, at that time one of the principal musical centres of Germany. There he had at once risen, because of his marvellous harpsichord playing, to be practically the conductor of the orchestra. There, too, he had produced his first operas. And there, by much economy and hard work—for example, by giving lessons at £1 ($5) a month—he had accumulated sufficient savings to justify him in taking the Italian tour. In Italy he visited the four principal cities—Florence, Venice, Rome and Naples

—and in each was received as a musical prodigy and in each produced operas that delighted and excited the ardent Italians as they never had been delighted or excited by music before. Grand-dukes and cardinals vied with one another in doing him honour, and the theatres, whenever he conducted or played, resounded with the cry, "*Viva il caro Sassone!*" ("Long live the dear Saxon!") and when he played upon the harpsichord even Scarlatti, the father of modern pianoforte playing, could not but exclaim: "No one else could play so except the devil."

The three years that Handel spent in Italy witnessed the first great fruitage of his genius and the first great recognition of his powers. Italy was at that time the world's acknowleged centre of music, painting, sculpture, and possibly poetry. Handel went there almost unknown; or, if known at all, known only as a prodigy of musical interpretation. His career there, however, demonstrated him to be not merely a great performer but also one of the world's very greatest original musical composers. But it is not by the compositions he produced while he was in Italy that Handel is now even mentioned in musical art. His Italian work was so greatly put in the shadow by his later work, especially by the work he produced when once he had given himself to oratorio composition, that, except by the musical historian, it has long since been forgotten. And yet Handel's Italian operas contain many arias not at all deserving of oblivion. But the great value of Handel's Italian experience was its preparative value. It developed that gift of melody of his which was so divine, and practised it in all those

graces and delicacies of form that the Italian school so much delights in. These, however, he afterward made the embellishment of a deeper and a richer art than ever the Italian nature had any notion of.

When Handel returned from Italy he was honoured with an important appointment at the hands of George, Elector of Hanover. But Handel was desirous of going to England, for he had received some flattering invitations from people there. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1710, he was in London. The arrival of this young German musician, then only twenty-five years old, in the capital city of the English people is one of the great events of musical history. Thenceforth until his death at the ripe age of seventy-four Handel was an Englishman. The great works that he subsequently produced—the works by which he will ever live in the world's regard, those massive monumental oratorios which distinguish him from all other musicians—were essentially works of English art, or rather of Anglo-Saxon art, for they were works in which the religious passion of the Anglo-Saxon people, their consciousness of a divine power in the government of the world, their passion for freedom, their passion for justice, purity, and truth, were the perpetually sustaining inspirations. Just as Milton has been called the great poet of puritan England, so Handel may be called the great tone-poet of evangelical England—the England that believes in God, the Bible, the immortality of the soul, the spiritual reign of the

Messiah, the ultimate triumph of the principles of the gospel. These beliefs, of course, are not confined to England, but in England they may be said to possess the minds of the people more wholly than they do elsewhere.

Though Handel arrived in England when he was only twenty-five, it was not until after many years of effort in other directions, and of more or less failure therein, that he became the great tone-poet of the religious feelings of the English people. Handel's art was omnipotent. There was nothing in musical achievement it could not do. His musical knowledge was omniscient. There was no device or cunning in musical instrumentation, no power or grace or beauty in musical sound, that he was not cognisant of. But for years after he came to England he wasted his talents. Opera after opera he wrote in the Italian manner, putting into them, however, in spite of himself, a dignity of dramatic conception, a richness of choral treatment, a richness and variety of orchestral treatment, which the Italian models he patterned after did not possess, and which in time the conventional tastes of aristocratic audiences in England would not even tolerate. From 1710 to 1738, a period of more than a quarter of a century, Handel was almost wholly given up to opera-producing, or else to opera-conducting, and the management of opera houses and opera singers. During that time he produced almost forty operas. These, it must be acknowledged, were at the beginning, because of his reputation and his popularity with the court, astonishingly successful, and for a time he seemed to be borne along, as it were, on a flood of

success. Later on, however, his work with the theatre-going public became unpopular, and with every succeeding year still more and more unpopular. At last scarcely any one would hear him but the king and such of the king's court as had, perforce, to attend the king. The "Royal Academy of Music," an association for which £50,000 had been subscribed to produce Handel's music, lost every penny of its investment. Handel himself lost £10,000 ($50,000) of his own earnings. In the end he became a bankrupt. His health broke down. His spirit broke down. The greatest musical genius then living—in some respects the greatest musical genius the world has ever known—was ruined in purse, in reputation, and almost in physical constitution and in mind, because the fashionable society of the day cared for nothing better in music than smooth-flowing airs sung in solo parts by imported sopranos and tenors, with dances and smooth-flowing orchestral accompaniments sandwiched in between.

HANDEL was saved to a nobler destiny not by the fashionable opera-goers, in whom he so long trusted, but by the people. Yet not easily or at once. It took him time to see both what his genius truly was and where his real audience was. In 1732 he produced in the Haymarket Theatre "the sacred story" of "Esther," a composition he had written twelve years before. It proved a splendid triumph. All the royal family were present and many of the people. And every one was delighted. But instead of reading the auspices aright

and setting himself to the production of more "sacred stories," Handel went on with his opera-composing. It was not, indeed, until he had tried again and again, and had failed again and again, that he at last saw his true path and took to it. This was in 1738. In July of that year he began his "Saul." In September he had finished it. It was given in the Haymarket the following January and met with the success it deserved. Yet even once more Handel read the auspices erroneously. He supposed that the success he had gained was a permanent one. He little divined how completely given over to conventional ideas of art the ordinary fashionable frequenters of places of amusement always are. When in the following April he brought forward his "Israel in Egypt," his monumental work—the work in which his unequalled power of imitative and suggestive instrumentation is seen in its most magnificent manifestation, the work, too, in which his contrapuntal power, or power of carrying forward several musical themes at once, is seen in its highest excellence—it was a flat failure. So, also, almost were other mighty works of his produced in those greatest years of his productivity, 1738-41, as for example, the music to Dryden's "St. Cecilia's Day" and the music to Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

Ireland and the Irish people did what fashionable London failed to do. In November, 1741, Handel was invited to go over to Dublin. The invitation was a flattering one in the standing and character of the people that sent it, and coming as it did when the great musician's greatest works were habitually rejected by

the opera-goers of London society it was most welcome to him. Night after night the hall in which his performances were given—the very performances London had refused to listen to—was crowded to suffocation. Handel, wrought by public appreciation to the highest pitch of grateful enthusiasm, then determined to bring out a work that he had not yet presented to an English audience. In the late summer of the preceding year (1741) he had produced his greatest effort, his masterpiece of masterpieces, "The Messiah." He now offered it, April 13, 1742, to the judgment of the music-loving people of Dublin. His confidence was not misplaced. The Dubliners listened to it enraptured, and as one by one the magnificent arias and glorious choruses came to an end the audience broke out ever more unrestrainedly in acclaims of applause and delight. It was Handel's crowning honour—the proudest, the happiest, the most glorious event of his life. Thenceforward his path was smoother. When he returned to London he put his trust less and less in the fashionable theatre-going public and more and more in the great body of the people. He regained his reputation. He regained his health and spirits. He regained his old condition of prosperity and affluence. His powers remained to him in their full strength. He produced other oratorios, as, for example, "Samson" and "Judas Maccabaeus," and, though none of these was ever so popular as the ever-loved "Messiah," yet they all added to his fame and all have since remained imperishable monuments to his musical learning and his genius. But age and years of work and worry

Handel at the Harpsichord ("with portraits of Farinelli, Mrs. Fox Lane and a Family of Distinction in Cheshire").

From the painting by Hogarth called "A Musical Study."

were now beginning to tell upon him. His last oratorio, "Jephtha," took him almost as many months to complete as formerly it would have taken days. His sight began to fail him. Then it went from him utterly. But as of old he still held congregations delighted by his wonderful improvising on the organ, and still as of old was lavish in conducting musical performances in behalf of charities. He had long prayed that "he might breathe his last on 'Good Friday,' in hopes of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of His resurrection." His prayer was granted him. He died on Good Friday, April 14, 1759. He was buried where many others of England's greatest are buried—in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey.

HANDEL is now known principally by his oratorios. Of these the most familiar are "The Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "Saul," "Samson" and "Judas Maccabaeus." His many operas have become merely the spoil-ground of modern composers. They are never produced for the public. The great musician, however, is still heard in anthems, though these are in reality miniature oratorios; in compositions for the organ, his famous "concertos," for example; and in compositions for the harpsichord or piano. Among these latter is the ever-popular "Harmonious Blacksmith," which is said to owe its origin to the fact that once during a shower of rain the musician took shelter in a blacksmith's shop and heard there the blacksmith as he worked at his anvil hum an air which pleased him.

Other great works of Handel's, still occasionally produced, are his renderings of Dryden's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" and Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." And yet another class of his compositions still popular with lovers of good music are his "Te Deums," especially the "Dettingen Te Deum," produced in the Chapel Royal of St. James, July 27, 1743, as part of a "Thanksgiving service" held because of the victory gained by the British army and its allies at Dettingen on the previous June 27th. Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" is probably the grandest piece of martial music ever composed. When it is heard a whole army, a whole nation, may be supposed to be taking part in it, so powerful, so all-embracing are its tones and harmonies.

"The Messiah," however, must always remain Handel's most popular work. Not only are its arias the perfection of solemn richness and sweetness, and its choruses of unequalled brilliancy, power, and inspiring swing, but the whole production is one of perfect artistic symmetry and balance, while its theme is a subject of universal and perpetual interest, and the treatment of it, for all its simplicity, both poetic and dramatic. Handel in writing "The Messiah" believed himself inspired. "I did think," he used to say in his quaint German-English fashion, "I did see all heaven before me and the great God himself." When "The Messiah" was first produced in London (1743), at the rendering of the "Hallelujah" chorus, the king and all the audience with him, overcome by emotion, devoutly

rose and remained standing till the chorus ended. This beautiful act of devotion has continued to be a custom down to this present day.

The "Israel in Egypt" is adjudged by musical critics to be Handel's greatest work, greater even than "The Messiah." This estimate places it at the head of all compositions in sacred music, even if it does not place it at the head of all musical compositions of every sort. "Israel in Egypt," however, is not, as most oratorios are, dramatic in its character, but rather epic. It is a story of a great epoch in a nation's history told by means of solos and choruses, principally by choruses. These choruses show Handel in his greatest power. Two, and even three, themes are carried on at once. The music of analogy and description, the representation of states of feeling, of emotions and even of actions and natural phenomena by musical suggestion, is seen in its highest realisation. This monumental achievement in musical art was composed in twenty-seven days. "The Messiah" was composed in twenty-three days. "Saul" took longer—two months and four days. But even so, what other musician the world has ever known could produce so memorable a masterpiece in so small a portion of time? "Saul" is one of Handel's finest works. It is certainly the most dramatic of all his works, and in addition to its great choruses is full of solo parts of the tenderest and sweetest music. But it is rarely heard and today is chiefly known from the fact that it furnishes that "Dead March" which in all English-speaking countries, but especially in England, is almost always used when with musical honours the dead are buried. "Sam-

son" also contains a beautiful "Dead March" but Handel, after one or two representations, substituted for it the "Dead March" from "Saul." It is somewhat remarkable that both of these marches are written in a major key, while the sentiment in favour of a minor key being used for the music of grief and lamentation is almost universal. "Judas Maccabaeus," which, next to "The Messiah," is Handel's most popular oratorio, is notable from the fact that it contains that great march of exultation and triumph, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," the march which is heard whenever heroes are welcomed by an honouring people.

HANDEL

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES

SELECTED.

HANDEL THE MOST REVERED, THE BEST KNOWN OF THE GREAT TONE-POETS.

Of all those glorious names inscribed on the roll of master-musicians, not one perhaps is more revered, or is more familiar to the English people, either by his name or his works, than that of the great man who has immortalised his name with most of the grand narratives of Holy Writ, by wedding to them such sublime music as the reading and study of these sacred writings inspired within him. Nearly two hundred years have rolled by since he penned his heavenly melodies, and yet they always come to our ears as fresh and as welcome as spring flowers. What a preacher and poet! What thousands of hearts must have been turned by his tone-preaching! Where is the prelate who can move our souls as they are moved by Handel's "Messiah"?—Frederick Crowest, *in "The Great Tone-Poets."*

Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio.

In the year 1696 young Handel arrived in Berlin, and being but eleven years old, and possessed of such aston-

ishing gifts, he caused no small stir among the composers and organists there. Chief among these were Bononcini and Attilio, whose acquaintance Handel soon made. No sooner had the former heard him play than he became envious of him and ever after opposed him. Attilio, on the other hand, accepted the young stranger as he deserved, taking an interest in him, and praising him to all whom he met. Often, too, he would sit for hours and listen with delight to his younger brother-artist, as he improvised on the harpsichord.—CROWEST.

THE GREAT RIVALRY BETWEEN HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

DURING this time the Opera House in the Haymarket [London] had continued to flourish; but, alas! a cloud soon appeared.

The successful "Radamistus"* was followed by "Muzio Scoevola," which for some reason or other was composed conjointly by Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio; and it was this untimely move on the part of the directors which eventually led to the dissolution and break up of the concern [The Royal Academy of Music].

Bononcini and Attilio had been invited over to compose for the new society, and it is not to be supposed that they had quite forgotten their first meeting with

* This work was one of the first operas presented by the "Royal Academy of Music" under Handel's conductorship. "It took the house by storm. Many persons fainted on account of the heat and closeness of the house, and hundreds were turned back at the doors."

Handel in Berlin. The spirit of party was already perceptible in the ranks of the noblemen directors, and "Muzio Scoevola" did not lessen it. It brought the rivals into competition with each other, and Handel carried off the palm. His part of the opera was voted the best by all but Bononcini and his admirers, and thus the spirit of party ran higher than before. It was long the talk of the town, and gave birth to Swift's epigram—

> "Some say that Signor Bononcini,
> Compared to Handel, is a ninny;
> While others say that to him Handel
> Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
> Strange that such difference should be
> 'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."
>
> —CROWEST.

HANDEL AND THE MUSICAL SMALL COAL MAN.

It must have been about this time (namely, Handel's second visit to England) that Handel was on friendly terms with a curious character called Thomas Britton, who is known to history as the "Musical Small Coal Man." This man lived close to Clerkenwell Green, in a house which had been a stable, and which was now divided into two stories. The bottom part of it held the coal which he retailed in the daytime, and the upper —a long, low room, in which a tall man could barely stand up—served as his concert-room. He seems to have had an enthusiasm for instrumental music, and attracted the most famous players of his time to his meetings, and a most distinguished audience; the ladies among whom, such as the Duchess of Queens-

berry, who was a famous beauty of those days, must have found it by no means easy of access up the rough flight of stairs, which is described as little better than a ladder. But, whatever the place, and however difficult and out of the way it was to get to, Thomas Britton's house is famous in history as the first place in England where concerts of instrumental music were attended by an appreciative audience. And here, at one time, Handel was frequently to be heard playing upon the harpsichord, or upon a very small organ which Britton had managed to squeeze into his singular concert loft. Britton's career began some time before Handel's appearance in England, and it only lasted until 1714, when he died, in consequence of an unfortunate practical joke.—C. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

HANDEL, THE DUKE OF CHANDOS, AND CANNONS.

IN the meanwhile [about 1718] Handel found a magnificent patron in a certain Duke of Chandos, who appears to have amassed a colossal fortune in the same way as Charles Fox's grandfather did earlier; namely, through the singular opportunities the office of paymaster of the forces afforded for waylaying public property. The duke built himself a palace called Cannons, near Edgeware, in which everything was devised on the most expensive and luxurious scale. He kept a regular guard, which was no doubt necessary to protect him from highwaymen, with whom he had several collisions on his way home from London; and he also

had a private chapel, which is now Whitchurch parish church and is the only vestige remaining, after the short space of a hundred and fifty years, of the whole of the enormous and extravagant establishment. At this chapel the services were conducted on a splendid scale, with instrumental band and choir, after the manner customary with German grandees and princes. Dr. Pepusch was his first *Kapellmeister,* but in 1718 it was somehow arranged that Handel should take his place. This was in many ways an advantage for Handel as things then were, as it brought him into contact with many of the very distinguished men whom the duke assembled at Cannons, and led to the composition of some important works. Among these were several compositions for performance at the services of the chapel, which are known as the "Chandos Anthems," and two settings of the "Te Deum." But far more important than these was his first English oratorio, "Esther," which was written for the duke, and performed on August 20, 1720. This work, though of course not on a level with the great oratorios which he wrote later, has many fine movements in it, and is specially interesting as the first of the series of works upon which the greatness of Handel's name really depends.—PARRY.

HANDEL AND KING GEORGE II.

HANDEL'S most faithful friend and patron was George II. This king was a great admirer of Handel's music, and more than once advanced him sums of a thousand pounds to carry on his unfortunate undertakings.

An old *habitué* met Lord Chesterfield coming out of Covent Garden Theatre one evening in the middle of a performance.

"What, my lord," said the *dilettante,* "is there not an oratorio?"

"Yes!" replied Lord C., "they are now performing, but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the king in his privacy."—CROWEST'S *"Musical Anecdotes."*

HANDEL'S MOTHER. HANDEL AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

No woman touched Handel so nearly as to affect his music; and yet, without his mother's warm affection and sympathy for him in his unartistic home, and her determination that he should follow out the course he had marked out for himself, he would have lost many of his early advantages. Had it not been also for the devoted friendship and generous support of good Queen Caroline (wife of George II.) and the princesses of her court, he would have fared badly, in England, at the hands of his Italian rivals.—GEORGE P. UPTON, *in "George Frederick Handel," in "Woman in Music."*

"HUSH! HUSH! HANDEL IS IN A PASSION."

AT the concerts which Handel conducted for Frederick, Prince of Wales, if the prince and his wife were not punctual to the stated time, we are told that the conductor used to be very violent; and the son of

George II.—to his great honour be it said—respected him too much to be offended. If the ladies of the princess talked instead of listening, his rage was uncontrollable, and sometimes carried him to the length of swearing and calling names, even in the presence of royalty; whereupon the gentle princess, who loved him much, would say to the talkative ones: "Hush! hush! Handel is in a passion."—SCHOELCHER (*one of Handel's biographers*). *Quoted by Mr. Upton.*

HANDEL AND VITTORIA TESI.

HANDEL went to Florence, and this epoch of his life offers not only the interest that he there wrote his opera "Rodrigo," but he seems to have made a most passionate impression on the heart of one of the most talented, amiable, and handsome singers, Vittoria Tesi. Whether he responded in any measure whatever to that passion is not known, but it is certain that he had no serious thought in the matter, because he soon left for Venice, where he wrote "Agrippina," and when slyly questioned with regard to his "Vittoria" (victory), he answered (perhaps after him Beethoven) that the only woman he loved in this world was his Muse.—LOUIS ENGEL *in "From Handel to Halle."*

"HANDEL LOVED NO FEMALE BUT THE MUSE."

I MENTIONED that Handel said he loved no female but the Muse. I am enabled in the interest of truth to maintain that, because, being a handsome man (usual-

ly the most important factor with marriageable ladies) and celebrated even in his youth, he came twice very near the sacred bond of marriage. Once a young lady, madly in love with him, told her father that, come what may, she would only marry this man and no other. Unfortunately the father in Handel's hearing declared that, so long as he lived, his daughter should not marry a fiddler. This word so exasperated Handel that soon afterwards, when the father died and the mother, who saw her daughter pine away, told Handel that all obstacles were now got rid of, he replied that all was over between her daughter and him, and he, "a fiddler," would have nothing to say to her. The poor girl died from a broken heart—a fact as rare as the phrase is frequent. The second opportunity was thrown in his way by a very rich lady, handsome and accomplished in every way—in fact, a most desirable person; but her family, although they had no objection to the man, insisted that he should give up his profession, a request which he proudly refused, preferring to live on his own earnings rather than on the wealth of a bride.—LOUIS ENGEL.

HANDEL'S RELIGIOUS TEMPERAMENT. HIS SWEARING.

HANDEL was a man of deeply religious temperament, and delighted, especially towards the close of his life, to converse on religious subjects, in a tone entirely free from sectarian bigotry. Objection has been raised to this, on the ground that he was a profane swearer. Of course he was. Every gentleman in the eighteenth century swore like a trooper. But, thankful as we

Westminster Abbey and the Royal Box on the Occasion of the Handel Commemoration.

From an old print in the "European Magazine," 1784.

all must be that in the nineteenth the habit of using an oath at every other sentence is condemned for its coarseness by those who do not object to its profanity, it is not fair for us to forget that many of the expletives used in the time of Uncle Toby were as meaningless and as innocent as the *Mon Dieu* of a French school-girl at the present day.—W. S. ROCKSTRO *in "The Life of George Frederick Handel."*

HANDEL'S MODE OF LIFE. HIS PROSPERITY.

IN his mode of life Handel was regular and methodical; avoiding parsimony in the management of his establishment, on the one side, and profusion on the other. By the time his great financial troubles came upon him he had saved £10,000, the whole of which he sold out to meet his liabilities, maintaining himself on the £600 per annum derived from his three pensions, which, through the kind offices of Sir Edmund Walpole, were paid to him regularly. Feeling that his income was at all times precarious, he steadily refused to keep a carriage; though, after his sight failed him, he was obliged to hire a chariot and horses. His last oratorio seasons were so prosperous that, as his career drew near its close, he was accustomed to lay by £2,000 a year; and at the time of his death, these savings amounted to £20,000.—ROCKSTRO.

HANDEL'S APPETITE.

HANDEL was a composer who behaved in a very friendly way towards his own stomach; and although the title of "Saxon Giant" (so often applied to Handel)

is generally understood to refer to his genius, yet it was also not inapplicable to his physique—the enormous bulk and unwieldy movements of which were frequently the subject of satire and caricature. Perhaps the following anecdote may to some extent account for the "mighty master's mightiness" in this respect.

Intending one day to dine at a certain tavern, he ordered beforehand a dinner for three persons. At the appointed hour Handel sat down at the table and expressed his astonishment that the dinner was not brought up. The host said:

"It shall come up, sir, immediately the company arrives."

"Den pring up de tinner prestissimo," replied Handel; "I am de gombany."—CROWEST'S "*Musical Anecdotes.*"

HANDEL'S LEARNING. HIS WIT AND HUMOUR.

THANKS to his father's determination that he should enter the legal profession, Handel's education had been liberal and complete. He was an excellent Latin scholar, was well acquainted with both the Italian and the French languages, and was able thoroughly to appreciate the beauties of our best English poets—a fact which is sufficiently proved by his readings of the verses he set to music. His conversation was carried on in a mixture of all languages. Dr. Quin, of Dublin, writing to Dr. Burney in 1788, says, "Mrs. Vernon was particularly intimate with him; and at her house I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with

Mr. Handel, who, with his other excellences, was possessed of a great stock of wit and humour. No man ever told a story with more effect. But it was requisite for the hearer to have a competent knowledge of at least four languages—English, French, Italian, and German—for in his narratives he made use of them all." Dr. Burney himself writes, "His natural propensity for wit and humour, and his happy manner of relating common occurrences in an uncommon way, enabled him to throw persons and things into very ridiculous attitudes. Had he been as great a master of the English language as Swift, his *bon mots* would have been as frequent, and somewhat of the same quality." Hawkins's testimony is much to the same effect. "The style of his discourse was very singular," he says. "He pronounced the English as the Germans do, but his phrase was exotic, and partook of the idiom of the different countries in which he had resided, a circumstance that rendered his conversation exceedingly entertaining." It is unfortunate that, in transmitting Handel's *bon mots* and good stories to posterity, his biographers have thought it necessary to attempt a very poor imitation of his foreign pronunciation, by means of a system of orthography as irritating to the reader as it is inefficient for its pretended purpose.—W. S. Rockstro, *in "The Life of George Frederick Handel."*

HOW HANDEL GAVE HIS PRIMA DONNA A "FRESH AIR."

Signora Cuzzoni, the great prima donna of his opera troupe, once sent Handel back an air which he had writ-

ten for her, saying that she could make no effect with it. Handel, instantly enraged, is said to have run to her house with the manuscript in his hand, and—I will not vouch for the words—to have said to her, "You, too, you will not sing my air—do I not know better what is good for you—you are the devil, but I am Beelzebub, the prince of devils, and I will vanquish you." Which saying, he caught Signora Cuzzoni round the waist, and being of proverbial Herculean strength, carried her to the window and shouted in infuriated tones, "You want a fresh air? I will give you fresh air, for if you will not sing my song as I wrote it, I will throw you out in the street from this window. Will you swear or not, you will sing?" I don't know whether prima donnas were spoiled at that time as they are now, but I scarcely imagine that to have been the right way to conciliate this one's friendship, for, at the first opportunity, when enemies and rivals of Handel's theatre founded another opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Signora Cuzzoni, remembering the fresh air Handel had made her take at the window, seceded and passed over to the enemy.—Louis Engel.

HOW HANDEL EMPHASISED HIS MEANING.

Dr. Maurice Greene, whose compositions, whether for the church or the chamber, were never remarkably fine, having solicited Handel's perusal and opinion of a solo anthem which he had just finished, was invited by the great German to take his coffee with him the next morning, when he would say what he thought of it. The doctor was punctual in his attendance; the coffee

was served, and a variety of topics discussed, but not a word said by Handel concerning the composition; at length Greene, whose patience was exhausted, said, with eagerness and anxiety which he could no longer conceal: "Well, sir, but my anthem—what do you think of it?" "Oh! your antum. Ah! I did tink dat it wanted air.* "Air?" said Greene. "Yes, air; and so I did hang it out of de vindow," replied Handel.—CROWEST'S *"Musical Anecdotes."*

HANDEL'S PLAGIARISM.†

MUSIC has its crimes; and not the least of these is plagiary. The greatest sinner in this respect whom we can introduce to the reader is George Frederick Handel. It is all very well to say of him that he found a rough diamond and polished it. He did more than this. He stole some very highly polished stones, and the more we extend our musical researches into the works of Handel's contemporaries and those before him, the more wholesale do we discover the "dear Saxon's" depredations to have been. No man has more coolly adapted wholesale musical phrases and subjects already known than Handel: and this without

* The musician probably meant that he thought it was wanting in melody. He was punning.

† The question of Handel's plagiarism has been much debated by musical critics. See next selection. Mr. Rockstro says: "The whole mass of internal evidence is opposed to the theory of plagiarism; and the amount of external evidence brought forward in support of it is so vague, and needs so much corroboration, that our safest plan is to abstain from forming any hypothesis at all in relation to it, until more satisfactory testimony can be obtained on one side or the other."—W. S. ROCKSTRO, in "Life of George Frederick Handel,"

any excuse on the score of haste; for it must have been even less trouble for him to write original movement than to copy one. It may be truly said of him, that, if he saw a theme or movement he liked, he had no scruple in using it.—CROWEST.

HANDEL'S PLAGIARISM DENIED.

IT has often been asserted that Handel took other people's melodies and gave them out for his own. Apart from the slight objection to this assertion, viz., that it is not true, there are some melodies which he has avowedly taken, and those he has himself freely designated. "The Harmonious Blacksmith," a series of variations on a very simple *motif,* which he pretended to have heard a blacksmith singing when rain obliged him to seek shelter in the workshop, and the "Pastoral Symphony" which he put into his "Messiah," and which is a repetition of a melody played on Italian bagpipes about Christmas time, and which he indicated by writing over the melody "*Pifa,*" which means *Pifferari,* are among these.—LOUIS ENGEL.

HANDEL'S SINGING.

HANDEL'S singing voice was very limited both in quantity and quality; nevertheless, he possessed so perfect a conception of the true object and method of singing that once, it is related, when he was prevailed upon to sing a song at one of Lady Rich's concerts, he infused so much pathos and true feeling into a slow movement

which he rendered, that Farinelli* was quite ashamed of himself, and was with much difficulty persuaded to sing after him.—CROWEST.

HANDEL AS A PLAYER.

HANDEL was what was then called a pianist, the condition of the instrument a hundred and thirty years ago being rather restricted, and he was a great organist. His proficiency on the organ must have been undoubtedly very great, because Domenico Scarlatti, the son of the great Alessandro Scarlatti, when asked by Cardinal Ottoboni to play against Handel a sort of musical duel, confessed that "he had not imagined that it was possible for any man to play the organ as Handel did." It is even said that whenever anybody complimented Scarlatti on his organ-playing, he invariably replied: "What am I compared with Handel?" And devoutly he crossed himself whenever he pronounced the name of the *gran Sassone* [the "great Saxon"].—LOUIS ENGEL.

HANDEL'S INCESSANT PRACTISING.

IT is a popular fallacy that talent is all that is needed to reach to eminence as a musician. Indomitable perseverance must be there, however, or the genius will soon die out. Was not Handel possessed of genius, yet in his case was genius made an excuse for idleness? And did he not wear the keys of his Rucker harpsichord like the bowls of spoons with his incessant practising?—CROWEST.

* The most noted tenor singer of the day.

SCARLATTI'S TESTIMONY TO HANDEL'S PLAYING.

HANDEL'S power as an organist and harpsichord player was only second to his strength as a composer. The mastery which he displayed over the largest instruments, his command of the pedals, his splendid execution (despite his somewhat unwieldy figure and his round, fat hands), left him for many years of his life unrivalled. Even at the early age of twenty-one he found but one man in Italy—the land of music—worthy to be called his rival. This was Scarlatti; and when "the dear Saxon," as the Venetians named Handel, visited their city, much excitement was caused by the friendly competition between the two players. In the end the Venetians awarded to Scarlatti the palm for playing the harpsichord, but decided that Handel was far his superior in organ-playing. This rivalry, happily, was thoroughly amicable; indeed, on the part of Scarlatti, it resulted in a genuine feeling of regard and admiration; he never spoke of Handel but with the greatest respect, and used to cross himself whenever he pronounced the Saxon's name. Venice was enjoying her carnival while Handel was there, and at a masked ball given by some nobleman the young German musician was present in masquerade. Sitting down at the harpsichord, he astonished the company with his playing, but no one around the instrument could distinguish the person who was playing. Presently, however, another masquerader came into the room, and walking quickly up to the instrument,

called out, "It is either the devil or the Saxon." It was afterwards discovered that it was none other than Scarlatti who had uttered this exclamation.—CROWEST.

HANDEL'S RAPIDITY IN COMPOSITION.

HANDEL'S fame as an improvisator and clavecinist was such, that when he arrived in Italy and went *incognito* to Venice, that is, masked and disguised, to a fancy ball, the moment he played on the harpsichord, and Scarlatti heard him, he exclaimed, "This must be either the famous Saxon, or the devil himself." If improvising is composing, composing is with some masters of a genius comparable to that of Handel improvising; at any rate we cannot call composing in such rapidity otherwise. I mentioned "Rinaldo" [as having been written in fourteen days], but it is still more astonishing to learn that he wrote "Israel in Egypt"—in my humble opinion his finest oratorio, which is tantamount to saying the finest oratorio ever written—in twenty-seven days, and the "Messiah," the world-famed "Messiah," in twenty-three days! Taking into account the number of choruses in the first-named oratorio, the mere rapidity of committing so many notes to paper in the time is stupefying. It is well known that Handel wrote the first part of the "Messiah" in seven days; the second in nine days; and the third in six days; taking another day for touching up the scoring, and he was fifty-six years old then!—LOUIS ENGEL, *in "From Handel to Halle."*

THE ORIGIN OF THE "HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH."

THE "*Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin,*" composed for his favourite pupil, the Princess Anne, also came to light about this time [that is, in the earlier years of Handel's residence in England]. In this collection we find that exquisite little piece universally known under the title of the "Harmonious Blacksmith."

Nearly everyone, perhaps, knows the anecdote associated with this delicious bit of music; but for the benefit of those who do not, it may be related.

One day, as Handel was making his way to the chapel at Cannons, he was overtaken by a shower of rain, which compelled him to seek shelter in the shop of a blacksmith, whom he knew as being the parish clerk. While there, he caught the melody which the blacksmith was humming while at his work, and to which every stroke of his hammer on the anvil made an agreeable bass. On returning home the great musician, it is said, made out the piece referred to. This anecdote, however, is open to doubt.—CROWEST.

THE "DEAD MARCH" IN "SAUL."

THE "Dead March" is then heard,* the grave and mournful tones of which are familiar to all. No dirge is complete without this march; and who is there whose bosom has not heaved for the loss of some loved one, as the piercing tones fell on the ear? No

* The author is describing the various movements of the oratorio.

matter how unexpectedly heard, or how busily engaged we may be when we hear it, the first sounds of the muffled drums and the wailing harmonies instantly arrest us, sending a thrill of sadness through the soul, and causing a feeling of gloomy depression which is not dispelled till the last solemn tones have long died away.—CROWEST.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE "MESSIAH."

HANDEL had brought over with him [to Dublin—in 1741] his oratorio the "Messiah," and to that "generous and polite nation," as he calls the Irish people, had been reserved the first opportunity of passing judgment upon this sublimest of oratorios. To their honour be it accorded, the verdict was one of enthusiastic approval; and though nearly one hundred and fifty years, with its ravages and changes, have passed away since the audience which filled the music-hall in Fishamble Street, Dublin, set that seal upon it, the "Messiah" is to this day the most popular of all oratorios.

On April 13, 1742, at mid-day, Neal's great music-hall was closely packed with an audience anxiously awaiting Handel's new oratorio. The chief singers on that occasion were Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Avolio, the chorus being sustained by choristers from St. Patrick's and Christ's Cathedrals; while the band, which, as Handel wrote, was "really excellent," was under the direction of Mr. Dubourg.

An anecdote is told of Mrs. Cibber having sung

"He was despised" so pathetically that a reverend gentleman in the boxes forgot himself so far as to audibly exclaim at the close, "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven." Another relates that, in compliance with the request that "the ladies who honour this performance will be pleased to come without their hoops," the fair sex for the most part actually did leave those articles at home on that occasion.

The success of the first performance was so great that the critics could not find words to express the exquisite delight it afforded. The proceeds for the charities amounted to four hundred pounds, and it was certainly the most brilliant event in Handel's life.

The "Messiah" was begun on August 22, 1741, and completed on the 14th of the next month, so that this great masterpiece was composed in the marvellously short space of twenty-three days.—CROWEST.

HANDEL'S FAVOURITE ORATORIO.*

"THEODORA" appeared on March 16, 1749, but was badly received—so neglected was it that Burney relates that "Handel was glad to give orders for admission to any professors who did not perform." Two of these gentlemen having afterwards applied to Handel for an order to hear the "Messiah," he cried out, "Oh, your sarvant, meine Herren; you are tamnaple tainty—you vouldt not co to 'Theodora'; tere was room enough to tance dere, when dat was perform."

This work was Handel's favourite; and he used to

* It was for "Theodora" that the well-known air "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" was written.

say that the chorus, "He saw the lovely youth," in "Theodora," was far beyond anything in the "Messiah."—CROWEST.

HOW HANDEL AVENGED HIMSELF IN HIS DAYS OF POPULARITY.

IN these days when the name of Handel is "a household word," we are apt to forget the years of neglect and the long catalogue of disappointments to which he had to submit. Yet it is worth while to bear in mind the never-failing courage and spirit which sustained him all that time. A certain grim humour broke out now and then, and showed that he was fully aware of his position; nor did he forget in the years of his success to take revenge on the public for their long neglect. "With a full house," he used to be sarcastic, and to put on the grand airs which became him so well.

For instance, when the success of the "Messiah" brought many applicants to him begging for tickets, the opportunity was too good to be lost. He would remind them of the empty seats they had declined to help fill in the case of "Theodora" [see the previous selection], for Handel had been glad to get an audience for "Theodora" by giving tickets away right and left. But, in the days of empty houses, the grand airs were not there, and the disappointed composer had to summon courage and philosophy to his aid. How successfully he did so may be gathered from his ready reply to some friends who were condoling with him upon the sight of rows of empty benches: "Never mind," said Han-

del, "de moosic vill soundt de petter."—CROWEST'S "*Musical Anecdotes.*"

HANDEL'S INSPIRATION IN WRITING THE "HALLELUJAH CHORUS."

AMONG the world's great répertoire of music, there probably is not another piece which, for sublimity of conception, power, and grandeur, at all ranks with the "Hallelujah" chorus in the "Messiah"; and while writers on and lovers of music are talking so much of the inspirations of musicians—of what was in their minds and about them when they penned their immortal strains, it may not be uninteresting to know what were Handel's feelings, for example, as he penned the seemingly undying strains of "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

"I did think," remarked Handel, referring to this moment, "I could see all heaven before me, and the great God himself."—CROWEST'S "*Musical Anecdotes.*"

HANDEL'S SIXTEEN ORATORIOS.

IT has happened in London year after year that the struggle of two, once even three, Italian operas has led only to the disaster of all concerned. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that Handel left opera composing altogether, and began the grand career in which he won immortal fame and glory—the Oratorio. And although he wrote his first oratorio in 1720, when he was thirty-five years old, and had already composed no less than forty-one operas, he wrote on to his sixty-

Handel and George I. of England.

sixth year, composing sixteen oratorios, which after nearly a hundred and fifty years still possess the greatest drawing power in our concert rooms.—LOUIS ENGEL.

HANDEL "ONE OF THE MOST COLOSSAL GIANTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY."

I HAVE before said that it was in his advanced years that Handel wrote those oratorios which have since formed a model for students, the admiration of the world, an ever fresh monument of the activity and fertility of an indefatigable genius, whose works, after one hundred and fifty years, are as fresh and as universally admired as they were when first created. Handel's works must be considered as truly immortal music. Being one of the most colossal giants of the last [the eighteenth] century, that century so rich in great men, Handel's life exacts a more than ordinary share of attention, which need not be bestowed on less celebrated men, but to which such a Titan as Handel is fully entitled.—LOUIS ENGEL.

HANDEL'S CHARITY. WHAT THE "MESSIAH" HAS DONE FOR CHARITY.

CHARITY was one of the brightest ornaments of Handel's character. Even when he was upon the brink of insolvency, he gave performances for the "Musical Fund," and other charitable institutions, as well as for the Hospital; and there was not a charitable performance in England at which his music was not performed

even when he, himself, could not assist in person. This pious custom, originated by himself, was not forgotten after he had passed away. Burney, after mentioning the first performance of the "Messiah" in London, continues: "From that time to the present this great work has been heard in all parts of the kingdom with increasing reverence and delight; it has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, fostered the orphan, and enriched succeeding managers of oratorios more than any single musical production, in this or any other country. Indeed, Handel's church music has been kept alive, and supported life in thousands, by its performance for charitable purposes." So truly do a good man's deeds live after him, that these words, written in 1785, may with equal truth be repeated at the present moment. The example set by the composer himself, at Dublin, is still followed at all our great charitable festivals; and the "Messiah" feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and fosters the orphan now, as truly as it did a hundred years ago. But it was not only by the exercise of his talent that the warm-hearted musician fed the hungry during his lifetime. He gave them his money also.—ROCKSTRO.

MOZART'S ADMIRATION OF HANDEL.*

MANY a Sunday Mozart passed at his house playing Bach and Handel, and extemporising fugues in their old style as well as in his own new style; and no less

* Mozart said, "Handel understands effect better than any of us. When he chooses he strikes like a thunderbolt."

than four large works of Handel, Mozart arranged for the modern orchestra.—CROWEST'S *"Musical Anecdotes."*

BEETHOVEN'S TRIBUTES TO HANDEL.

BEETHOVEN was very sincere in his admiration of Handel, concerning whom he once wrote to Moscheles:

"He was the greatest composer that ever lived. I would go bareheaded and kneel before his tomb."

Nor did he change his opinion even to the last. When on his death-bed, a friend at a distance (little dreaming that the end for Beethoven was so near) sent him a complete set of the Handel scores. The arrival of the present was made known to Beethoven, when he instantly desired that the volumes should be brought into his room.

"There," said the dying man, pointing to the scores, *"there* is the truth!"*—CROWEST'S *"Musical Anecdotes."*

"THE MONARCH OF THE MUSICAL KINGDOM."

CONCERNING the great length of many of Handel's compositions, and the extent of time which he devoted to his managerial duties, the list of his works proves him to have been as prolific a writer as were most of the other great composers. It contains nearly four hundred compositions, including nineteen oratorios, five Te Deums, seven psalms, twenty anthems, two

* "Das ist das Wahre."

motets, three hymns, four German operas, thirty-nine Italian operas, seven serenatas and interludes, four odes, two chamber trios, twenty-four chamber duets, one hundred and fifty cantatas, besides upwards of one hundred various instrumental pieces. By these works he has won his lasting reputation, and gained not only general admiration but also the warm eulogiums of far better judges—those who lived and worked in the same sphere of art as himself. No musician has ever been so unanimously declared the head of the great family of composers as has Handel. When we attempt to allot this foremost place of distinction, the award is generally in favour of Beethoven; but Beethoven himself always declared that Handel was "the monarch of the musical kingdom." Mozart, too, stated that Handel "knows better than any of us what will produce a grand effect; when he chooses he can strike like a thunderbolt;" and Haydn summed up his appreciation of Handel in a very few words: "He is the father of us all."—CROWEST.

HOW HANDEL'S MUSIC ONCE WAS RENDERED BY A CHORUS OF ELEVEN THOUSAND.

COMPARED with other composers Handel stands in the very front rank. His music may not catch the ear of the empty heads, but all real men and women who have hearts to be cheered or souls to be lifted towards heaven acknowledge its consoling and elevating influence. Very little of it is suited for the festive gathering or popular concert; but in the oratorio, in church, and upon all occasions when men meet for

something besides mere sensual gratification, Father Handel's inspiring strains are fit and acceptable. Though his music was written for the better classes of England, yet we find that it appeals to the hearts of men of whatever station. The educated man in the rich temple and the day labourer kneeling in the crowded cathedral hear and are moved by the wonderful pathos of "He was despised and rejected of men" or are lifted towards heaven upon the wings of the exultant "Hallelujah."

Yet the music, impressive, sublime and varied as it is, presents no enormous difficulties to the performer. The most wonderful thing about it is its simplicity. To be sure, some of his choruses seem involved in the deepest mazes of musical science; yet let the singer once grasp the theme and all is easy. A further wonder lies in its adaptability to all circumstances. Handel's choirs probably never exceeded two hundred singers, yet when the English people, in their deep love for him, instituted their splendid musical festivals it was found that Handel's choruses were actually improved by being rendered by vast choirs numbering thousands. This feature was still more strongly exhibited when, at the musical festival in the Coliseum at Boston, Massachusetts,* "And the Glory of the Lord" and "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," were rendered in such a masterly manner by eleven thousand performers. People familiar with Handel's music were surprised and delighted at the magnificent effect of the choruses, and people to whom music seemed a dead art were awakened to a new appreciation of its power to elevate, re-

*In 1869.

fine and purify. Many a man went out of that huge, barn-like structure a better man and a purer and more liberal Christian for hearing that mighty multitude unite in one loud song of praise. The "Hallelujah Chorus," in particular, was an admirable illustration of Handel's power and grandeur. It was upon the fourth and best day of the festival and was at the end of the programme. The huge building was packed to suffocation. Fifty thousand people were gathered in and around the place; the choir, eleven thousand strong, stood up; the immense orchestra were all expectation; a solemn hush spread over the people. The conductor stood with uplifted baton. A pause, and then from the band broke out, clear and loud, that short, emphatic introduction. In one splendid shout the vast chorus began—"Hallelujah, hallelujah!" uniting in ponderous unison—"for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Again the harmonious hallelujahs. In curious maze they twined themselves one about another, as if their praise-giving was too joyful for sober progression. A hush, and in subdued thunder the voices melted away into piano—"The kingdom of this world is become——." With stupendous power orchestra, choir, and mighty organ unite—"the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ." In an instant two thousand bass voices gave out the splendid theme,"And he shall reign forever and ever." The tenors took it and bore it high along. The alto and soprano joined, and the whole choir displayed its skill in matchless fugue.

As if this was not enough, the soprano must start upon its heavenward journey, treading with firm steps the golden stairs of music, while the other parts in bril-

liant hallelujahs cheered them on. Higher and higher yet climbed the aspiring sopranos—"King of kings and Lord of lords," till they could go no farther, but returned to join with the rest in the exultant refrain, "Hallelujah forever and ever."

A startling and impressive pause. The music shot through with a silence that caused men to hold their breath. Then the mighty choir, gigantic orchestra, and ponderous organ, united in one sublime and overwhelming burst of praise—"Hallelujah!"—CHARLES BARNARD, *in "The Tone Masters."*

HAYDN

II

HAYDN

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

Handel stands apart. His transcendent genius worked out its glorious destiny isolated and alone, neither helped by others nor helping others in return. His mantle fell upon the shoulders of no successor. When he died there was none to take up the torch that he carried and, carrying it forward themselves, to pass it on to others. Though his great creations remained for the delectation of the people, the spirit of his art went with him. And great as was the influence of his genius upon the development of musical taste in England, it has been doubted whether that influence was wholly beneficial to musical art in England. His powers seemed to dwarf all lesser intellects, and English music, which before his day was in fair way of development, remained after his day for almost a century more or less torpid.

With Haydn it was different. Though, equally with Handel, he was a self-taught musician—indeed, he had far less theoretical instruction than Handel had—yet in his private studies he came under the influence of the Bachs—Sebastian and John Philip—and thus was able to assume the musical forms which

they used and to adopt them as his own. And although he modified these musical forms of his predecessors, and adapted them to new ideals, and treated them so originally that they have ever since been identified with his name as if they were wholly his own creations, yet he was none the less the normal product of the musical development of his time; that is to say, a normal product of his musical past. Still more strikingly was he a link in the chain of development by which was evolved the music of his future. Both Mozart and Beethoven were his pupils; and though the genius of each of these men was greater than his, yet their best work, especially so in Beethoven's case, was only the putting of greater and grander conceptions into musical forms which their teacher had already conceived and elaborated.

HAYDN is popularly known as the composer of "The Creation," one of the most pleasing and beautiful oratorios ever written, and the oratorio that, next to Handel's "Messiah," has the strongest hold on the affections of the people. Scarcely less pleasing or less popular is his "cantata" or "idyllic oratorio" of "The Seasons." But both "The Creation" and "The Seasons" were composed when their author was an old man. Though works of genius—of great power, originality and beauty, even of inimitable beauty—it is not they that have fixed Haydn's place in the history of musical art. That place would have been quite the same had "The Creation" and "The Seasons" never been written, being fixed, indeed, by what he did in earlier and more creative epochs of his life. "The Creation" and "The Seasons" to the musical historian

are interesting as showing the wonderful richness, power, and versatility of Haydn's genius, rather than its original individuality. This individuality is to be sought for in his instrumental pieces—his symphonies, quartets, concertos and sonatas, especially in his symphonies and quartets. Taking these forms of musical expression, which up to his day had been characterised principally by what may be called intellectual quality—as, for example, the welding of musical parts into one melodic whole by the mere technical rules of harmony—he infused into them a life and a spirit hitherto unknown, giving, as it were, to each instrument an individuality of its own in a lyric or dramatic whole. But even greater than this was Haydn's originality in the conception which he took of the mission of instrumental music in the main. To him all music was expression—the expression of thought or emotion or sensation—and when Haydn is at his best, a symphony or a quartet of his affects the hearer in precisely the same way as a poem, or a story, or an oration, in verbal language. It speaks not in words, but it appeals to a consciousness lying deeper than words. It is life, passion, thought, symbolised by harmonic sounds and finding response in answering chords in depths in our hearts where words never reach.

This is what all great instrumental music does; but it is Haydn's merit that he it was who first used this conception as a conscious factor in his art. Since Haydn's time the conception has been present in the mind of every composer, until now in the modern German school of musical art musical expression has almost attained a definite language of its own—a language from which melody and harmony, as of old understood, are almost excluded, a language almost wholly occupied with thoughts quite apart from and beyond those

of ordinary human experience. But Haydn's musical language was concerned only with simple thoughts. His world was the every-day world of the men, women, and children about him, and of the every-day world of Nature about him. He was a simple, sincere, transparent soul that reflected nothing, transmitted nothing, but what was really before him, what he really saw. So that of all "tone poetry" Haydn's is the most intelligible. It partakes of the sincerity, clearness, simplicity, of his own nature. But more than all it partakes of his humour. Haydn had a deep-seated, ineradicable, irrepressible spirit of fun in him. He was ever buoyant, light-hearted, overflowing with good nature. So also is his music. There is scarcely a composition of his which does not in some part or other constrain to mirthfulness or at least to genial feeling. In his early days, because of this, he was sometimes called a "trifler." "He is too much addicted to trifling," once said the Emperor Joseph, "and so it goes hard with the excellent artist." But long before he died, and ever since, this humour of Haydn's has been regarded as his crowning honour. It is coy, roguish, and oftentimes comical, but never coarse or buffoon-like. It delights in surprises, and some of Haydn's most popular compositions owe their popularity to the unexpectedness with which their movements either begin or terminate.

Joseph Haydn was born in the little town of Rohrau on the borderland between Austria and Hungary, near Vienna, March 31, 1732. His father was a wheelwright. His mother had been a domestic servant. The parents were poor, but economical, industrious,

exceedingly neat and orderly in all their doings, and very devout. They were also very musical, the mother singing, the father accompanying her on the harp, though neither understood a note of music when written. Haydn inherited his parents' virtues, and throughout life was always economical and industrious, and always neat in his person and dress, and orderly in all his habits. He was also always essentially a devout man, and though at one period of his life scandal made a somewhat free use of his name because of his devotion to an Italian singer in whose company he found solace from the irritating tongue of his shrewish wife, nothing is known of him that might not be known of any man of a companionable disposition and a susceptible temperament as unhappily married as he unfortunately was. And in later years, and especially in the last two decades of his life, his piety and devoutness were so simple, serene and beautiful, and his many virtues so becoming and so generous, that his name is held in affectionate remembrance—such, perhaps, as the name of no other musician is held—not merely in his own country but throughout Germany generally and, indeed, throughout the whole musical world. Mozart used to call him "Papa Haydn," and the phrase was taken up by Beethoven and by him passed on to others, until finally it was used universally. And if the phrase "Papa Haydn" is not used to-day, it is only because with new generations affection has given place to a higher feeling; that is to say, to veneration.

When Haydn's father and mother used to play and sing, little Haydn used to join in with them; also, in childish humour, to pretend to accompany them with a violin, the violin and bow being bits of sticks. His voice was pure and sweet and he sang with great cor-

rectness. And with his pretended violin he played with such precision, keeping the time so exactly and indicating the expression the music should have so justly and with so much feeling, that a relative, who was a choir-master and a schoolteacher, discovering his talent, took him away from home when he was only six years old to use him as a choir-boy, promising also to educate him. But at eight years of age he was discovered by another choir-master, who took him to Vienna to sing in a church there, the understanding being that for his singing he should be fed, lodged and taught, especially in music. His voice became more and more beautiful every year, and by diligence in practice he rose to be the leading soprano of the choir. He learned, too, to play on almost every sort of instrument. But of instruction in the principles of music he received none, and his education both in music and elsewise was only what he picked up by himself. Besides, he was but half-fed, and these years of growth, though because of his sense of humour and fun they had some delight for him, were years of sad privation and much distress. And when he was in his seventeenth year his beautiful voice failed him, so that he lost his place in the choir and was turned out into the world penniless and friendless.

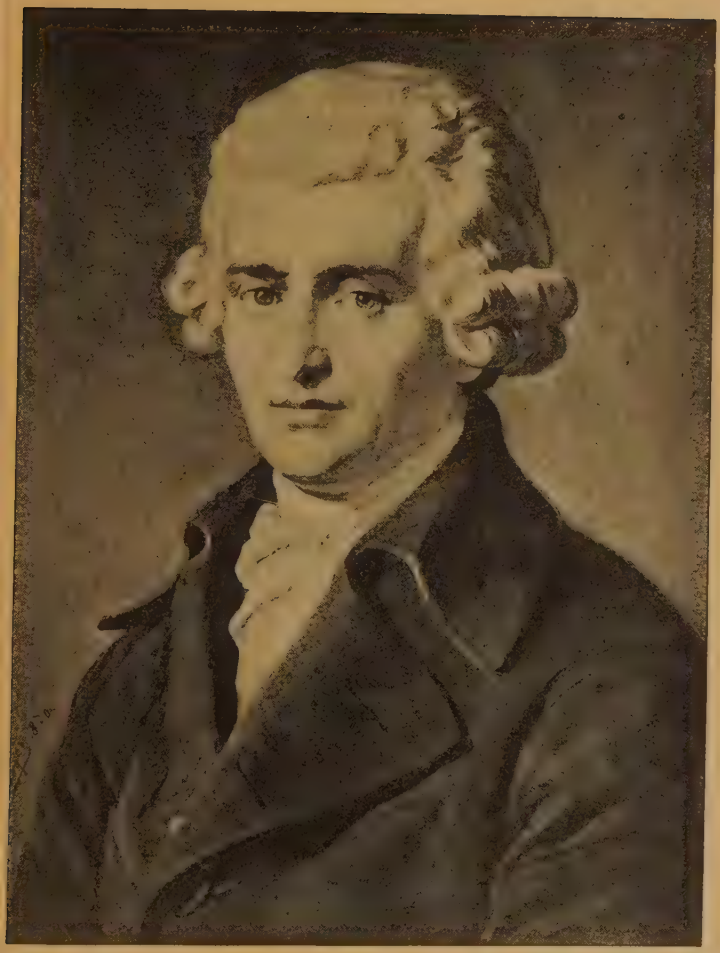
Now for ten or twelve years Haydn lived a life of poverty and privation, at first scarcely earning enough to keep him alive, but in time gaining, by his character, his good companionship, and his skill and interest in music, the goodwill of many friends who, whenever possible, put things in the way of advancing him. At first he found refuge in the home of a poor stocking-weaver, where, however, he had to sleep under the tiles, exposed to all rain or snow, according as the season was. Then for a time he sought escape from the con-

stant pangs of hunger by entering a monastery, giving out that he was going to be a monk. He could not relinquish his independence and his freedom, however, and he left the monastery; the monks, who had become fond of him, making up a little purse for him on his leaving. Subsequently he acted as a sort of body servant to the old Italian singing master Porpora, blacking his shoes, brushing his coat, combing his wig, and building his fires for him, in return receiving some instructions in singing, but oftentimes getting kicks and cuffs instead of teaching. "I dragged through eight miserable years," he said, and all testimony shows that these years were miserable indeed. He worked eighteen hours a day and though in time he had employment enough he was wretchedly paid for it all. But little by little he got on. He made the acquaintance of the poet Metastasio, who secured for him as pupil the daughter of the Spanish ambassador. Then he found a friend in Baron Furnberg, for whom he conducted some private concerts. Then he was employed by Count Morzin, for whom he conducted a band. Finally, in 1760, Count Morzin recommended him to Prince Esterhazy, a nobleman of great wealth and a great patron of music, by whom he was employed first as assistant choir-master, then as full choir-master and orchestra conductor. Haydn's penury and privation were over. He was twenty-eight years old.

Before Haydn went to live with Prince Esterhazy he had married. This was his one fatal mistake. His wife, who was three years older than he, was a prude and a shrew, and both wasteful and extravagant. Besides, she had no sympathy with his work—indifferent,

as he once said, whether he were "an artist or a cobbler." Merely to vex him she would use his scores for curl-papers and light her fires with his newest compositions unless he locked them up from her. Besides, "she had a mania for priests and monks." She kept her house filled with them and used to get her husband to compose anthems and organ pieces for them, which oftentimes he was glad to do merely to purchase freedom from her tongue. He had been persuaded into the marriage by the woman's father, who was a wigmaker named Keller. The misfortune of it all was that her younger sister, who was of an entirely different disposition and would have made him an excellent wife, had been much attached to him—so much so, indeed, that when she saw that a marriage was coming on between her sister and the man she loved, she entered into a convent because of it. Still more pathetic is the story of the daughter of the stocking-weaver in whose house he had found a home when in his seventeenth year his voice had broken down. She loved the young musician with a love too strong for life. When he left her father's house to go into the monastery her heart broke because of him. "Father and mother," she said before she died, "you must pray for Joseph as long as you live, for he is a rare gift of God to men and one day will be a great man."

Prince Esterhazy lived at Eisenstadt, a lonely estate in Hungary. He also had a summer residence at Esterhaz. He kept an orchestra and a company of singers, and his musical entertainments were given in a splendidly appointed, well maintained bijou theatre. Haydn soon had complete control of all the prince's musical business. And as the prince was a performer



Joseph Haydn

himself and a good judge of music, Haydn had thus not only to play and conduct, but also to compose. We have thus one explanation of Haydn's amazing versatility. There is scarcely a form of musical expression which he did not attempt, and, in time, succeed in. He composed nineteen operas and many songs and part songs, besides numerous anthems, masses, and various other sorts of church music. But his principal efforts were spent upon instrumental music. It was while at Eisenstadt and Esterhazy that he developed the symphony and string quartet and made them the things of beauty and charm that are now always associated with his name. He lived in the country and yet also in the great world. And so in the symphony and quartet, as Haydn wrote them, we have not only the freedom and unconventionality of Nature but also the restraint, the conventional grace and elegance, the artistic harmony and proportion which cultured and polite society may be supposed to inspire. There were in reality four princes of the line of Esterhazy that Haydn served. The second of these died in 1790. Haydn had been especially devoted to this second prince, and at his death, after thirty years of service, the musician retired from the active discharge of the duties of his position. Thenceforward until his death he made his home in Vienna. But he still remained nominally connected with the princely house he had so long served, and still was allowed by "his prince" a regular salary or pension. This, indeed, was made greater than that which he had received in the days of his active service.

❧ ❧ ❧

During the thirty years of his active service in the house of Esterhazy, Haydn worked "wholly for his prince"—neither for himself nor fame. But all the

same, the fame of his beautiful music, especially of his quartets and symphonies and his accompaniments for the voice, spread throughout all Austria and Germany, and indeed, throughout all Europe. Musicians everywhere acknowledged him as a master. Mozart became a pupil and dearly loved friend. Even Beethoven became a pupil. Music publishers, unknown to him, made handsome profits from the publication of his pieces. Spain sent him a special request to furnish music for a national religious festival; and the music which he composed in response to this request—"The Seven Words of the Saviour on the Cross"—he afterward added a libretto to, making it, in his own estimation, "the finest sacred composition" he ever wrote. England sent him many invitations to go over there. For a long time he felt constrained to decline these invitations, but when on retiring from active service in the Esterhazy family he received an invitation more flattering than ever, he determined to accept it. "Oh, Papa Haydn,"said Mozart, "you have no training for the wide, wide world. You speak too few languages." "My language," answered Haydn, "is understood all over the world," and he went. He arrived in London New Year's day, 1791, and remained eighteen months. In January, 1794, he was in London again, this time remaining eighteen months also. Words can scarcely be found adequately to describe the brilliancy of Haydn's success in these two English visits of his. England and Englishmen could not do too much for him. He was invited everywhere. He was feasted and fêted everywhere. The king, the queen, the Prince of Wales and all the royal family treated him almost like a guest of their own. The concerts that he gave were the most fashionable and popular entertainments of the day. Even other caterers to

public amusement had to furnish his music in order to comply with the ardent enthusiasm of the people for his name and work. His benefit night brought him in £350. Altogether he made 24,000 florins by his English visits, besides what accrued to him through the better arrangements he was able to effect with music publishers. Henceforward Haydn had no need to worry about means to support his old age.

HAYDN was sixty-three years of age when he left England and yet he was destined to compose works that were to add more to his popular renown, if not to his technical fame, than anything he had previously achieved. In London he had been present at a rendering of Handel's "Messiah." When the glorious "Hallelujah Chorus" uprose in "its great waves of sound" Haydn, unable to restrain his emotion, wept like a child, and exclaimed: "Handel is master of us all!" But from that moment he was fired with an ambition also to compose an oratorio. And when, some time later, the same thought was suggested to him by Baron von Swieten, the emperor's librarian, and a noted musical patron of the time, he set earnestly to work at the task. For two years he wrought at it. "I spend much time over it, because I intend it to last a long time." The oratorio was "The Creation." He had got the words in England; they had been adapted from Milton's "Paradise Lost." The composition of "The Creation" was a work of piety with Haydn. "I fell on my knees daily and prayed earnestly to God that He would grant me strength to carry out the work and praise Him worthily." And when the work was produced—1798, "before the flower of the literary

and musical society of Vienna"—"who can describe the applause?" wrote an eye-witness. "For two hours we were overcome with pleasure and admiration." On Haydn himself, as he listened, the performance "meeting," as he said, "his entire expectation," the effect was even more profound. "One moment I was cold as ice. The next I seemed on fire. More than once I feared I should have a stroke." Then came the composition of "The Seasons," the words being adapted from Thomson's famous poem of that name. The first performance took place April 24, 1801. "But I have overdone," he said; "I ought not to have written it." The world, however, has thought differently, and "The Seasons" has remained, from that day till now, a beautiful and popular work.

But by this time, in truth, Haydn's work was done. He was an old man and an old man's fancies grew upon him apace. Five years before, 1796, he had composed his celebrated "Emperor's Hymn" in honour of the Emperor Francis. This work now seemed like a favourite child to him. He played it and sang it frequently, and composed and played variations upon it. The public, however, took no account of his growing infirmities, except to honour him all the more tenderly for them. Every one called him "papa." Even men when they approached him kissed his hand. Finally, on March 27, 1808, there was a spontaneous outburst of public honour. His "Creation" was reproduced before such an audience as never before assembled in Vienna. So great, indeed, was the crowd, that the military had to be called out to keep it in order. The highest nobles in the land attended and vied with one another in securing seats that should be near him. Ladies of highest rank, his own Princess Esterhazy first among them, vied with one another in paying per-

sonal attention to him. The old musician was proud and happy. But when at the words "And there was light" the audience broke into such tumultuous applause as seemed to be utterly unrestrainable the feeble old man was no longer able to withhold his emotion. He burst into tears and, stretching his hands upward, could only say: "It all came from heaven." Overcome with gratitude and joy he had to be borne to his carriage. Not long afterwards, May 31, 1809, he passed away. True to his prevailing fancy, the last thing he did was to play and sing once more his "Emperor's Hymn." Eleven years after his death his remains were taken to Eisenstadt.

In the history of musical art Haydn stands out as the "Father of the Symphony and String Quartet," but to the great public he is known best as the composer of "The Creation" and "The Seasons." These the people will not let die. Each, it must be said, is lyric rather than dramatic, but in each Haydn displays that genius for individualised instrumentation for which he is so remarkable. With Haydn a clarionet or a flute was not merely an instrument contributing a certain volume of tone of a certain quality to a harmonious whole; but it was an organic constituent of the whole —a thing of beauty, life, and power in itself, quite as important in the *tout ensemble* as the voice of a tenor or soprano soloist. This being so, one can understand why the descriptive music of Haydn's orchestration is always so suggestive. In "The Creation," for example, the progress from chaos and darkness to order and light which the overture represents is something which is not only heard but almost felt and seen. So, too,

throughout all the piece the accompaniments to the voice parts are not mere harmonies but rich and colourful tone-paintings. And yet in "The Creation" that which delights the ordinary hearer most is not the instrumentation but the vocal work. Haydn knew the voice well and he knew well what it could do; and his voice parts, whether solos, duets, trios, quartets, or full choruses, are marvels of sweetness, lyric grace, and tuneful melody. All these excellences characterise also his other great lyric work, "The Seasons." But, though equally pleasing, "The Seasons" as a whole is less impressive. The reason for this lies almost wholly in the difference in character of the two compositions. Haydn himself once expressed the difference: "In 'The Seasons' the singers are peasants. In 'The Creation' they are angels."

HAYDN

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES

SELECTED.

HAYDN AND HIS BIRTHLAND.

HAYDN! A pretty name, simple and easily uttered. As simple as he who was to make it illustrious, for he was born of a wheel-wright and a serving-maid in that land of Austria, which was Mozart's fatherland and Beethoven's country by adoption; the land which is doubly the homeland of music, whose thoughts are German, and which sings with the voice of Italy. —CAMILLE BELLAIGUE, *in "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians." Translated by Ellen Orr.*

HAYDN'S APPLICATION AS A STUDENT.

FROM this period [when as a child he first went to Vienna], Haydn has said that he did not recollect to have passed a single day without practising sixteen hours, and sometimes eighteen. Let all young students who desire to accomplish anything bear this in mind, and take a lesson from the incessant application of this great genius to his studies.—FREDERICK CROWEST, *in "The Great Tone-Poets."*

HAYDN'S LOVE OF MUSIC AS A CHILD.

REÜTER [the chapel-master, Haydn's master] did not give the chorister boys theory lessons, and Joseph was far too poor to be able to pay for them from other masters. However, in his travels about Vienna, he came across a second-hand bookshop, where he saw a copy of Fuch's celebrated treatise on composition for sale. Of this he became the happy possessor, after which he took but little rest until he had completely overcome its obscure and intricate rules. Without fire, shivering with cold in his garret, and oppressed with sleep, he is said to have pursued his studies to a late hour of the night, by the side of a harpsichord out of repair and falling to pieces in all parts. Still, his love for music made him forget all this, and he has said that he was never more happy at any other period of his life. "Sitting at my old worm-eaten harpsichord," he says, "I envied no king upon his throne."—CROWEST.

HAYDN AND MOZART.

THE day fixed for Haydn's departure [to England] was December 15, 1790. He spent the whole of it in the company of Mozart. He dined with him; and at the moment of their separation, with tears in his eyes, Mozart spoke these sadly prophetic words—"We shall now, no doubt, take our last farewell in this life." Haydn was deeply affected, interpreting these words as referring to himself, the old man; but scarcely had a year elapsed when he had to make the following entry in his diary: "Mozart died December 5, 1791" —the younger was taken away. How Haydn loved Mozart! Many years afterwards, when in conversa-

tion Mozart was mentioned, Haydn burst into tears, but, recovering himself, he said, "Forgive me; I must ever, ever weep at the name of my Mozart."—CROWEST.

HAYDN'S ADMIRATION FOR MOZART.

HAYDN and Mozart were perfectly in accord, and each thought and did well towards the other. Mozart, we know, was born when Haydn had just reached manhood, so that when Mozart became old enough to study composition, the earlier works of Haydn's chamber-music had been written; and these undoubtedly formed the studies of the boy Mozart, and greatly influenced his style; so that Haydn was the model and, in a sense, the instructor of Mozart. Strange is it then to find, in after years, the master borrowing (perhaps with interest!) from the pupil. Such, however, was the fact, as every amateur knows. At this we can hardly wonder, for Haydn possessed unbounded admiration not only for Mozart, but also for his music.—CROWEST.

HAYDN'S HUMOUROUS INGENUITY.

ANOTHER mark of honour was paid to Haydn while in London. The University of Oxford was anxious to bestow upon him the diploma of a Doctor of Music, but custom required that previously he should send to the University a specimen of composition. Accordingly Haydn addressed to the examiners an example of his musical learning, which, upon examination, turned out to be so composed that, whether read backwards or forwards, beginning at the top, the bottom, or the middle of the page, in short, in every possible

way, it always presented an air and a correct accompaniment.—CROWEST.

HAYDN'S JOKE.

DURING that very profitable time for the "Father of Symphony" when he visited London, the musician interested himself a good deal in London life and society. His great delight was the shops and the shopping, which were on a somewhat different scale from what he had been used to in and around his home [in Vienna], though these latter even were almost lost to his memory through his thirty years' seclusion at the Esterhazys'. One morning, being out in pursuit of this enjoyment, he came across a music-shop. He went in, and asked to be shown any novelties that the publisher might have for sale.

"Certainly," replied the shopman, who forthwith brought out "some sublime music of Haydn's," as he termed it.

"Oh! I'll have nothing to do with that," said the customer.

"Why not?" quickly retorted the shopman, who happened to be a warm admirer of Haydn's music. "Have you any fault to find with it?"

"Yes!" said the other; "and if you can show me nothing better than that, I must go without making a purchase."

"Well, then, you had better go, for I've nothing that I can supply suitable for such as you." And Mr. Shopman marched off.

Before, however, Haydn could reach the door, a gentleman entered who was known not only to Haydn, but also to the music-publisher. He greeted the

composer by name, and rushed into a congratulatory speech about the latest symphony that Haydn had produced at Salomon's concerts. Upon hearing the name "Haydn," the music-seller turned round: "Ah!" he chimed in, "here's a musician who does not like that composer's music."

The gentleman at once perceived the joke which had proved so practical. He explained the matter, and all three together laughed over the incident.—CROWEST'S "*Musical Anecdotes.*"

HAYDN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

HAYDN made many friends and received many marks of respect during the four years or so that he was in England after the death of his patron, Prince Esterhazy, in 1790; but there were few with whom he was on better terms, or who took greater pains to pay due and proper respect to his genius, than did the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.). Among other flattering compliments, this affable prince commissioned Reynolds to paint Haydn's portrait.

At the first sitting, Reynolds was neither satisfied nor successful, for the musician grew tired of the process of sitting, his usually grave features becoming even more thoughtful and sad than ever. On the second and third sittings, the same thing occurred, so that the painter began to fear lest he should not be able to execute the royal commission at all satisfactorily. Reynolds even went to the prince and explained the difficulty, whereupon his highness laid the following innocent plot. It happened that he had in his service a pretty German girl, with whom he arranged that

when Haydn was next to be at the painter's house for a sitting, she should also be there, elegantly attired and adorned with flowers.

Soon after Haydn had taken his seat in the painting-room, as Sir Joshua had anticipated, he began to show signs of uneasiness. Suddenly, however, by a secret signal from the painter, the fair compatriot made an appearance. She instantly went up to the musician and in her native tongue exclaimed: "Oh! great man of my fatherland, how happy I am to see thee and to stand in thy presence!" Haydn, delighted at such an outburst of enthusiasm, embraced her, and inquired of her her antecedents, his face all the while beaming with pleasure.

The ruse succeeded. All the while that this animated conversation between "papa" and the maid had been going on, Reynolds was busy with his crayons lest he should lose an opportunity which he felt might never occur twice.—CROWEST'S *"Musical Anecdotes."*

HAYDN AND BEETHOVEN.

ON Haydn's way to Vienna [in 1792—after his visit to England] he met Beethoven at Bonn, and later in the year, when he was settled at Vienna again, Beethoven came to work under him. Many stories have been told about their intercourse and the views the two great musicians had about one another. No doubt it must have been difficult for Haydn to understand Beethoven; for they were in many ways very differently constituted. Haydn was the type of the well-balanced, quiet, easy-minded artist; Beethoven the highest type of the fervent poetic genius, with a temperament burning with aspirations and deep sympathies.

They belonged almost to different centuries, and the disposition which the younger artist had for splendid experiments must have seemed to the experienced old artist little better than wildness and licentious irregularity. Haydn is said to have persisted in regarding Beethoven as a pianoforte player, and not as a composer; and Beethoven in his turn was, no doubt, at times impatient with the apparent want of expansiveness in Haydn's mind. At the same time, they had a great deal in common. The vein of strong, healthy humour is remarkably characteristic of both of them; and so is the taste for bold and surprising effects of harmony, which Haydn had much more strongly than Mozart. Whatever may have been Beethoven's feelings about the old master in his younger days, as he grew older he appreciated him more and more, and in the later part of his life regarded him as a truly great man.—C. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

HAYDN'S HUMOUR. THE "SURPRISE" SYMPHONY.

HAYDN, who was fond of a joke, had observed that English audiences kept at least one eye open during his *allegros* and *scherzos,* but slept peacefully during the slow movements. He therefore contrived a movement of the most lulling and soothing character, and when it might be supposed the audience had fallen into its first snooze—the instruments having gradually died away to the softest *pianissimo*—there came a BANG!! from the full orchestra, which made the slumbering audience start. At least, this is the story of the original of the "Surprise" symphony.—CROWEST'S *"Musical Anecdotes."*

HAYDN'S SOCIABILITY. HOW HE SOMETIMES OBTAINED HIS THEMES.

HAYDN was the very opposite of Beethoven. He was charmingly sociable, and never happier than when surrounded with friends, young and old. He was a capital fun-maker, and used to keep the little ones in high glee for hours together. The older ones he would make useful.

"Come," he would say, "give me a subject." It was useless to plead inability. "Never mind," Haydn would say, "let me have something, if it is only a few notes. *I will have it.*"

They were obliged to obey. Haydn would then take down their few notes and "pursue them" as he used to term it, never leaving them till he had weaved together some whole movement from such scanty materials. So Haydn secured the themes for some of his best and most admired movements.—CROWEST'S "*Musical Anecdotes.*"

THE "OX" MINUET.

"ONE never loses by doing a good turn," we are told, and the composer of the "Creation" once had tangible evidence of the truth of this proverb. A Falstaff of a butcher one day called upon Haydn in Vienna, and, after a few high-flown compliments, proceeded to state the object of his visit. The butcher owned a daughter who was shortly to be wedded, and being particularly partial to Haydn's music, she was extremely anxious that he should compose a piece specially for this interesting event. Haydn, good as ever, complied with the request, and the next day the man of meat received a minuet. Here Haydn would have

thought the thing ended, had he not been surprised a few days afterwards by hearing the music of the minuet played outside his house. He hastened to his window, and looking down discovered a huge ox with gilded horns, and wonderful decorations, surrounded by a street orchestra. Haydn soon drew his head back, whereupon the butcher gained admission to the house and finally stood before him.

"Dear sir," said he, "I thought that a butcher could not express his gratitude for your kindness in a more becoming manner than by offering you the finest ox in his possession."

Haydn very naturally wished to decline the animal; but to this the grateful butcher would not agree. Finally, the ox was left with Haydn, and we can imagine that he very soon sent it off to the nearest market. History does not relate what the result was to Haydn's pocket; but the memory of the composer's good nature and the butcher's gratitude is preserved in the title of the "Ox" minuet—a worthy pendant to the "Toy" symphony.—CROWEST'S *"Musical Anecdotes."*

THE ORIGIN OF THE "FAREWELL" SYMPHONY.

PRINCE ESTERHAZY, Haydn's patron, once decided to dissolve his celebrated orchestra which Haydn conducted. All were truly sorry at this, and none more so than Haydn, for Prince Esterhazy was a generous and artistic patron. Still, there was nothing to be done but for all concerned to make themselves as cheerful as possible under the circumstances; so, with that fund of wit and humour which seems to have been concealed under the immaculate coat and formal wig of the strait-laced Haydn, he set about composing a work for the last performance of the royal band, a

work which has ever since borne the appropriate title of the "Farewell Symphony."

On the appointed night for the last performance a brilliant company, including the prince, had assembled. The music of the new symphony began gaily enough—it was even merry. As it went on, however, it became soft and dreamy. The strains were sad and "long drawn out." At length a sorrowful wailing began. One instrument after another left off, and each musician, as his task ended, blew out his lamp and departed with his music rolled up under his arm.

Haydn was the last to finish, save one, and this was the prince's favourite violinist, who said all that he had to say in a brilliant violin cadenza, when behold! he made off.

The prince was astonished. "What is the meaning of all this?" cried he.

"It is our sorrowful farewell," answered Haydn.

This was too much. The prince was overcome, and with a good laugh said: "Well, I think I must reconsider my decision. At any rate, we will not say 'good-bye' now."

He fulfilled his promise, and retained the band, and the conductor with it, till the day of his death. So the "Farewell" symphony proved a fortunate piece of pleasantry for Haydn and his followers; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that, musically speaking, it is worthy of being classed with Haydn's other magnificent *jeux d'esprit,* the "Toy" and the "Surprise" symphonies.—Crowest's *"Musical Anecdotes."*

HAYDN'S PECULIARITIES WHEN COMPOSING.

In general, Haydn never sat himself down to composition unless he felt in a good disposition and humour

for writing. Then he always found it necessary to have his hair put in the nicest order, and he dressed himself with a degree of magnificence as if he were going out on some state business. Frederick II. [of Prussia] had sent him a diamond ring; and Haydn had said that often, when he sat down to his piano, if he had forgotten to put on his ring, he could not summon a single idea. The paper, too, on which he composed must be the finest and whitest possible, or he could not get on. He wrote with so much neatness and care, that it is said the best copyist could not have surpassed him in the regularity and clearness of his characters.—CROWEST.

HAYDN'S PECULIARITIES WHEN COMPOSING. A SECOND ACCOUNT.

HAYDN'S study was a paradise of neatness. It showed none of that most admired disorder in which the books and papers of so many students contrive to arrange themselves, nor had the "chaos" which he so wonderfully translated into sound in his introduction to the "Creation" any place in the surroundings of his own life. If he felt inclined to composition he would seat himself down in this pattern room, and taking out his sketch-book—for as Leonardo da Vinci sketched, in a little book which he always carried with him, the singular faces he met with, so Haydn took care to note down all the ideas and passages which came into his head—he would proceed with his score. Sometimes he found it impossible to compose, but the cause was soon discovered—he had forgotten to put on his diamond ring [given to him by Frederick the Great] without which he frequently declared he could not

summon a single idea. Then again, if the paper on which he composed was not of the whitest and finest quality possible, he could not get on.

Having taken all these precautions, he would work on for hours at those scores, so full of his little "flies' legs," as Haydn used to describe his notes, so neat and clear as to surpass the efforts of the best copyists, and, lastly, scores so full of traces of the pious and thankful man that he was, and always desired to be.—CROWEST'S "*Musical Anecdotes.*"

HAYDN'S PIETY.

HAYDN always led a very religious life. All his scores are inscribed at the commencement with the words, *In nomine Domini,* or *Soli Deo gloria;* while at the conclusion of them is written *Laus Deo;* but "I was," he says, "never so pious as when engaged upon the 'Creation;' I fell on my knees daily, and prayed earnestly to God that he would grant me strength to carry out the work and to praise him worthily." It is said, too, that in composing, whenever he felt the ardour of his imagination decline, or was stopped by some insurmountable difficulty, he rose from his work, and resorted to prayer—an expedient which, he said, never failed to revive him.—CROWEST.

HAYDN AND CHERUBINI.

IT was at Vienna, in the year 1805, that Haydn, then seventy-three years of age, first met Cherubini, who, though not a young man, still must have appeared so to the veteran composer, being thirty years his junior, and not having then composed many of those works

Haydn Crossing the English Channel.

which have since made his name so famous. But the very fact of his own seniority was made use of by the old man to utter one of the most graceful compliments which could have been spoken for the encouragement of a younger worker. Handing to Cherubini one of his latest compositions, Haydn said, "Permit me to style myself your musical father, and to call you my son." words which made such an impression on Cherubini that he could not keep back the tears when he parted with the aged Haydn.—Crowest's "*Musical Anecdotes.*"

"THE SALOMON SYMPHONIES."

Of the long list of symphonies which we owe to Haydn's genius, the set of twelve composed for Salomon's concerts will ever be ranked as the first. It was due to the enterprise of J. P. Salomon,—a name for that reason, if for no other, to be always honourably associated with the history of music—that Haydn visited England, and there composed the "Salomon Symphonies"—the "twelve grand" as they are usually called. They may well be regarded as the crowning point of Haydn's efforts in that form of writing. He took infinite pains with them, as, indeed, is well proved by an examination of the scores. More elaborate, more beautiful, and scored for a fuller orchestra than any others of the one hundred and twenty or thereabouts which he composed, the Salomon set also bears marks of the devout and pious spirit in which Haydn ever laboured. That genius may sometimes be trusted to judge of its own work may be gathered from Haydn's own estimate of these great symphonies.

"Sir," said the well-satisfied Salomon, after a successful performance of one of them, "I am strongly of

opinion that you will never surpass these symphonies."

"No!" replied Haydn; "I never mean to try it."—CROWEST.

HAYDN'S EARLIER AND LATER SYMPHONIES COMPARED.

THE symphonies Haydn wrote for the English public have almost as completely eclipsed all his previous works of the kind as those had in their turn surpassed the productions of all the earlier writers of symphonies. When any of his symphonies are performed nowadays it is almost always one of the last twelve; and many musicians of experience go through their lives without knowing more than one or two of the the very numerous earlier ones. And this ignorance is not the least a matter to be ashamed of; for Haydn is scarcely himself in this most important branch of composition till this very late period of his life. To the musical historian who traces every step on the ladder which leads from small beginnings to great achievements there is interest in all the lesser works that throw light upon the growth of any great form of art; but to the man who wishes only to deal with things which are artistically complete, the earlier stages have not much meaning. Haydn's earlier symphonies have, many of them, the marks of incomplete art. They have noble traits about them, and to a man who is intellectually cultivated to the point of appreciating them relatively to the time when they were written, they are often delightful; but for the ordinary public, who are concerned chiefly with what directly and definitely affects them without their knowing the why and the wherefore, they do not have much attrac-

tiveness.—C. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

THE "EMPEROR'S HYMN."

THE German people realise in Haydn's "Emperor's Hymn" the spirit of their own life in its very essence, as closely as music can express it. In reality, there is no people's hymn richer, or, we might say, more satisfying in feeling, than this. The "God Save the King" [of England], so fine in itself, of which Beethoven said he must sometime show the English what a blessing they had in its melody, appears poor and thin in contrast with such fullness of melodic rhythm and manifold modulation. In the first part the melody produces with most beautiful effect that mysterious exaltation which enthralls us when in accord with the grandest impulses of the people; and the responsive portion of the second part—the climax of the whole—carries this exalted feeling, as it were, upon the waves of thousands and thousands of voices to the very dome of Eternity. The construction of the melody is a masterpiece of the first order. Never has a grander or more solid development been accomplished in music with such simple materials. "God Save the Emperor Francis," as a worldly choral, stands by the side of "Eine Feste Burg." It reveals in the simplest and most popular, but at the same time in the most graphic manner, the characteristic mental nature of our people, and in like manner has compressed it within the narrowest compass, just as music for centuries has been the depository of the purest and holiest feelings of the Germans. Had Haydn written nothing but this song, all the centuries of the German people's life

would know and mention his name.—LOUIS NOHL, *in "Life of Haydn" in "Biographies of Musicians" Series.*

HAYDN'S FONDNESS FOR THE "EMPEROR'S HYMN."

HAYDN occupied the long and often tedious time [of his old age] with prayers and reminiscences of his old adventures, particularly of those days in England, which he cherished as the happiest of his life. He had a particular little box, which was filled with his gifts from potentates and musical societies. "When life is at times very irksome, I look upon all these and rejoice that I am held in honour all over Europe," he said to Griesinger. Then he would occupy himself with the newspapers, go through the little house accounts, entertain himself with the neighbours and the servants, particularly with his faithful Ellsler,* play cards with them in the evening, and was very happy if he won a couple of kreutzers. Music was a trouble to him at last, and there is a very remarkable illustration of this in connection with his "Kaiserlied." "I am actually a human piano," he said to Dies in 1806. "For several days, an old song, 'O Herr, Wie Lieb Ich Dich von Herzen' is played in me. Wherever I go or stay, I hear it above all else; but when it torments me and nothing will deliver me from it, if only my song, 'God Save the Emperor,' occurs to me, then I am easier. It cures me." "That does not surprise me. I have always considered your song a masterpiece," replied Dies. "I have always had the same opinion, though I ought not to say it," said Haydn.—NOHL.

* His servant — father of the famous *danseuse*, Fanny Ellsler.

HAYDN AND THE GREAT PERFORMANCE OF THE "CREATION" IN 1808.

In the year 1808 a grand performance of the "Creation" took place in Vienna. Haydn was present, but he was so old and feeble that he had to be wheeled in a chair into the theatre, where a princess of the house of Esterhazy took her seat by his side. This was the last time that Haydn appeared in public, and a very impressive sight it must have been to see the aged father of music listening to the "Creation" of his younger days, but too old to take any active share in the performance. The presence of the old man roused intense enthusiasm among the audience, which could no longer be suppressed as the chorus and orchestra burst in full power upon the superb passage "And there was light." Amid the tumult of the enraptured audience the old composer was seen striving to raise himself. Once on his feet, he mustered up all his strength, and, in reply to the applause of the audience, he cried out as loud as he was able: "No, no! not from me, but," pointing to heaven, "from thence—from heaven above—comes all!" saying which, he fell back in his chair, faint and exhausted, and had to be carried out of the room.—Crowest's *"Musical Anecdotes."*

HAYDN'S MANY WORKS. HIS CHAMBER-MUSIC.

Haydn was a voluminous writer. True, he enjoyed a long life, but he made good use of it. He well-nigh reached fourscore years, but long as was this career, his compositions are so numerous that they might well account for a still more protracted existence. With no help, save his genius and an old copy of Fuch's dry

treatise, he formed his conceptions of what music should be, and created a style of his own. A catalogue of his works, which he drew up with his own hand, comprises upwards of eight hundred compositions, including one hundred and eighteen orchestral symphonies, eighty-three quartets for stringed instruments, twenty-four operas, fourteen masses, and a very great number of compositions in every other musical form. As a composer of chamber-music, he has immortalised his name. This branch is his *forte,* and in it he has never yet had an equal, and probably never will, for the great creative age in music seems to have passed away for ever.—CROWEST.

HOW HAYDN OVERTAXED HIMSELF.

THE creative faculty in music is a very delicate quality, and needs to be understood. To overtax it will sometimes extinguish it for ever. Haydn is known to have done this. After severely taxing his invention for the "Creation" oratorio, he sat down, and this without any breathing-time, to write the "Seasons." We all know the result. Haydn never recovered himself, and he stands, a noble beacon, to warn the musical student from the dangerous habit of forcing the imaginative faculties.—CROWEST.

THE "CREATION." ITS POPULARITY.

IN England the "Creation" is, and probably ever will be, the most popular of all Haydn's works. For depth of feeling, solemnity, and suitability of character; for its powerful and complete grasp of the subject—in fact, for its whole bearing as an oratorio—

the "Creation" holds a place among the finest examples which have ever been written in this form of composition.—CROWEST.

THE "SEASONS." A GIFT BY HAYDN TO THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE PRODUCE OF THE EARTH.

THE humble loved Haydn no less than the great, and the country people looked upon him with an affection which he warmly returned. Each year he gathered together the farmers and peasants of his neighbourhood, giving them a banquet and some silver pieces each; he was wont to call this his "day of magnificence." But of all the gifts which he showered upon these humble friends of his, the most magnificent was that of the "Seasons,"—those musical georgics which without doubt he dedicated in thought to his friends of the fields; to all those who live by the produce of the earth, and near its breast; to all those who plough and sow, who reap and gather in the grapes, and whom the musician—the first to celebrate their joys and their sorrows—has, as it were, consecrated.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

"HAYDN HAS OPENED THE WINDOW."

IT was Gounod, I believe, who said: "Haydn has opened the window." It is true, and by the open window has entered the joy of the country. Bach had held the German muse fast within the sanctuary, and it was Haydn who brought her forth. He led her out from the church, even from the town, and she, seeing for the first time flowers, brooks, fields, and woods, has smiled in joy.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

MOZART

III

MOZART

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

The life of Mozart was a tragedy. There is nothing sadder or more pathetic in the whole range of fiction than the lamentable defeat of aspiration and endeavour that was the fate—at almost every point in his later career—of him who was perhaps the greatest musical genius the world has ever known. In the most of life's wreckages the cause of disaster lies within. In Mozart's case it lay almost wholly without. He was a dutiful and loyal son, a true and faithful lover, a tender, faithful, and devoted husband, a warm-hearted, true, and generous friend, a man of upright character, of blameless habits, of energy, zeal and industry in his profession, one gifted, too, as few have ever been gifted, with talents that were not only intrinsically great but also outwardly resplendent and attractive. And yet, despite all this, and despite, too, the fact that his career in childhood and in youth was of the greatest brilliancy and even of the greatest success, his life from the time he reached manhood's estate was a life of disappointment and defeat, a life of poverty and distress, a life in which hope was so con-

stantly deferred that it not only sickened his heart but at last actually broke it. And when the heart did break and the body that held it had to be laid away —it was laid away in a pauper's grave—no one being present to mark its place or pay the memory of the great soul that once inhabited it the tribute of a tear. Where Mozart was buried no one knows. It is only known that he was buried in a grave where, upon the same day, two "other paupers" were also buried.

MOZART was born in Salzburg, Austria, January 27, 1756. His father was Leopold Mozart, a musician of considerable note in his day, conductor of orchestra and vice-choirmaster to the Archbishop of Salzburg, a composer, a teacher, and the author of a very popular and much-esteemed "school for the violin." It is said that the compositions, especially the piano sonatas of the father, foretokened the music of the famous son. There were two children. Besides the son—Wolfgang Amadeus—there was a sister, Marianne, four and a half years older than Wolfgang. Marianne was also musical, in some respects scarcely less so than her brother. The life of Mozart extended over only thirty-six years. But these few years were more to him than they are to mortals generally because of his wonderful precocity. This precocity was at first noticed when the father was teaching his sister. The younger child learned without effort everything the elder child learned by way of lessons. But it was also manifested and soon noticed in numberless other ways. At three years of age he would amuse himself by picking out chords upon the harpsichord. At four years of age he could play minuets, not only correctly,

House at Salzburg in which Mozart was Born.

From an old engraving.

but in well-marked rhythm and with expression. To learn a minuet he took only half an hour. At five years of age he was already a composer. One day his father and a friend found him bending over a music score. On his father's asking him what he was doing the little fellow answered that he was "writing a concerto for the piano!" The father, looking down on the blotted and curiously scratched score, saw that it was in very truth a concerto and an accurately composed one. Tears of joy ran down his face and he could say nothing. The friend also read the score with astonishment, but remarked: "It is good, but it is too good for general use." "Oh," said the little musician, "it must be practised till it is learned. This is the way it goes," and sitting down he played it perfectly and with ease. A little later his father and two friends, both excellent violinists, were trying over some new pieces for the first and second violin and the viola. Little Wolfgang begged that he might be allowed to join them. The father refused. Wolfgang went away sobbing. The two friends then requested the father to bring the little fellow back and let him play. The father did so. "But mind you," he said, "play softly that nobody may hear you, or else I shall at once have to send you away again." Wolfgang joyfully took his place. The playing was resumed. It had not proceeded far, however, when it was discovered that the wonderful child was quite at home on the violin, and this although he had never received instruction. He played his part to the end with perfect correctness.

This wonderful precocity of Mozart's was not a mere domestic fancy. Nor was it a transient phenomenon that had its day and then passed away. It was genius of the highest faculty and power forcing itself

into manifestation, albeit its medium was but the organism of a little child. For in everything else but his musical talent young Mozart was a child, though a highly endowed and strangely precocious one. He was a clever artist and fond of drawing. He was fond, too, of mathematics. He had a gift, also, of language, and his letters written when he was still a mere boy show a grace and facility of expression that would have well become an accomplished littérateur. But, as already said, apart from his cleverness and precocity, he was simply a child. In everything he submitted to his father. "Next to God comes papa," he used to say. Whatever was assigned to him he learned without question. He was fond, too, of childish joking and of childish fun. But when he was at his music he was serious to the depths of his soul. "Once seated at the harpsichord or organ," said one who knew him in those days, "no one would venture to jest with him even in the smallest degree." Even play, to be really amusing to him, had to be carried on with musical accompaniments. Such a child was indeed a wonder, and Leopold Mozart discerned clearly enough that the world would be delighted to behold such a wonder. He realized, too, that in gratifying this delight there lay a chance of becoming able to provide a suitable education for his son and of developing his marvellous powers. So he took him to Munich, where he played before the elector. Then he took him to Vienna, where he played before the Emperor Francis, the Empress Maria Theresa, and the Princess Marie Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France. The formal Viennese court "went mad" over the children, for "little Nannerl," as Wolfgang used to call his sister, played also. No court function was complete without them. But of course it was Wolfgang, then

Leopold Mozart ("Father of Marianne Mozart, Virtuoso at the Age of Eleven, and of J. G. Wolfgang Mozart, Composer and Master of Music at the Age of Seven").

From an old print.

only six years old, who aroused the greatest interest. The empress would lift him to her lap and kiss him. The emperor would sit by his side as he played and turn his music for him. The princess treated him as a little brother. When once he slipped upon the polished floor and fell she picked him up. "You are very good," said Wolfgang, thanking her; "when I grow up I will marry you." His ear was so acute that it astonished even trained musicians. They delighted in testing it. He could tell when one violin was an eighth of a tone lower than another. The emperor also delighted in testing his powers. He made him play the harpsichord with one finger. He also made him play it when the keys were covered with a cloth. But Wolfgang was brilliantly successful in every test and the delighted emperor called him his "little sorcerer."

To understand the tragedy of Mozart's life it is necessary to understand what his father was to him, and what he was to his father. The elder Mozart was a man of great probity of character and of great prudence and judgment, but he was also a man exceedingly careful as to his social relations and very ambitious to raise himself in general social consideration. He was, therefore, very loath to do anything or take any step that might be displeasing to the imperial or ducal circles he so much regarded. For many years he was the younger Mozart's supreme mentor in every matter that was not musical, and even in music his judgment was long revered as almost supreme. So long as the son was directly under the eyes of his father all went well, and in the tours which he made with his father Mozart had the happiest and most care-free experience

of his life. The tragedy began when his father, by stress of circumstances, was obliged to stay at home while his son sought his fortune elsewhere. But the tragedy did not become distressful till the father, vexed at his son's marriage—a marriage which he deemed an imprudent error, but which by his forgiveness and love he might have converted into a blessing—withdrew from the frail being he had so long sheltered with his protection everything but a cold and formal relationship. Had Leopold Mozart at the time of his son's marriage cheerfully accepted the situation, made the best of it, and continued his old-time loving care, or had he afterwards given his consent to Wolfgang's relinquishing hope of preferment at the Austrian court, leaving Vienna, where advancement, owing to cabals and cliques, was almost impossible, and going to France or England, there is no doubt that the great musician would have been largely spared the worries and distresses that brought on his untimely fate, and that many other glories than those he actually won would also have been his.

When Mozart was seven years old his father determined to take him and his sister on a tour to Paris and London. Accordingly, in June, 1763, the family, including Frau Mozart, all set out. It was not until November, 1766, that they returned. The tour, save for several illnesses, was one long experience of delight and success. In every city they passed through or stayed in the young musicians were accorded receptions that made their journey seem like an imperial progress. At Paris, the king, the queen, the dauphin, the dauphiness, and all the royal princesses, bestowed upon them attentions that in courtesy and interest were beyond

precedent. Nor was their success less astonishing in circles outside the court. Musicians thronged their recitals, artists painted their portraits, critics extolled their genius in the public prints. The only thing they lacked in the whole tour was money. Gifts of every sort, rich, rare and costly, were showered upon them everywhere, but of ready cash they unfortunately got but little. "If only the kisses she gave my children, especially Master Wolfgang," wrote Leopold Mozart, at Aix-la-Chapelle, of the Princess Amalie, sister of Frederick the Great, "had been louis-d'ors, we should have been joyful." But it was in London and in England that the greatest successes were made. Especially were the English delighted with Wolfgang's playing on the organ. Bach and Handel, English favourites always, he rendered at sight. "In an audience with the king and queen," wrote Leopold Mozart, "he chanced to take up some violin parts of Handel's arias, which lay at hand, and over the plain bass he played such beautiful melodies that every one was lost in amazement." "The kindness shown to us by both those exalted personages," he wrote again, "is beyond description." And with the general public the successes won by the gifted child were equally astonishing. Crowds thronged to his concerts, and eminent musicians who assisted at them were so delighted with his playing that they would take no pay. It was while in London, too, that Mozart first began to compose with a view to publication. He wrote six sonatas for harpsichord and violin and dedicated them to the queen—compositions that even to-day musicians hold to be of first-rate importance. Besides these, he wrote symphonies and arias. In short, his achievements seemed so prodigious that scientific men doubted them. A member of the Royal Society, however, investigated

them thoroughly and, having obtained a certificate of Wolfgang's baptism to confirm his age, published a complete account of them in the Royal Society's "Transactions." Finally, all these English successes were repeated, with almost equal éclat, in Holland. While in Holland, also, Wolfgang excited universal astonishment by his performances on the great organ at Haarlem, at that time, as is well known, by far the largest organ in the world.

THE successes that Mozart won in his tour to Paris and London were those of a child. In 1769, the father and son set out for a tour in Italy. The young musician was now no longer a child, but even yet he was only a thirteen-year-old youth. In the meantime, however, he had made great progress. In the first place, under the tuition of his father he had become thoroughly grounded in counterpoint and thorough bass. It is characteristic of Mozart's music that, with all its freshness and melodic freedom, it is always technically accurate. Then again, besides much instrumental music, he had composed a mass, an oratorio, an opera (in the Italian style), and also a German opera. But Italy was the one land where in those days a musician could receive the seal of distinction, and accordingly to Italy Mozart and his father now went. They spent two years in Italy. These two years were destined to be the years of Mozart's greatest personal successes and proudest honours. Musical societies of the highest standing severely tested his abilities and then proudly enrolled him as a member. At Rome, in the Sistine chapel, he heard the famous "Miserere" of Allegri, a composition held in such es-

teem that the musicians of the chapel were forbidden on pain of excommunication to take home or to copy out any portion of it. Mozart heard it once, and simply from memory wrote it out in full; heard it a second time, corrected a few errors, and had it perfect. So far from being displeased with what he had done, the pope conferred upon the gifted boy the cross of the Order of the Golden Spur. "Signor Cavaliere," Mozart could henceforth write himself, although he rarely did so. And yet how young he was! "I have had the honour of kissing St. Peter's foot," he wrote to his sister in his playful way; "and because I am so small as to be unable to reach it they had to lift me up." People could not believe that one so young could be so gifted. At Naples he had to take off a diamond ring that he wore because the excited Neapolitans thought that such playing could result only from enchantment. The ring, they said, was magical. Mantua, Venice, Verona, Bologna, Padua, and Florence, all heaped their highest honours upon him. Everywhere he was greeted as a master. Everywhere he was treated as a German prince. As in Paris and as in London, his portrait was painted repeatedly. Ladies of society overwhelmed him with attentions and costly gifts. But it was reserved for Milan and its famous "La Scala" to do him the honour that he prized the highest. He was commissioned to write an opera for the Christmas festivities there. The production of this opera was the most glorious event of Mozart's life. A boy of fourteen conducted to his own music, amid unprecedented applause, the largest orchestra in Europe. "Evviva the master!" "Evviva the little master!" shouted the enthusiastic Milanese. "It is music from the stars!" they cried; and, contrary to all custom, aria after aria had to be repeated. A year

later, on the production of a serenata, the Milanese and "La Scala" rendered to the youthful musician an almost equal tribute. Even rival composers were forced to exclaim: "The boy will outshine us all!"

THAT "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country" was sadly true for Mozart. He asked his country only for some appointment whereby he might support himself and devote himself to his art, but this was denied him. In Italy he had been received as a prince, and, foreigner though he was, he had been honoured with commissions such as were only given to the greatest masters. In his own Austria, in his own Salzburg and Vienna, he was in some ways scarcely treated with respect. For example, he had to eat at table with the servants of the Archbishop of Salzburg, in whose mean service, unfortunately, he and his father both were, and from whose mean service, unfortunately, they were too poor to escape. The efforts that Mozart made to get worthy employment, not in Vienna alone, but in Munich, Augsburg, Mannheim and other imperial cities, were scarcely short of humiliating. He would have accepted the merest pittance—three hundred gulden ($150) a year was all he asked—if only it were regularly paid and if only it would give him opportunity to devote himself to music. Notwithstanding their successes the Mozarts had made little money by their former tours, and when, in 1777, at the age of twenty-one it was necessary for Wolfgang Mozart to go out again on a tour the elder Mozart could not accompany him. Their means would not permit it. Instead the mother went. It was now that the tragedy began to

Young Mozart Before the Court of Empress Maria Theresa.

Mozart Singing His Requiem.

deepen. The mother died—died at Paris in June, 1778. Mozart bore his loss manfully. But his heart was a tender one. He needed a woman's loving companionship. He would have married an Aloysia Weber, a young singer of Munich, whose gift for music he had discovered and had trained, but whose real character, however, he had not discovered. Fortunately for him, Fraülein Aloysia preferred some one else. He then discovered that Constance Weber, Aloysia's younger sister, was deeply in love with him. He reciprocated the feeling and became engaged to her. When he sought his father's consent to a marriage, his father refused it. "I love her and she loves me from the heart," pleaded the son. "Tell me if I can wish for a better wife." To make matters worse, Constance's guardian also refused consent. Afterward he gave it—on condition, however, that Mozart should sign a document promising that "if he should alter his mind" he would pay Constance a yearly sum of three hundred florins. Constance tore up the document. "Dear Mozart," she said, "I need no written assurance from you. I believe your word." Finally Constance's mother refused consent. But a kind-hearted baroness took pity on the lovers. She brought Constance to her house and in some way managed to overcome the formalities of the law. She made a little feast and the lovers were married August 4, 1782. "When we were joined together," wrote Mozart to his father, "my wife and I, too, began to weep. And every one else wept—even the priest."

THERE was, indeed, cause for weeping. Mozart had no position and no money. His health was frail, and

his wife's health was also frail. The father, whose practical judgment was now needed more than ever before, held aloof; and, though at last he gave a reluctant consent to the marriage, he told his son that he must expect no help from him, and in fact gave none. Mozart struggled hard to earn a competency. The only way was by constantly giving concerts, and by constantly writing popular music for bands, orchestras, choirs, etc. Finally the position of court musician fell vacant and Mozart was appointed to it. But his evil fate still pursued him. The salary, no great sum to begin with, was cut down (through the influence of the emperor's valet, let it be recorded!) to a third of what it had been. And yet Mozart, in his loyalty to the Austrian court, because the emperor said, "And would you leave me then?" afterwards refused a good post which the King of Prussia offered him at Berlin—one that would have enabled him to live in ease and comfort. And so the tragedy went on. Constance Mozart was almost constantly an invalid. Mozart's own health was frequently giving way. But even so, these distressful years of his married life were the years of Mozart's greatest and most prolific production. His genius was in its most glorious blossom throughout them all. The day of his fate, however, was rapidly drawing near. He had produced his three great operatic masterpieces—"The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and "The Magic Flute," the works by which he has proved himself the greatest master of operatic art the world has ever known. "The Magic Flute" was being produced before crowded houses. Though he was receiving no pecuniary benefit from it (for in his large-hearted but foolish generosity he had written it to aid an unworthy friend and had retained no rights in it), he yet delighted to

realise that it was meeting with success. As he lay on his bed in the evenings he would mark off the times of the various scenes and acts, and fancy that he heard the rapturous applause with which, as he knew, they were being greeted. He had produced also his three great symphony masterpieces—the E flat major, the G minor, and the C major, or "Jupiter"—the works by which he made himself in the world's regard the true successor of Haydn and the only equal of Beethoven. He was now at work upon his last great masterpiece, his immortal "Requiem." The commission to write this requiem had come to him from an unknown and mysterious source; one that, unfortunately, he half-believed to be a supernatural source. He had almost finished it. Some friends were present and he desired to hear it sung. One friend took the soprano part, another the tenor, another the bass. Mozart himself took the alto. But before it could be ended the master's voice broke. Tears welled from his eyes and he sank to his pillow. "Did I not tell you," he said, "that I was writing this requiem for myself?" In a few hours he was gone. His wife in her agony of grief threw herself beside his body and passionately prayed that she might be taken with him. It was winter time (December 5, 1791). The day of the funeral (December 6th) was stormy. When the body was taken to the cemetery not a soul attended it. A few days later Constance Mozart went to stand beside her husband's grave. But no one could tell her where he lay. He had been buried in the "common lot"—that was all. The tragedy was ended.

MOZART

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES

SELECTED.

"IN MOZART'S MUSIC THE ANGELS SEEM TO SING."

"O MOZART! immortal Mozart! how many and what countless images of a brighter and better world hast thou stamped on our souls!" These were Schubert's lovely words, and how true they are. They breathe the sentiment of millions of souls, who feel that in Mozart's music the very angels seem to sing. How charming, how delicious the atmosphere every bar of it lifts us into! We feel out of the earth at times so forcibly does it appeal to the higher emotions. No music is more beautiful than Mozart's, and but little so tranquillising as the tones of this master of song. It rivets the untutored ear as no other does; it softens, exalts, and inspires all that is best within the human heart. It makes us tender and loving; and besides, with its gay and sportive melodies, it at times exhilarates our spirits in the happiest manner. It is for the young and old alike; and for this affinity to the human passions, Mozart's music will live so long as there are emotions for it to charm and excite.—FREDERICK CROWEST, *in "The Great Tone-Poets."*

THE CONTRAST OF MOZART'S MUSIC AND HIS LIFE.

MOZART'S life knew nothing but suffering, and yet his work breathes nothing but happiness. His art, which knew naught of his martyrdom, bears neither trace nor proof of it; outside of and above his misery, Mozart dreamed of an ideal felicity. It is with none but happy forms that he has peopled the kingdom "where dwell," says Hoffman, "the celestial enchantments of sound." His melodies live, like the flowers, without trouble or sorrow; when they fall in death they are ever smiling, and their fall, their death, is but the last and not the least exquisite of their graces.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE, *in "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians." . . Translated by Ellen Orr.*

"MOZART IS PURE, MOZART IS GENTLE, MOZART IS SIMPLE."

GOD apportions beauty amongst the great artists. To each He assigns his portion in the human soul, to each his place in the house of many mansions. Blessed are the simple! Blessed are the gentle! Blessed are the pure! The genius of Mozart was crowned with these three beatitudes.

Mozart is pure! No alloy corrupts his art. He resembles that water-course of which Bossuet writes, which never agitated the earth over which it passed with such violence as to detach one polluting particle that it must bear onward in its waters.

Mozart is gentle! The poor idiot whom George Sand, as a child, saw wandering through the country seeking everywhere for tenderness, would have found

his longings satisfied in the music of Mozart. There happy tenderness, pitying tenderness, all tenderness superabounds. In that treasure of love there is peace for all disquietude, consolation for all suffering.

Mozart is simple, and, because he is simple, the power of his music will never decline. There is as little as possible of matter in his work; it is all mind and soul. The ear is not delicate enough to hear Mozart; fingers are too heavy to play his melodies, and words are powerless to tell of him.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

MOZART THE LAST HAPPY GENIUS OF MUSIC.

MOZART died while writing the "Requiem," asking for himself and leaving to us that greatest of all gifts—repose. He has done nothing repelling, nor even obscure or disquieting. He is not the musician of what we are, but of what we dream of being, and of what we shall be in the hereafter. He is the musician of the future, in the eternal meaning of the word; and his is the last happy genius of music. After him comes Beethoven, the sublime sufferer, the heroic conqueror of himself, the unequalled exemplar of humanity; Beethoven who is as beautiful as passion or the storm, and as infinite as grief. Mozart is above all humanity—he is as beautiful as the peace of the azure heavens and as infinite as joy. He is, in truth, *"le jeune homme divin."**—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

"THE IRONY OF FATE" IN MOZART'S CASE.

IT would be hard to find a stranger instance of the irony of fate in all the history of the world. After

* "Youth divine."

being the idol of musical Europe when a mere child, Mozart had fulfilled in maturity all the promise of his early years. But as his powers rose to nobler heights, his worldly prosperity seemed to decrease. As years went on poverty pressed harder and harder upon him. The brave struggle with constant work which brought him no fair and adequate reward at last broke his health; and at the early age of thirty-five he passed away, so little noticed or cared for, that to this day the exact place where his body rests cannot be found.—G. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

MOZART'S INFANTINE GENIUS.

AN interesting story is told of the infantine genius sitting down to write a concerto, when he was but six years old! Returning home one day with a friend, the father discovered Master Wolfgang busy with pens, ink and paper.

"What are you doing there?" said Leopold.

"Writing a concerto for the clavier," replied Wolfgang.

"It must be something very brilliant; let us look at it."

"No, no! it is not ready yet," replied Wolfgang.

The father, however, persisted, and soon became possessed of the score, so blotted as to be scarcely readable. At the first glance the two friends laughed heartily at what appeared to be a rare medley of notes; but upon examination, the father perceived in it ideas far beyond his or his friend's expectations, and with evident signs of emotion he handed to him the mental efforts of his baby-boy to inspect.—CROWEST.

MOZART'S GENIUS FOR MUSIC AS A CHILD.

WOLFGANG'S birth nearly cost his mother her life, and it was only after a long time that she recovered from the state of prostration which succeeded. As the daughter showed signs of musical talent, her father began to teach her the harpsichord when she was in her seventh year. Wolfgang, too, then scarcely three years old, used to seat himself at the instrument and amuse himself with striking consecutive thirds. He would also try to imitate what he heard his sister play. When only in his fourth year, his father tried to teach him a few minuets, which he played after him in the most astonishing manner, not merely striking the notes correctly, but also marking the rhythm with firmness and precision. For this information we are indebted to the obituary notice of Schlichtegroll, who had it from the sister Marianne. For each minuet little Wolfgang required half an hour. In his fifth year he attempted the composition of little pieces, which his father wrote down in the same music-book out of which the boy had learned the minuets. The book is now in the Mozart collection at Salzburg, where it is preserved as the gift of the Princess Helena of Russia. Unfortunately a few pages are missing. At the end of the eighth minuet, Mozart's father has written, "The preceding minuets were learned by Wolfgangerl in his fourth year." Further on, we read, "This minuet and trio Wolfgang learned in half an hour on the 26th of January, 1761, the day before his fifth birthday, at half past nine at night." Against Wolfgang's first composition his father has written, "By Wolfgang Mozart, 11th of May, 1762, and 16th of July, 1762." The sense of perfect form is even here apparent to a remarkable degree. The book accompanied the family in its travels; Wolfgang also

Mozart and His Sister Marianne.

From the painting by Schneider.

wrote down in it his first more important compositions, the sonatas published in the year 1763 [when Mozart was seven years old].—DR. F. GEHRING, *in "Mozart," in "The Great Musicians" Series.*

MOZART'S SENSITIVE EAR AS A CHILD.

WHEN only five years of age Mozart wrote some music in his *Uebungsbuch* or *Exercise-book*, which is yet to be seen in the Mozarteum ["Mozart Museum"] in Salzburg; also some little minuets; and on one occasion his father and a friend of the family surprised him engaged on the composition of a concerto so difficult that no one in the world could have played it. His ear was so acute, and his memory for music so good from the time he was a child, that once, when playing his little violin, he detected that the *Buttergeige,* the "butter-violin," so called from the extreme smoothness of its tones, was tuned one-eighth of a tone lower than his own. On account of this great acuteness of hearing, he could not, at that age, bear the sound of the trumpet; and when, notwithstanding, his father once put his powers of endurance to the test, he was taken with violent spasms.—LOUIS NOHL, *in "Life of Mozart" in "Biographies of Musicians" Series. Translated by John J. Lalor.*

MOZART'S OBEDIENCE AND AFFECTION AS A CHILD.

THE wonder that Mozart's talents created and the applause that he received had no ill effects; he remained a simple and affectionate child, free from vanity, dutiful to his parents, who governed him rather by looks than words, and so obliging that, how long

soever he might have played, he was always ready to return to the instrument without a murmur, if his father desired it. He carried his obedience so far that he would not accept presents, still less venture to eat anything offered him by friends, without permission. The only point on which it was necessary to be peremptory with him was his music, for even at these years he would wholly forget himself in the pursuit of his ideas, and would often have sat playing, to the injury of his health, had he not been driven from the clavier.

Before he went to rest at night a little solemnity took place which could not on any occasion be omitted. He had composed a tune which was regularly sung by himself at this time, standing in a chair, while his father, standing near him, sang the second. Between the singing and after it he would kiss his father on the tip of the nose, and, having thus expressed his childish affection, go quietly and contentedly to bed. This custom was observed till he had passed his ninth year. For his father and instructor, who appeared in every point of view in a light that commanded respect, he cherished sentiments of veneration, and one of his most ordinary sayings was, "God first, and then papa." It was an odd fancy of his at this time, that when his father became old he would have him preserved in a glass case, the better to contemplate and admire him.—EDWARD HOLMES, *in "The Life of Mozart."*

HOW THE ARCHBISHOP OF SALZBURG TESTED MOZART.

THE churlish Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, the patron (if he deserves this title) of the elder Mozart, and afterwards of the wonderful Wolfgang, was at first

most distrustful of the boy's capabilities and genius; so much so, indeed, did he discredit all that had been said of Wolfgang, that he one day went so far as to promise, in the interests of religion and art, to expose such a deception. Accordingly, he had the boy at his palace, and giving him pens, ink, paper, and the words for a mass, shut him up with these materials in a little room, there to remain until music had been wedded to the words. For a week and more the prisoner was confined to his cell, nor did he move from it, or see any one, save the servant who brought him his food—from whom there was little fear of the young musician gaining much assistance. At last the task was completed, and much to the archbishop's surprise the boy handed him the score, which, upon trial by the court band, fully convinced the ecclesiastic of the mistake which he had made in ridiculing the reputation attached to young Mozart's name, and he still further showed his appreciation of it by making it a stock piece among the music of his cathedral.—F. J. Crowest, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

MOZART'S CHARACTER. HIS APPEARANCE AS A YOUNG MAN.

Mozart's private character, which was in his time attacked and slandered, has been, by the searching investigations of recent years, found free from any stain, save that of improvidence. His letters prove amply the dutiful, loving spirit of the boy and man. Mozart's portrait, taken in his early prime, represents him as a handsome man, having an ample forehead, regular features, cleft chin, dreamy eyes, with well-arched brows. His hair is powdered, and in a tie; he wears

the high-collared, large-buttoned coat, plain neck-cloth, and wide-frilled shirt of the period.—SARAH TYTLER, *in "Musical Composers and Their Works."*

MOZART'S LIFE TOLD IN SOUND.

WE now come to the year 1788, interesting for the production of Mozart's grandest symphonies—the E flat major, G minor, and the C major, also known as the "Jupiter," composed in the order they are named, and all in the short space of six weeks! These three symphonies, each being quite complete and distinct in itself from the others, yet seem to be three stages of one gigantic musical structure, in which we see the reflection of Mozart's lifelong struggle with a world that neither understood nor appreciated him, and of which he was far in advance. The one in E flat major —the first—seems to take us over the years of his boyhood, passed under the guidance and care of his esteemed father. It is quiet and calm throughout, subdued and submissive as he was known to be; repose distinguishes every movement, excepting perhaps the two joyous allegros, beautifully illustrative of the occasional breaks of success which marked his early years. The second, the G minor symphony, presents us with his period of struggle with the world, after he had left his father's protection, and started on the journey in 1777, to give his services to the first prince who would accept them. The music effectively describes this period of his life. Struggle, sorrow, and anguish is evident throughout the whole of it, and as Jahn says, "The gentle murmur of sorrow continues with ever-increasing intensity, till it becomes a raging passion, striving to drown its own devouring grief."

In the last, the "Jupiter" in C major, all the struggle and anguish are over. His "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni" period, with its brilliant successes and enthusiastic receptions, is gloriously depicted. Success, joy, and triumphant victory, crown this splendid musical structure which Mozart has reared—the story of his life told in sound.—CROWEST.

MOZART AND HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

WE must pass over the fruitful year of 1789, with the exception of one item—the instrumentation of Handel's "Messiah." This was a delicate task for even Mozart to undertake; but yet what additional beauty has he not lent to this sublime oratorio by his superb and masterly scoring! We now have the combined efforts of two giant musicians on this significant subject, and some of Handel's best writing is wedded to instrumentation unknown in Handel's day, and above all by a master who revered Handel, and in a style which, when heard, leaves no doubt as to its being an eminently successful and truly welcome addition.—CROWEST.

MOZART'S PERSONAL MERIT.

MOZART'S wonderful musical genius and the surpassing excellence of his productions have quite overshadowed, in common estimation, his personal merit. Indeed, a conviction prevails that his intellectual abilities were inferior, his character weak, and his habits dissipated. The truth, on the contrary, is that he was extremely intelligent, his weakness was nothing but the necessary accompaniment of a warm and affection-

ate temper, and his dissipation almost entirely imaginary. He was, indeed, fond of wine, as he was of women, but he was as far from being a drunkard as he was from being a libertine. All the evidence goes to show that his conduct was, from first to last, morally irreproachable, and that his misfortunes came from his unselfishness, and from the too great confidence which he placed in those who pretended to be his friends. As is not uncommon with men of genius, he lacked worldly wisdom, and had little of the business talent requisite for worldly success.—THOMAS HITCHCOCK *in "Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius."*

MOZART'S GENERAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

WHILE intellectually, apart from his musical endowments, Mozart was not a great man, his letters and all the anecdotes related of him show him to have been lively, witty, and agreeable. He could read, write and speak Italian and French as well as he could German, and on occasion could turn out rhymes with great facility. In society he was noted for his rollicking fun and gaiety, and his remarks were often irresistibly droll. These qualities, and his convivial habits, are what gave him the reputation of being dissipated, but unjustly so. He was also a good dancer, and played billiards and skittles with great zeal and skill.—HITCHCOCK.

MOZART'S PERSONALITY.

THOUGH Mozart was extremely susceptible of love for women, and his talents should have commended

him to their favour, his external appearance rather interfered with his success with them. His father and mother were reputed to be the handsomest couple in Salzburg, where they lived, but they failed to transmit to him their advantages. He was, indeed, slim and well proportioned, but his stature was small and his figure insignificant. His complexion was pale, and his face in no respect striking, except when it was illuminated by the fire of his genius in playing or in composing. His eyes were well formed and of a good size, with fine eyebrows and lashes, but as a rule they looked languid, and his gaze was restless and absent. Like all little men, he was very particular about his dress, and wore a great deal of embroidery and jewellery.—HITCHCOCK.

MOZART'S PERSONALITY. A FURTHER ACCOUNT.

MOZART, though born of beautiful parents, possessed beauty himself as a child only; in his later years he retained nothing of his early look but its pleasing expression. His features were marked, and had a strong individuality of character that rendered them as impossible to be mistaken as those of Socrates or Frederick the Great. The outward man of the composer presented no index to his genius. His eyes, which were rather large and prominent, had more of a languid than a brilliant and animated character; the eyebrows were well-arched and the eyelashes long and handsome. His sight was on all occasions sharp and strong, notwithstanding his frequent and laborious occupation in the night. There was wandering and abstraction in his eye except when seated at the piano, when the whole expression and character of the

face seemed altered. His unsteady gaze became then earnest and concentrated, and every muscle of his countenance betrayed the influence of those feelings on himself which he was seeking to awaken in others.

His head was comparatively too large for his body; but the body itself and the hands and feet were formed in exact proportion, of which he was rather vain. The easy, natural and elegant movement of his small hands on the piano rendered it interesting to overlook him when playing; while the power which he occasionally exhibited raised astonishment. His nose, which had been handsome, became so prominent a feature in the last years of his life, from the emaciation of his countenance, that a scribbler in one of the journals of the day, the *Morgenblatt,* of Vienna, honored him with the epithet "enormous-nosed."

It has been stated that he never attained his natural growth; and the reason assigned for this is his want of exercise in childhood. But both assertions may be questioned. Mozart's parents were small persons; and the best proof that Leopold Mozart—though he did not permit his children to lose their time—cared sufficiently for their health may be found in the long life of Madame Sonnenberg [Marianne Mozart, Mozart's sister], whose youth was passed in the same industrious culture of excellence as her brother's.—HOLMES.

MOZART'S TASTE FOR DRAWING AND PAINTING.

MOZART'S name is familiar to every one as a musician; but few are aware that he possessed a remarkable taste for drawing—a taste no doubt fostered by his talented brother-in-law, Lange, the portrait painter. Mo-

zart, as we well know, could not have spared much time for his pencil, and followed the art simply as a pastime, but it is interesting to find him engaged in copying a favourite "Ecce Homo" at the time that the beautiful symphony in C, "No. 6," must have been in progress. No doubt the little delicate man, from time to time, turned to the soothing subject of his canvas, to rest himself after a long spell of composition. When the copy was completed, Mozart sent it to his wife, with the inscription, "Drawn by W. A. Mozart, and dedicated to Madame Mozart, his wife, 13th November, 1783."—F. J. Crowest, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

MOZART'S MEMORY FOR MUSIC.

All the great composers had wonderful memories, but in this, as in many other matters, Mozart stands pre-eminent. We know how he appropriated Gregorio Allegri's beautiful "Miserere" entirely by memory; how he once played a duet with the fair violinist Madame Schlick, with only a sheet of blank paper before him to guide him with the piano part; besides which, there was his constant habit of playing his concertos in public without a "bit" of music. For instance, in a concert at Leipzig, some three years before his untimely end, Mozart performed his concerto in C. The band all in readiness, Mozart sat down to the pianoforte to begin the composition. What was the surprise of the audience, however, on seeing Mozart place on the desk, not his part, but a small piece of paper scribbled with a few notes, being the beginnings of a few of the passages. "Oh!" replied he, upon being questioned by a friend, "the piano part is safely locked up in my desk at Vienna. I am obliged to take

this precaution when I am travelling, otherwise people contrive somehow or other to get copies of my scores and print them, without the least acknowledgment to me.—F. J. Crowest, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

MOZART'S MEMORY FOR MUSIC. A FURTHER ILLUSTRATION.

At the same time that Mozart was playing at the Imperial Palace at Vienna, there was also engaged there one Signora Regina Strinasacchi, an excellent lady violinist. He soon made the acquaintance of this gifted lady, and undertook to compose something in which they might appear together at her Court concert. The result of this promise was the sonata in B flat major; but by some means or other Mozart did not write a note of it till the night before that on which the concert was to take place. Madame Strinasacchi, of course, became anxious, and wishing to make a successful appearance applied to Mozart, at any rate, for the violin part. This he set about, and on the morning of the concert it was in her hands to study. His own piano part, however, he could not find time to do, and the result was that they met at the concert without any rehearsal, and he, for his part, without anything on paper wherewith to guide him beyond a copy of the violin part, and an accidental, here and there, to mark the modulation he intended; however, he seated himself with his all but blank paper before him. The sonata was commenced, and concluded amidst the applause of the delighted audience. But Mozart did not get clear off yet. The Emperor Joseph, who was seated near him, discovered with the aid of his opera glasses that Mozart was imposing upon the audience, for he could see no notes on the score but those for the

order. He instantly sent for both the composer and the music score, but on questioning him the only reply he could get was, "May it please your majesty there was not a single note lost." This, one of the most beautiful of Mozart's writings, was afterwards filled in and guaranteed by his autograph.—CROWEST.

MOZART AND ALLEGRI'S "MISERERE."

GREGORIO ALLEGRI, a celebrated Italian composer, flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century. His fame rests chiefly upon one composition—a Miserere in G minor, which he composed for the Pontifical Chapel, and which, on account of its great beauty and appropriateness, was always reserved for the most solemn services, and was kept in the archives of the chapel with unprecedented care, and any one found tampering with it would most surely have been excommunicated. It will be remembered that this was the composition which so delighted Mozart when he heard it at Rome that, as he could not obtain a copy by fair means, he determined to secure it by visiting the chapel and noting it down in his memory while it was being sung. Only three copies were ever known to have been made of this Miserere—one of which went to the Emperor Leopold, the second to the King of Portugal, and the third was presented to the celebrated Padre Martini.—F. J. CROWEST, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

MOZART'S FACILITY IN COMPOSITION.

THE palm [for facility in composition] must be awarded to Mozart. In his short life of thirty-nine years, he produced a mass of works of which the cor-

rect catalogue is even now scarcely ascertained. As instances of his rapid work, there is the glorious G minor Symphony, composed in ten days; the "Marriage of Figaro" within the month of April, 1786, while the splendid *finale* to its second act Mozart threw off in a little over twenty-four hours, notwithstanding he was so ill that ere the last page or two were scored he had swooned in his chair!—CROWEST.

MOZART'S FACILITY IN COMPOSITION. A FURTHER ACCOUNT.

No one would judge from the easy flow and "spontaneity" of Mozart's music, under what difficulties it was often composed; nor could we believe, were not the fact forced upon us by the composer's short life, and the immense mass of his compositions, that such a collection of works, bearing no trace of effort and no sign of weariness, could have been produced by a young man of delicate constitution, with a sickly family, and in embarrassed circumstances. But no external distractions appear to have interfered with his facility of production. Most of the music to "Don Giovanni" was composed whilst Mozart was on a visit to Dussek, whose house, we are told, "was a scene of great resort and revelry while Mozart was his guest; and it is to be remembered that there was often considerable playing of bowls in his grounds. In the midst of all the talk and laughter with which this amusement was attended, the composer pursued his work, but rose from time to time when it came to his turn to take part in the game." Again, his wife has said that he needed no pianoforte when composing, but that he would take music paper, and, sitting down,

would say to her, "Now, my dear, have the goodness to talk to me and to tell me all the news;" a proceeding by-the-bye which never interrupted Mozart in his work.—F. J. CROWEST, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

HOW MOZART WROTE THE OVERTURE TO "DON GIOVANNI."

THE astonishing fact has often been told how Mozart had written no overture to his opera "Don Giovanni," till the last day, when he sat down to a glass of punch, and, talking to his wife, wrote it all in a few hours. Yet that is just what he did. But he did not then compose it; he only wrote down what he had weeks before composed, turned over in his mind, scratched out, replaced and refitted, until the whole formed in his mind the picture he wanted. When this was done, he took the pen and devoted a few hours to the mere mechanical work of writing it out, just as a stenographer would do with his shorthand MS. when he has to transcribe it for the reader. The work is before his mind's eye, he only expresses it in legible signs. This is the way great composers have often kept the work in their brain, and, only when the right moment came, copied it out on paper.—LOUIS ENGEL, *in "From Handel to Halle."*

HAYDN UPON MOZART.

"OH, Mozart! If I could instil into the soul of every lover of music the admiration I have for his matchless works, all countries would seek to be possessed of so great a treasure. Let Prague keep him, ah! and

well reward him, for without that the history of geniuses is bad; alas! we see so many noble minds crushed beneath adversity. Mozart is incomparable, and I am annoyed that he is unable to obtain any court appointment. Forgive me if I get excited when speaking of him, I am so fond of him."—*From a letter written by Haydn to a friend in Prague when Mozart was in that city.*

MOZART AND HIS WIFE.

In some ways this important experiment of his marriage was not a success. From the point of view of practical domestic comfort, such as he had described to his father, no good came of it at all. Constanze had no genius for ordering a household, and as Mozart was always too full of higher things to take much note of such matters as washing and darning, and similar necessities of every-day life, their existence was passed in perpetual hugger-mugger and untidiness, to which the want of funds added for the rest of their lives a far from satisfactory flavour. Moreover, Constanze was far from strong, and a good deal of Mozart's precious time was spent in anxious attention to her health and comfort; and his slender resources were sometimes put to extra strain by the necessities of her condition. But apart from these matters there was something very fitting and characteristic about their existence together. They lived in simple trust of one another, with spirits so well buoyed up by the love of art and the freshness of their mutual intercourse, that the meaner troubles of life seemed to make but little effect on the enjoyment which they had in one another's society. Constanze quite entered into Mozart's ways of life, and never annoyed him with importunities

when he wanted to be all to himself for his work. She had, too, a thorough appreciation of his genius, and could enter into all the music which he especially delighted in; and she was also able to sing well enough at sight to be useful to him, though her voice was not anything remarkable; and his devotion to her in turn was of that simple and childlike sincerity which made sunshine in their lives even at times when things looked darkest.—C. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

MOZART AND HIS WIFE. A SECOND ACCOUNT.

CONSTANCE MOZART was distinguished neither by talents nor education. Her intellectual influence upon Mozart was not important. Probably she had not the least suspicion of his greatness, which, indeed, was at that time recognised by but very few of his contemporaries. However, Mozart himself praised her common-sense. She was, moreover, not wanting in musical gifts. She could play tolerably on the pianoforte, and sang very prettily, particularly at sight, so that Mozart was accustomed to try new compositions with her. It is interesting to know that she took great delight in the fugues of Handel and Bach, and animated Mozart to write down fugues, which he improvised at the piano. Consequently, Mozart found in his wife appreciation for his art, and, fortunately, a judicious appreciation, which was in no way prejudicial to his productive power. While Mozart worked, his wife sat by him and related to him legends and children's tales to his great content. Unhappily, Constance became delicate from severe confinements, and this was a heavy trial for the family.

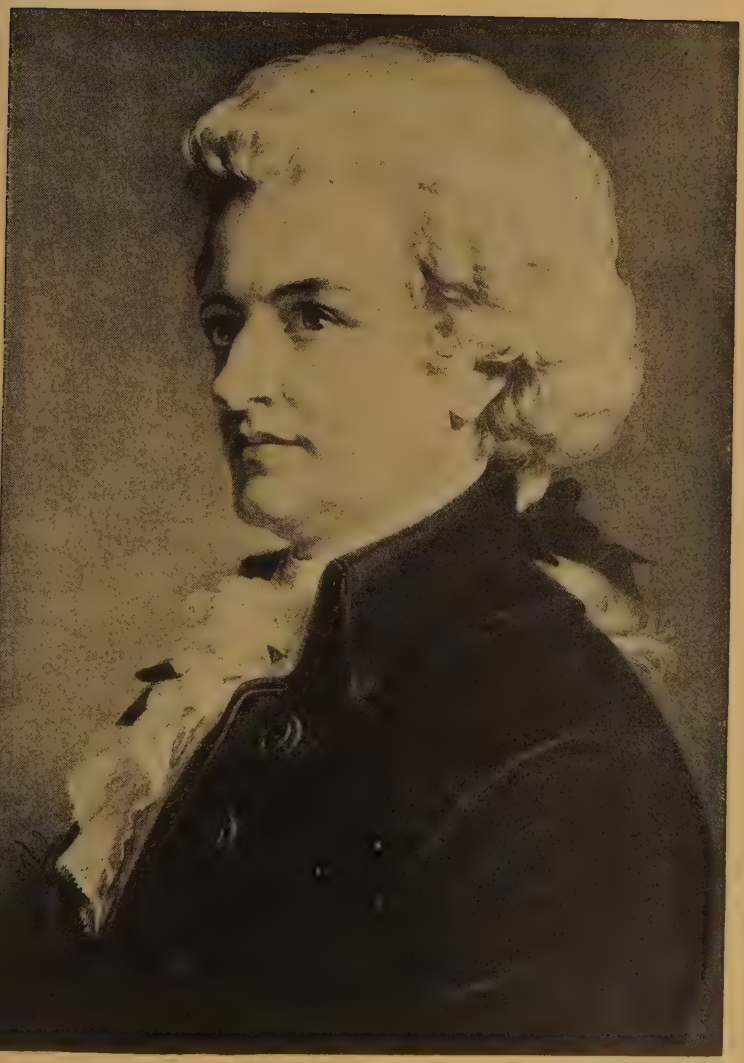
On the other hand, it proved the goodness of Mozart's heart, for he took care of his wife in the tenderest manner. Trials only served to knit yet closer their affectionate relations to each other.—GEHRING.

THE INFLUENCE OF CONSTANCE MOZART UPON MOZART'S MUSIC.

NOTWITHSTANDING many pinches of poverty and burdens of debt, their life together* was a happy one. Their mutual love never decreased, but burned strong and clear to the end. She was his constant guide and monitor. She brightened all his days with her loving words and letters, and his love for her was always tender and delicate. She was a prudent manager of his domestic affairs, a safe counsellor in business matters, always a cheerful companion, and tended him in his last days with unfaltering devotion until the final bitter moment, when she flung herself upon his bed and prayed to die with him. The influence of Aloysia† upon his music showed itself by the production of numerous brilliant arias which he wrote for her; but all his great works, "Die Entführung," "Idomeneo," "Don Giovanni," "Die Zauberflöte," "Nozze di Figaro," "Cosi Fan Tutti," "Titus," the "Ave Verum," and the "Requiem," were written after his marriage; and every one of them bears, in greater or lesser degree, the imprint of Constance's influence. She took special care of his health, which was always delicate, so that his work might not be interrupted. She not only spurred him on to the fulfillment of his engagements; but when it happened that he was over-burdened with

* That of Mozart and his wife Constance.

† Aloysia Weber, Constance Mozart's sister, whom previously Mozart had been in love with and wanted to marry.



Mozart

work, at which time he was apt to pursue his fancies far into the night, she devised various means to relieve him. Her devotion to him in this regard was untiring. He immortalised her in the "Entführung" ["Elopement"], written when they were lovers. The main idea of the opera is based upon their relations to each other; and in it he pictures himself in the character of *Belmonte,* and her in that of *Constanza.* The mass in C minor was written by him as a votive offering for her recovery in her first confinement, and she sang the solos at the first public performance. She was passionately fond of the Bach and Handel fugues, and never ceased her entreaties until he commenced writing in this form. The "Don Giovanni," "Zauberflöte" [The Magic Flute], and "Requiem" are largely due to her. In his dedications her name does not appear so frequently as Aloysia's, for we only find six solfeggi, a fugue, two sonatas, and an aria written for her; but there was no need of specifying her name where almost everything was due to her love, her care, and her encouragement. In delicate health and straitened circumstances, the victim often of bitter musical jealousies, harassed by business complications, with which he was unfitted to contend, it is due to her, not only that he produced so much, but that his music preserved all its original joyousness, sweetness and freshness, and that it has done so much to bless and gladden humanity.—GEORGE P. UPTON, *in "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart" in "Woman in Music."*

MOZART'S LAST WORK. HIS DEATH.

MOZART then [in 1791, after the "Magic Flute" had been composed] commenced his last work—the "Requiem," which, for depth of devotional feeling, the re-

ligious sentiment it expresses, and its whole character as a sacred composition, is undoubtedly the finest and most sublime of all his contributions to church music. Many were the circumstances, too, which tended to produce this solemnity of character. Death was staring him in the face ere he penned a note of it. Long before, Mozart had a presentiment of his approaching end; and besides this, there was the mystery attending the origin of such a work. One day, Mozart was much surprised by the announcement that a stranger wished to see him. A tall messenger, dressed in gloomy gray, was shown in. He was the bearer of a letter without any signature, the purport of which was to inquire if Mozart would engage to compose a mass for the dead, and when it would be finished. Mozart consulted his wife, and, after informing her of the strange proceeding, and saying that he would like to undertake such a work, he agreed with the stranger, but would not name the exact time that it would be finished. He then inquired where the score should be sent when ready; but the stranger said he would call for it, and that it would be in vain to attempt to discover who sent him. From that day thoughts of death haunted Mozart incessantly. On parting with friends, he would tell them they should never meet again. Oh, how true this was! He worked on the "Requiem" unceasingly, from the day of his interview with the mysterious messenger, but with such bad results on his health that his wife called in Dr. Clossett to induce him to discontinue writing. He at once insisted on his giving up so exciting a subject. A marked improvement was soon apparent, and all hoped that he would be restored to health; but shortly after he earnestly entreated to have the score back, that he might fulfil his commission. His kind

Constance complied with his request, and he again set vigourously to work, and soon fell into a deep reverie over it. He now felt more strongly than ever that he was composing it for himself, and told his wife so. On November 20th he was carried to his bed, suffering dreadfully from a violent sickness, and with swollen hands and feet. From this bed he never rose again. During the fifteen days preceding his death, he still retained consciousness, his wife and children continually occupying his thoughts during that time. Frequently he would exclaim, "Must I go, just as I am able to live in peace? Must I leave my wife and my poor children just when I should have been able to provide better for them?"

The night before his dissolution was a fearful one. At his bedside stood Constance and her sister, Sophie Weber, who had come to see how he was. Mozart on seeing her exclaimed, "Oh, my dear Sophie! it is well you are here. I have the taste of death on my tongue. Who can comfort my Constance if you do not stay?" Thus he passed the night.

The next day he was worse, and felt that his end was fast approaching. He said to Constance, "Oh, that I could hear once more my 'Magic Flute!'" About three o'clock he was visited by three intimate friends to whom he showed the score of the "Requiem." After giving Süssmayr his final directions with regard to it.* he once more glanced through it, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "Did I not always say I was writing it for myself?" He then expressed a wish to have it sung. Poor Mozart took the alto part, and his friends the three remaining parts. They proceeded as far as the *Lacrymosa* when sud-

* Mozart did not live to finish the "Requiem." It was finished by Süssmayr.

denly Mozart burst into tears and the score was put aside. He then fell into a delirium from which he never rallied. Cold applications were ordered to his head by Dr. Clossett; but it was all of no avail, and towards midnight he started up from his pillow, with his eyes fixed. His head then sank gently back, and the spirit of the great master had taken its flight.—CROWEST.

MOZART'S LAST WORDS.

As the parting words of our great artist, who, spite of all the sorrows he had to bear, preserved, throughout, a cheerful, joyous nature, we may cite the following lines from a note of his, written near the close of his life—lines eloquently indicative of his sweet composure during his last days. They run thus: "Dear sir," he replies to the admonitions of a friend—the original autograph, in Italian, is preserved in London—"Willingly would I follow your advice, but how can I do it? My brain is distracted. It is with difficulty that I can collect my thoughts, and I cannot dismiss the picture of that unknown man from my mind. He is ever before me, praying for, urging me for, demanding that "Requiem." I continue working because work does not exhaust me as much as the absence of employment. I know by my feelings that my hour has come. It is striking even now. I am in the region of death. I have reached my end, without having reaped the pleasure my talent should have brought me. And yet life was so beautiful! My career opened under such happy auspices; but one cannot change his destiny. No one can fix the number of his days. We must be resigned and do what Providence decrees."—NOHL.

MOZART'S FUNERAL.

It was a terribly inclement day; rain and sleet came down fast; and an eye-witness describes how the little band of mourners stood shivering in the blast, with their umbrellas up, round the hearse, as it left the door of the church. It was then far on in the dark, cold December afternoon, and the evening was fast closing in before the solitary hearse had passed the Stubenthor, and reached the distant graveyard of St. Marx, in which, amongst the "third class," the great composer of the "G minor symphony" and the "Requiem" found his resting place. By this time the weather had proved too much for all the mourners. They had dropped off one by one, and Mozart's body was accompanied only by the driver of the hearse. There had been already two pauper funerals that day —one of them a midwife—and Mozart was to be the third in the grave and the uppermost.

When the hearse drew up in the slush and sleet at the gate of the graveyard it was welcomed by a strange pair; Franz Harruschka, the assistant grave-digger, and his mother Katharina, known as "Frau Katha," who filled the quaint office of official mendicant (privilegirte Bettlerin) to the place.

The old woman was the first to speak: "Any coaches or mourners coming?"

A shrug from the driver of the hearse was the only response.

"Who have you got there, then?" continued she.

"A band-master," replied the other.

"A musician? They 're a poor lot. Then I've no more money to look for to-day. It is to be hoped we shall have better luck in the morning."

To which the driver said, with a laugh: "I'm devil-

ish thirsty, too—not a kreutzer of drink-money have I had."

After this curious colloquy the coffin was dismounted and shoved into the top of the grave already occupied by the two paupers of the morning. And such was Mozart's last appearance on earth.—*The Annotator of the Crystal Palace Programmes.*

CONSTANCE MOZART'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MOZART.

THE widow of Mozart has given to the world many interesting details respecting her illustrious husband. Years after Mozart had died, and when the celebrated Constance Weber had been widowed for the second time, she was visited by an English lady and her husband—an eminent musician—both of whom were anxious to converse with the widow of the great master. Notwithstanding the years that had passed, Madame Nyssen's enthusiasm for her first husband was far from extinguished. She was much affected at the regard which the visitors showed for his memory, and willingly entered into conversation about him.

"Mozart," she said, "loved all the arts and possessed a taste for most of them. He could draw, and was an excellent dancer. He was generally cheerful and in good humour; rarely melancholy, though sometimes pensive. Indeed," continued she, "he was an angel, and is one in heaven now." He played the organ delightfully, as well as the pianoforte, but he seldom touched this last instrument in company unless there were present those who could appreciate him. He would, however, often extemporise upon it when

alone with her. "Mozart's voice," she said, "was a light tenor; his speaking tone gentle, unless when directing music; then he became loud and energetic—would even stamp with his feet and might be heard at a considerable distance. His hands were very small and delicate. His favourite amusements were bowls and billiards." The widow lady also hinted to the visitors that it was Mozart's highest ambition to have composed an oratorio in the style of the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt." In fact, he intended to have set to work upon an oratorio immediately after the "Requiem;" but, alas! ere he could crown his fame with such a work, he was taken from the scene of his labours and successes—such as the latter were, during his lifetime.—F. J. Crowest, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

MOZART THE RAPHAEL OF HIS ART.

Of Mozart's music it is as difficult to write critically as it is to write of Raphael's paintings or of Shakespeare's dramas. While other musicians have excelled in one branch of their art, or have, even when they have reached sublime heights, as in the case of Beethoven, been either liable to be out of proportion, or subject to limits in the development of their gift, Mozart's genius in its expression was as perfectly balanced and as widely sympathetic as it was at the same time grand and sweet. He was great in harmony and great in melody—full, in all subtlety, of that learning which is so thorough that it ceases to be seen and results in art which does not appear art, but higher nature. While he wrote strains fit to thrill through human hearts, he never needed to descend to the sensuousness,

extravagant passion, and florid ornament by which the later Italian school won popularity. He was so full of noble, chaste dignity and simplicity even in these themes on which he wrote, which were farthest removed from religion, and which might have been most abused, that his art may be said to have been in its pure earnestness a religion to itself.—SARAH TYTLER.

BEETHOVEN

IV

BEETHOVEN

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

Beethoven has been called the Homer, the Shakespeare, the Goethe of the musical world. By this it is intended to indicate that he is as supreme in the realm of music as these other great names are in the realm of epic and lyric poetry and the drama. But this comparative estimation is only partially correct. A great portion of Beethoven's intellect was unfortunately lost to the world because of the infirmity under which he laboured. His genius, therefore, was unequal to that universality of achievement which illustrated the careers of, say, Shakespeare and Goethe. His dramatic and lyric powers—powers undoubtedly of the highest degree—found only limited expression. He produced but one oratorio and but one opera. And, though his immortal song, "Adelaïda"—"that most perfect amatory lyric," as it has been called: the song that above all other songs "expresses the beauty and the ardour of love"—has shown that in the lyric art he could, had fate been kinder to him, have equalled if not surpassed the other great song composers of his age; still it is neither by his lyric nor by his dramatic work—so far,

at least, as these had to do with the voice—that his surpassing genius has manifested itself. Beethoven's real greatness was achieved in the realm of instrumental music.

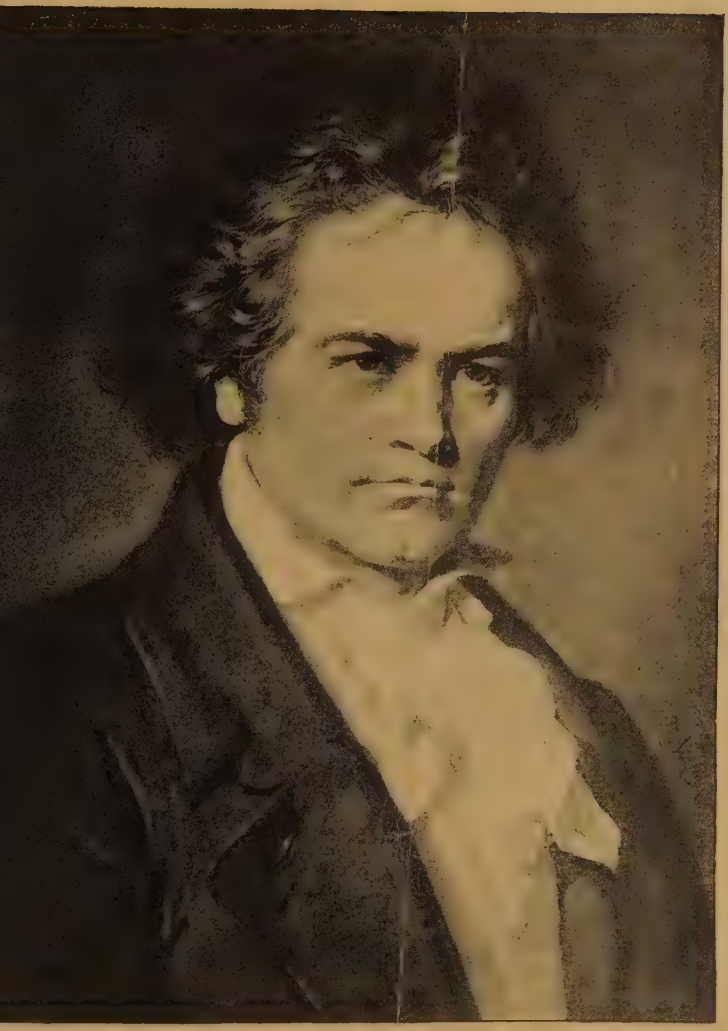
But in the realm of instrumental music Beethoven is supreme. No words of popular import can adequately give a hint of, much less describe, the greatness of his work for musical instrumentation. He added a new world to the universe of musical expression. Up to his time music had been more or less a matter of sensuous enjoyment. An aria by Mozart, a movement in one of Haydn's symphonies or quartets, an organ fugue by Bach, even a grand chorus by Handel, had each for its primary object a pleasurable sensation in the hearer, although this pleasurable sensation might by its association with other ideas—as, for example, ideas suggested by words uttered by the voice, or by resemblances to sounds and rhythms observable in nature—arouse thoughts that were not sensuous but intellectual. But it is the great feature of Beethoven's music that it appeals to the intellect direct. Music was to him a means of poetical expression, not merely the expression of pleasure-producing melody and rhythm, but the expression of the hopes, the fears, the joys, the troubles, the longings, the despondencies, the ambitions, the struggles, of actual life; and this, like the noblest poetry, in forms of art that give the highest delight in the field of sensuous impression, while at the same time they appeal to what is strongest and quickest and most resourceful in the field of intellectual perception. In fine, with Beethoven music was *thought,* but thought crystallised into beauty and communicated to the mind not by words and logically arranged sentences, but by harmonised tones and logically arranged tone-pictures. This, it is true, had

been to some extent Haydn's conception of music. But in Haydn the conception had been but embryonic. In Beethoven it was an ever-present ideal.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was born in the Rhenish city of Bonn, December (probably the 16th), 1770. The exact day of his birth is uncertain. His grandfather, a respectable musician and a man of exemplary character, who had come from Belgium to Bonn, was "chapel-master" (that is, choir-master and orchestra conductor) to the Elector of Bonn. His father, who was also a musician but not a man of exemplary character, was a tenor singer, also in the service of the elector. The grandfather died when Ludwig was three years old. Thenceforward throughout childhood and youth Beethoven's life was a miserable one. His father discerned his musical ability, and for the sake of the gain he might get thereby wished to develop him into a precocious prodigy, something such as Mozart had been, and with this end in view had recourse to a forcing process that came near to turning out disastrously. By one means or another, however, Beethoven got a good, sound musical education, and long before he had reached manhood his ability as a musician was quite generally recognised. Besides, he had made numerous kind friends. When he was seventeen years of age he was able to go to Vienna. There he played for Mozart, who rapturously said of him: "Take great care of that youth. One of these days he will make a stir in the world." But at that time Beethoven was not able to stay in Vienna. His mother died and he had to become the head of his father's house. He returned to Bonn, where he made more progress in his

musical studies, and made, too, more friends. A family that was especially kind to him was the Breunings. Frau von Breuning, her daughter Eleanore, and her three sons, all treated the young musician as if he were one of themselves. No doubt it is to the kindness of the Breunings—shown him at a critical period of his life when he was a prey to despondency—that the preservation to the world of Beethoven's genius is due. Another warm friend that he made was Count Waldstein. It is to Count Waldstein, with, perhaps, some help from the elector, that Beethoven owed the ability to take the step which, above all others, was the most important step in his career. At the age of twenty-two he was able to go to Vienna, at that time the musical metropolis of the world. The ostensible object of his going was to pursue there his studies under the great master, Haydn; but the real object, no doubt, was to get a footing in the great world of music for himself.

BEETHOVEN arrived in Vienna in November, 1792. Thenceforward till his death that city was always his home. And, indeed, except for a journey once to Berlin, and the residences that he used to make in the autumn months in rural retreats near Vienna, Beethoven scarcely ever left Vienna. On his arrival he began his studies under Haydn. But Haydn divined at once Beethoven's surpassing genius for music and contented himself with only hints and general advice. Beethoven, however, wanted downright methodical instruction and soon grew discontented with Haydn's teaching. He afterwards refused to call himself a pupil of Haydn's, asserting that "Haydn had never taught him anything." He even suspected Haydn of



Ludwig van Beethoven

wishing to hinder his advancement. But in this Beethoven was wholly wrong. Similarly, though he put himself under the instruction of all the principal musicians of Vienna, Albrechtsberger, Salieri, etc.—in the voice and on the piano, the organ, and all orchestral instruments—he had difficulty, more or less, with all his teachers. Haydn used playfully to call him the "Great Mogul," and Haydn's opinion of Beethoven's autocratic disposition was shared by his instructors generally. The truth was that Beethoven's mind was so logical, his principles so austerely conscientious, and his musical ability so masterly, that nothing short of consummate knowledge, consummate skill, and consummate painstakingness on the part of a teacher, could satisfy him. Similarly, he never met with a musician of reputation with whose performance he was not more or less disappointed. This was not because Beethoven was jealous-minded. It was simply because his genius was so transcendent that his standard was, unconsciously to himself, higher than that of other men. It partly arose, too, from his impatience with mere "virtuosity." When on his visit to Berlin he gave unpardonable offence to a great musician there who in playing for him indulged in a lot of showy technique—"runs, progressions, arpeggios and endless preludising"—without seeming to come to anything with meaning in it. "Now, now; do begin, please!" exclaimed Beethoven. Beethoven himself, despite what he supposed was his insufficiency of training, became a great player. But his playing was spiritual and inspirational rather than technically brilliant. He had what is called the "composer's touch." He rarely played in public. It was with difficulty that he could be got to play for friends. He had his whims in these matters. He once refused to play in

the Prince Lichnowsky's drawing-room, even when the Countess of Thun, the princess's mother, went down on her knees to try to induce him to do so. But when he did play he oftentimes would not leave a dry eye in the room. His playing was as if a naked soul were pouring out its sorrows or unfolding its hopes and longings.

BEETHOVEN had not been long in Vienna before he was recognised as one of the first musicians of his age. Through Count Waldstein's introduction he had the entrée into the most exclusive circles. The Viennese aristocracy, with whom at that time music was a sort of "fad," took to him at once. For years he lived in the house of Prince Lichnowsky, and the Princess Lichnowsky became almost as kind to him as Frau von Breuning had been in his old Bonn days. Ladies of the highest rank, young and old, paid court to him and humoured him and put up with his idiosyncrasies, even though at times—almost at all times—his manner was almost unbearable. For, despite his intrinsic nobility of character, his sterling integrity, his kindness of heart, his generosity, his uprightness, and fair-mindedness, Beethoven was a very hard man to get on with. It was only by consummate tact that the Princess Lichnowsky managed him at all. He had frequent fracases with her husband, and afterwards also with Count Moritz Lichnowsky, her son, although both these noblemen had in their hearts nothing but kindness for him. Once he seized a bust of the prince, and, dashing it to the floor, shivered it to atoms—this to relieve his feelings because his patron had asked him to play before some French officers! "I despise duplic-

ity; let me have no more of your visits!" he once wrote to Count Moritz Lichnowsky, when all that that gentleman had done amiss was to be a partner in an innocent scheme devised to promote the success of a complimentary concert for him. But every one knew that this waywardness of temper in Beethoven was in great part induced by his ill-health—and partly induced, too, by his excessive sensibility to his infirmity. Excuses therefore were readily made for him. But it must be confessed that he put the patience of his friends to great trial. "I play no longer for such swine," he once ejaculated in the Countess von Browne's salon because some thoughtless persons had been talking while he played. He quarrelled with his landlords; he quarrelled with his pupils; he quarrelled with his physicians. He once had four separate sets of apartments on his hands because of his precipitancy in leaving them before his leases were expired. Even the Countess Guicciardi, his favourite pupil, the "immortal loved one" of his "Moonlight" sonata, is said once to have been unable to wear a low dress in the evening because Beethoven had hit her so violently on the shoulder for some remissness in her playing at her lesson in the morning. And at his last illness the physicians who had formerly attended him could not at first be got to come near him because previously he had rudely treated them all. There was, however, an amusing side to his "queerness." He was very absent-minded. A friend once made him a present of a horse. He rode it once or twice and then forgot all about it till he was presented by a stablekeeper with a big bill for its maintenance! Once, too, a lot of street gamins gathered about his window and were laughing and jeering. "What do those confounded imps want?" he indignantly exclaimed. It was early in the morning. He had risen from

his bed with a theme in his head and was hammering away with it at the piano. But he had forgotten to put his dressing gown on! But, despite all these idiosyncrasies, he was loved and honoured by the Viennese, both high and low, as few men in his day were loved and honoured. And when he died, March 26, 1827, twenty thousand Viennese of all classes—"princes, statesmen, poets, painters, scholars and actors," men of every rank and every profession and trade—followed his body to its tomb. The foremost poet of the time wrote an oration for the burial, and the foremost actor of the time recited it. Among its many beautiful sentences was this, as true as it was beautiful and appropriate:

"Come, make a circle round his grave and strew it with laurel; for we bury one who was in every respect a man."

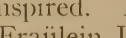
BEETHOVEN won many crowning honours, but no one ever had to bear a heavier cross. Born with a gift for the production of music in its highest, its most idealistic, its noblest forms, he became at an early age bereft of that sense by which alone he could enjoy, or even appreciate, music, except by efforts of the imagination. "One summer day," in his twenty-seventh year, "he came home overpowered by heat. He threw open the doors and windows, took off his coat and vest and sat at the window to cool himself." This imprudence was the beginning of an impairment of his sense of hearing, which increased so rapidly that in five years he had to recognise the awful fact that he was afflicted with incurable deafness—a deafness so complete that it precluded the possibility of his ever being able either to play himself or to conduct the

playing of others. Indeed, it was not long before he became so deaf that conversation with him was impossible, and it is doubtful, indeed, if he heard his own voice. "My life is spent in tears and grief," he once wrote; "I am wretchedly miserable." But for all his grief he bore his affliction bravely. "If possible," he once wrote to a friend, "I shall set fate at defiance. But there are moments in my life when I seem to be the most unhappy of God's creatures. Resignation is my only refuge, but what a miserable refuge it is." Again he wrote: "I will keep up the struggle against the rigours of fate. They shall not succeed in bending me to the earth—I swear it." Still he felt his infirmity keenly. "How is it possible," he said, "for me to acknowledge weakness in that very sense which I, above all others, ought to possess the most acute? I cannot say: 'Speak louder! shout! for I am deaf.'" And yet, sad fate, this was the only course open to him. At last, communication could be made with him only by writing. And that playing which had once been so delicious in its variation of light and shade, and in its exquisite accuracy, became a thing for pity, if not, indeed, for laughter. Spohr once found him playing on a piano that was wholly out of tune. On bow instruments he could hit the proper notes only by chance. When he was composing the "Missa Solennis"—that great vocal work which he considered the crowning effort of his life—his attempts to translate his ideas into musical notes made people think him to be insane. Schindler, his pupil, friend, and biographer, testifies that while this work was in process of production "his singing, howling and stamping" were "almost horrible."

But the crowning pathos of Beethoven's life occurred in the grand concert given in his honour May 7, 1824.

The year before, 1823, had been marked by compositions—the "Missa Solennis" (or Grand Mass in D) and the "Ninth Symphony"—that were well known to be the greatest he had ever produced. His friends, therefore, determined to celebrate the events by having these works rendered in a style worthy of their greatness. Every care was taken to make the concert a success. The great symphony was to be heard for the first time. Expectation was on tiptoe. Beethoven himself was to conduct. This he did, poor man, taking his time from the bowing of the leading violinist! But the event can be best described in the words of an eye-witness:

"The crowded mass of human beings that thronged the audience building in every quarter were like gods fed upon ambrosial nectar. They were intoxicated with delight. And when the refrain, 'Millions, bow ye down in wonder,' was caught up by the choir a shout of joy rent the air, completely drowning the singers and the instruments. But there stood the master in the midst, absorbed and buried within himself. His face being turned toward the orchestra, he saw nothing of the audience, and his entire deafness prevented his hearing either the music he had created or the tumult it had inspired. He continued calmly beating time. Then Fraülein Ungher, the contralto, gently turned him round. What a sight met his astonished gaze! A multitude transported with joy. Almost all were standing, and the greater number were in tears. The extent of his calamity was so appalling every heart was touched with sympathetic sorrow."



Beethoven produced many masterpieces. Few of his compositions are inferior to the standard of even

his best work. But by universal consent the compositions of his that rank highest are his nine great symphonies. These are, indeed, his most pretentious efforts—the works upon which he most lavishly spent the power of his genius. They are the works, too, in which his genius showed itself in its greatest range. Further, they are the works in which his characteristic tone-speech, or power of communicating thought by musical sound and rhythm and dynamic variation, has reached its supremest manifestation. And, lastly, they are the works in virtue of which he is farthest removed from all competitors. Each, as it was produced, was an event in musical history. And each, since its first production, has ever stood a great tone-poem, unapproached in the whole realm of music, except by its fellows among the immortal nine.

The production of the nine symphonies extended practically over the whole of the great composer's life. The First Symphony was brought out in 1800. The Ninth, or "Choral" Symphony was brought out in 1823. But it is known that sketches of the First Symphony were made in 1795, while the vocal part of the Ninth was in embryonic condition at even an earlier date than this. Beethoven, though as spontaneous in his production as any musical artist ever was, was also as self-critical as any artist ever was. He therefore wrought at his conceptions with loving persistency for months and sometimes even for years. He wrought at them, indeed, until he had them in forms that satisfied him. But these forms are so perfect they seem to be self-created. That any change could be made in them without destroying them would seem impossible.

Beethoven's First Symphony (C major) shows signs of being written while still the influences of Haydn and Mozart were upon him. The Second Symphony

(D), produced in 1803, though written when, at last, he was forced to recognise that his deafness was irremediable, still shows him to be "in the condition of a man at peace with himself and the world, happy in his art and yet not stirred to his soul by the sorrows of life." It was dedicated to his friend, Prince Lichnowsky.

The Third Symphony (E flat), the great "Eroica" —begun in 1802 and finished in 1804—was first intended to be dedicated to Napoleon. In some respects it is supposed to portray the life, the struggles, the victories, and the honours, of some great hero, and Napoleon, at the time the symphony was in process of production, was the hero Beethoven was most disposed to worship. But when Napoleon took upon himself the imperial purple Beethoven shattered his idol and cancelled the dedication he had written. Henceforward the "Eroica" was to symbolise the life of all great heroes. This Third Symphony is also memorable from the fact that it was the first in which Beethoven was wholly and unmistakably himself. Thereafter in his art Beethoven gave no hint of the influence of any one. Thereafter, also, his work ever showed those characteristics that mark him as the most individual and original of all musicians.

The Fourth Symphony (B flat), first produced in 1807, though written at a time when its author was "much harassed by intrigues and cabals," is one of the brightest of all the nine.

The Fifth Symphony (C minor), finished in 1808, is popularly considered "the most splendid symphony ever written." When Mendelssohn once played the first movement of it to Goethe, the great poet said: "It is very grand, wildly mad. It makes one fear that the house is about to fall down. What must it be when played by a full orchestra?" But this criticism

of Goethe's expresses only a superficial impression. Beethoven meant the symphony to picture the struggle of the individual with fate. Of its first four notes he said: "Thus fate knocks at the door." But the anguish and trouble that mark its opening movements lead to a finale that is a jubilant march of triumphant victory.

The Sixth Symphony (F), produced in 1808, is the famous "Pastoral." Beethoven himself has given us the interpretation of it. At first he only gave it a title, "Memories of Country Life," and said "the hearer must interpret the meaning of the situations for himself." Afterwards he affixed "explicit descriptions of the meaning of each movement." But these, he said, were "rather expressive of sensations than actual descriptions." Hearers, however, delight in picking out for themselves "the rustic merrymaking, the shepherd's songs, the storm, the joy after the storm," etc.

The Seventh Symphony (A major) is perhaps the most generally pleasing of all the nine. Various schemes of interpretation have been offered for it. Wagner has declared it to be "the apotheosis of the dance," "the ideal embodiment in tones of bodily movements"—a definition which Mr. Upton says "applies admirably; for nearly all its motives are ideally perfect dance rhythms." This symphony was first produced December 8, 1813, at a concert given for the benefit of Austrian and Bavarian wounded soldiers. The concert was notable from the fact that the most noted composers and artists of the time (for example, Spohr, Salieri, Moscheles and Meyerbeer) took part in it. Even Beethoven said that if as composer he had not had to conduct he would have cheerfully taken his place at the big drum—"all for the love of fatherland," as he said.

The Eighth Symphony (F), written in 1812, though

composed in what was perhaps one of the most troubled parts of Beethoven's life, is one of "the brightest, most cheerful, most humourous works" the great musician ever conceived. Its second part (the Allegretto Scherzando) is Beethoven's most popular composition. A notable feature of this symphony is the use of "surprise" as an element of effect. But, indeed, this was an element that Beethoven frequently used in all his work—not the element of surprise alone, but every element that could be produced by the variation of the dynamic value of the notes he employed. The importance of this variation of dynamic quality was not understood in Beethoven's day. It was with difficulty that he could get more than one rehearsal for his works. For his great Ninth Symphony he wanted three. "Two rehearsals are ample," said the conductor, and two rehearsals were all he got. But not long after his death conductors began to realise what a world of effect was lost by indifferent production. And in Vienna, where during the composer's lifetime orchestras had refused to give more than one or two rehearsals to his symphonies, orchestras soon gave as much as two years of preparation to even some of the simpler symphonies, and not less than fifteen months to any! This careful preparation would have been greatly to Beethoven's liking, for he always marked his works, not meagrely, but exactly as he wished to have them played. But, alas, he never had the pleasure of hearing his music played at all—that is to say, the music that he wrote during the most productive period of his life.

The Ninth Symphony (D minor), also named the "Choral," and sometimes called the "Jupiter," written in 1823, marks the culminating point of Beethoven's genius as a composer of orchestral music. It also

marks what is generally considered the culminating effort of musical instrumentation. Beethoven in this symphony found that instruments could no longer wholly effect his purpose—could not, indeed, wholly embody his ideas. He therefore had recourse to the voice to supplement the powers of the instruments. Three parts of the symphony are instrumental wholly. The fourth begins with instruments; but voices in recitative, solo, and chorus are also introduced, and the whole matter ends with voices and instruments in full volume together.

BEETHOVEN is best known to the public by his sonatas and his chamber-music. His orchestral work makes demands which only the completest and best-trained organisations can possibly satisfy. His sonatas, though proportionately difficult—indeed, they are justly called "symphonies in miniature"—appeal to a larger constituency of performers, and, in consequence, are more frequently heard. The most celebrated of his sonatas are the "Pathetique," the "Moonlight," the "Kreutzer," the "Appassionata" and the "Last"—that is, the sonata (op. 111) that was composed in 1822. Few of these names were employed by Beethoven himself. The "Moonlight" derived its name no one knows how; but its fame, apart from its intrinsic beauty, is derived from the fact that it was dedicated to the young and beautiful Countess Guicciardi, supposed to be the "immortal loved one" who was Beethoven's hopeless passion. Other noble ladies who were honoured by dedications of sonatas by Beethoven were the Countess Theresa of Brunswick, Fraülein Bettina Brentano (Goethe's "child correspondent"), Mme. Dorothea von Ertmann and the Countess Erdödy, all of whom were

at various times objects of the great musician's most tender regard. Beethoven never married. He had many tender passions. "O God!" he once prayed, "let me at last find her who was destined to be mine and who shall strengthen me in virtue!" But an answer to this prayer such as he desired was not vouchsafed him. He lived his life alone—chaste and pure as the music of love he created.

Other well-known sonatas or similar works are those dedicated to his friends the Princess Lichnowsky and the Countess von Browne, and to the friend of his youth, Fraülein Eleanore von Breuning. The celebrated "Kreutzer" sonata has not the romantic history that is sometimes ascribed to it. It derives its name simply from a violinist who was at one time an acquaintance of Beethoven's.

BEETHOVEN wrote only one opera. Nothing, perhaps, in the whole history of music is to be more regretted than this. But he was not in touch with the world about him, and had difficulty in finding librettos that suited him. Besides, his austere and chaste views of life alienated him wholly from the themes that too often are found the subject of operatic treatment. He never could have got himself to write upon the theme that Mozart has treated in his "Don Giovanni." "That so holy a thing as art should so prostitute itself as to serve to link together so scandalous a story" was to him unintelligible. Besides he had difficulty in accommodating himself to the whims and caprices of singers. These always thought his music too difficult. When "Fidelio" was in rehearsal (in 1805 and again in 1814) one by one the singers rebelled. They called

The Beethoven Statue at Bonn.

him a tyrant. He, perhaps, was too imperious in these matters. Once when the great "Ninth Symphony" was in rehearsal Madame Sontag, heading a deputation of sopranos, appealed to him to lower some very high notes, but the only reply she could get was an emphatic refusal. "For heaven's sake, then," said the amiable cantatrice, "let us work away at it again!" But other artists were not so complaisant, and Beethoven was, therefore, never popular with vocalists. So that we have but one opera and one oratorio by him. The theme of "Fidelio"—"wedded love"—was akin to his sympathies, and the opera stands almost alone in its purity of sentiment and its moral grandeur. "No other creation in tones," says Mr. Upton, "has done so much to purify and ennoble love." And, though it is rarely heard, the part of Leonora, its heroine, has made the fame of more than one great operatic star. It is worthy of notice that for "Fidelio" Beethoven composed four overtures. The second one, produced at Vienna in 1806, though too difficult for most orchestras, is generally acknowledged to be the grandest.

Beethoven was in heart a very devout man. Though his creed was, perhaps, somewhat mystical, he made his relationship to a divine being his support and the consolation of his troubles throughout all his life. "Short is the pain, eternal is the joy," was the inscription he once wrote in the album of the musician Spohr. But, though he composed some hymns, and the grandest mass that has ever yet been embodied in music, he wrote but one oratorio. The principal reason for this seems to have been (as it was also with respect to operas) his difficulty in getting suitable subjects and words. The "Mount of Olives," produced in 1801, is almost unique among great oratorios, in the fact that it assigns a personal part to Christ. This is of-

fensive to many people. But a principal reason for the comparative failure of the oratorio is its libretto, which is universally stigmatised as "wretched."

The "Missa Solennis" (or Grand Mass in D) was begun in 1819. It was intended to honour the installation in 1820 as archbishop of Olmutz of Beethoven's friend and former pupil, the Archduke Rudolph. But it was not completed until three years after (1823). During its composition Beethoven was as one in a frenzy. Meals and sleeping hours were forgotten. All domestic duties were neglected. His servants would not stay in the house with him—they believed him demented. "A pretty state of affairs here," he said one day to his friend Schindler, "I have not eaten a morsel since mid-day yesterday and everybody has left me." Beethoven, however, worked on undaunted. He determined to make the mass the great effort of his life, and when it was completed he considered it his finest work. It is certainly one of the grandest and most profound works of sacred music ever produced, but its very grandeur and profundity have to some extent impaired its effectiveness as an exposition of devotional feeling and worship.

BEETHOVEN

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES

SELECTED

BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC. ITS GREATNESS.

THINK of this: Beethoven is the man who has produced the most beautiful creations of sound, and from the same air which we all, indeed, breathe into our breasts, but which he seems to have breathed into his soul till it was saturated with beauty. In the domains of the other arts, which deal with relief and colour, there exists no royalty so supreme as that which invests the author of the nine symphonies in his domain of sound. The music written before his time, even that of a Haydn or a Mozart, is a diversion or pleasure, exquisite in its charm, and still only a pleasure; an art at times above us, and even at times quite beyond us. Beethoven made music a manifestation of life, a mode of thought, a way through which to conceive of this world and to express the conception. It is impossible to define the music of the great master, or to characterise it by this or that specific or moral attribute. Say that it possesses strength, pathos, sadness, grandeur—and still you feel that you have said nothing. It is something more, it is music itself; possessing in itself alone the

genius of music in its fulness and in its infinity.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE, *in "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians." Translated by Ellen Orr.*

BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE OTHER GREAT MASTERS.

BETTINA once wrote to Goethe: "Music is soul, for it moves to tenderness; but it is likewise mind, in that while it excites the emotion it also rules it." And Beethoven could have indorsed this definition of his young friend, for, above all other, his music is mind. His work is one of the grandest productions of reason and human logic, and he who would write the history of that department of the human intellect that men call musical thought must inevitably recognise that it is completely and supremely dominated by Beethoven. He, of all musicians, has thought with most grandeur, force, order and liberty; beside him Bach is scholastic, Haydn, and even Mozart, a little thin, Mendelssohn too elegant, Schumann obscure, and Wagner extravagant.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

BEETHOVEN THE HERO AND CONQUEROR.

CARLYLE justly calls every superior man a hero, whatever may be the nature of his superiority; and crowns the memories of Dante and of Shakespeare with this added honour. Well might he have hailed Beethoven as the hero of musicians, for he was all heroism in life and work. All the world knows what he had to bear

Beethoven and His Friends.

From the painting by Graefle.

and how he bore it. At thirty he became deaf—and Beethoven no longer heard the music of Beethoven! He loved, and his love was not returned. "To my absent love," is on the title-page of one of his collections of *lieder;* and, sadly enough, Beethoven's beloved —whether Thérèse de Brunswick, Juliette Guicciardi, or Thérèse Malfatti—seems to have ever been "absent." In one of his note-books is this heartbroken prayer: "Hear me, Thou Being whom I know not how to name! Grant the ardent prayer of the unhappiest of all men, of the most unfortunate of Thy creatures!" And elsewhere he cries: "While waiting I will keep up the brave struggle against the rigours of fate; they shall not succeed—I swear it—in bending me to the earth." And fate, in truth, did not succeed; Beethoven's work will eternally testify to his struggle and to his victory. A symphony or overture, even a sonata of his is almost invariably a moral representation, figuring forth a sublime effort, triumphing at the end. Mozart possesses peace—Beethoven gains glory. What is the "Eroica" symphony, the symphony in *ut* minor, the "Trio" dedicated to the Archduke Rudolph, the sonata for piano, op. 111, the Kreutzer Sonata—what is any one of these masterpieces but the drama of a soul fighting against destiny, sorrow and passion? Against the outer world or against itself—in a word, against a force which it braves and finally conquers? We know the intoxication of such a victory, and with what rapture Beethoven grasps the conquered ideal. The all-powerful will, the highest degree of human activity, is personified in his work, and by this force of his genius he stands at the head; through it the beautiful and the good are one. Life is a secret to the mind and to the soul; "an open secret," says Goethe, into which the

eyes of all men gaze, but which few understand. Beethoven, of all musicians, is he who gazed the deepest into this great unknown.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE, *in "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians." Translated by Ellen Orr.*

THE BOY BEETHOVEN AND HIS SPIDER.

BEETHOVEN'S character was a mixture of passionate temper and kind-heartedness, even to tenderness. The following story of the spider proves both sides. When a child, a violin was given to Beethoven, on which he practised and learned the elements of execution. Yet even in those days he was quite capable of giving himself up to an idea, and a long-drawn andante cantabile fascinated his mother, who listened to his studies with a friend of hers—an old lady of the neighbourhood. But not only these two kindly-disposed souls, but, Orpheus-like, another inferior soul was attracted by his bow. A spider weaving its skilful though delicate trap for its daily dinner worked industriously in the corner of the ceiling until Beethoven began to play. Then it stopped work, swung itself down from the ceiling, often on the very neck of the violin, and listened. Beethoven, who at that time had not thousands of eyes hanging on his bâton, was rather pleased at and attached to this listener, who most practically proved the value it attached to the performance by risking its life in coming so near the enchanted instrument. And ill was it rewarded. The mother one day perceiving the ugly animal seized and killed it. But the boy Beethoven was so put out and so miserable at losing his strange auditor that he burst into tears, and seizing his violin smashed it against the

floor, shivering it into a thousand pieces.—LOUIS ENGEL, *in "From Handel to Hallé."*

BEETHOVEN AND THE VON BREUNINGS.

AMONG the families with which Beethoven was brought into contact [when a young man at his birthplace, Bonn] was one occupying a high social position at Bonn, named von Breuning. He first made their acquaintance as music-master to the youngest son, Lenz, and his sister; but soon this acquaintance ripened into an intimacy, the benign influence of which over Beethoven's future can hardly be overestimated. This charming home, brightened by genuine enthusiasm for all matters pertaining to art and literature, and made doubly fair by refinement of manners and mutual affection, must have been a veritable haven of rest for the young and struggling musician. The circle consisted of Madame von Breuning, a woman of cultivated tastes and kindly heart, widow of a councillor of State who had perished in a fire at the Electoral Palace; her three sons, Christoph, Stephan and Lenz, and their sister Eleanore. There was also living at the house Madame von Breuning's brother, the Canon Abraham v. Keferich, who superintended the children's education. Fresh hopes, new and cheerier views of life and its possibilities, came to Beethoven amid these surroundings, and whatever taste for general culture he possessed, in addition to his musical gifts, may fairly be attributed to this happy period. The young men wrote poetry and studied the ancient classical writers in the original under their uncle's guidance. Ludwig did not, apparently, go so far as this; but the "Odyssey"

in Voss's translation was a constant source of delight to him, and he read with avidity not only the works of Lessing and Klopstock and Gleim, and the early productions of Goethe, but also certain German versions of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Sterne—desultory studies which but imperfectly supplied the place of that general education his father, eager and exacting as he was in the matter of musical training, had so culpably neglected.—H. A. RUDALL, *in "Beethoven," in "The Great Musicians" Series.*

BEETHOVEN AND MADAME VON BREUNING.

VALUABLE above all of the good influences exerted upon Beethoven by the von Breunings was the friendship extended to Beethoven by Madame von Breuning. In her Beethoven at last found the encouragement and moral support he had so long needed. The affection which sprang up between the two, indeed, resembled that of mother and son. Madame von Breuning thoroughly appreciated both his genius and his strong, sterling character. Even when Beethoven was in one of his least tractable moods, a word from her would suffice to restore the lost balance, and it was to her he would turn as a matter of course in the first instance for sympathy and counsel. His aversion to teaching has already been referred to; and here again, when he was inclined to be more than unusually restive, Madame Breuning would interfere with the most salutary results. "Beethoven has had a *raptus*," was her favourite expression in explanation of any exceptional eccentricity on the part of the young musician; and this word came to be a standing joke between them for years afterwards.—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN'S INDEBTEDNESS TO MADAME VON BREUNING.

It was in the Breuning house that Beethoven always found shelter from misery and squalor of his own home. It was through this family that he first made acquaintance with German literature and the poets, whose creations he so often set to music, and whose lofty and majestic spirit is so clearly reflected in his larger works. All the members of the family were musical, Frau von Breuning not the least so; and it was her strong influence that kept him at work, and directed his genius in the highest and best ways. She understood his eccentric moods, and could make allowance for them. She knew when to urge him on to his best endeavour, how to encourage him, and how to manage his restless, wayward, and gloomy disposition. This woman, more than all others, helped to lay the broad and strong foundation upon which Beethoven's fame now rests; and to her, more than to any other, should be due the credit for the lofty position he holds in the world of music. He came to her as a son would come to his mother for aid and counsel; and she, better than all others, understood him. She foresaw his future, because she recognised his genius; and she not only urged him on to the accomplishment of its mission, but she helped to direct it in the right course by supplying it with the most noble and dignifying examples of art for study.—George P. Upton, *in "Ludwig van Beethoven" in "Woman in Music."*

BEETHOVEN AND MOZART.

In the spring of 1787, young Beethoven started on a visit to the great art capital, Vienna, where Mozart

and other great artists were living, the chief object of this visit being to obtain an interview with Mozart. This was soon accomplished, and Ludwig was requested to play before the then great idol of the musical world. A theme was laid before him, on which he was

Beethoven at the house of Mozart.

requested to improvise: with what result we all know. Mozart was struck by it, and stood watching with speechless wonder every movement of the lad; till at last, while the genius was winding up amid a labyrinth of melodies, Mozart crept stealthily to another room, where both critics and friends had previously assembled, and, with his face full of wonder and excitement, exclaimed: "Take care of this youth; some

day he will make a stir in the world." Such was the verdict of the great Mozart!—FREDERICK CROWEST, *in "The Great Tone-Poets."*

BEETHOVEN AND HAYDN.

IT has been often observed that Beethoven, when asked why he denied being a pupil of Haydn, replied: "I deny it not, but I have never learned anything from him. He never would correct my mistakes." Yet when, the day after the production of his ballet music to Prometheus, he met Haydn in the street, the old man said to him: "I heard your music last night. I liked it very well." To which Beethoven, alluding to Haydn's oratorio, replied, "Oh, dear master (lieber Meister), it is far from being a *creation*" (Es ist noch lange keine Schöpfung). "And never will be," said Haydn, without any mock modesty. Altogether the relations were not pleasant between these great musicians, the older one resenting, and perhaps not unnaturally so, an allusion uncalled for to his immensely successful oratorio in comparison with a work which not only had far more modest pretensions, but was the work of a young man who had not yet been recognised to be the Hercules he proved to be in later years.—LOUIS ENGEL.

BEETHOVEN AND THE PATRONAGE SYSTEM.

IN Vienna, as in England a hundred years ago, the pursuit of music in any serious or elevated sense was restricted to the aristocratic and privileged classes; but in those circles it had reached a degree of dignity,

refinement, and importance which would have been impossible, during those times at any rate, under other conditions. The conditions, it is true, were those of patronage, and patronage in its most unqualified and undisguised form. Representatives of noble houses had their own private orchestras and quartets; a fashion, and in many cases a sincere love, for chamber-music stimulated the industry of composers in that pure and beautiful form of art, which then reached its highest point of development, and has since for the most part been strangely neglected. Among the great families he visited Beethoven found many true friends, well able to appreciate his character and his genius; but that his proud spirit sometimes rebelled against this patronage, and would have been happier to follow an artistic career under those more independent conditions now possible to great composers and *virtuosi*, is sufficiently proved by his distaste for playing before company, and by his occasional outbreaks of downright rudeness when asked to do so.—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN'S AVERSION TO PLAYING BEFORE PEOPLE.

WEGELER has told us that all gaiety forsook Beethoven whenever he was asked to play in society. "He would come to me moody and depressed, and would say they forced him to play till the blood tingled to the very tips of his fingers. Gradually I would draw him into a friendly conversation, and try to quiet him and divert his thoughts. This accomplished, I let the conversation drop. I went to my desk, and if Beethoven wanted to say anything more he was obliged to take a chair just in front of the pianoforte. Soon, without

turning round, he would strike one or two chords of an undecided character, and out of these the most beautiful melodies gradually arose. I did not venture to make any remark about his playing, or only referred to it casually." This aversion to public display always remained, and was often the cause of unpleasantness with his best friends.—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN AND THE LICHNOWSKYS.

IN another influential house [Beethoven had previously found a friend in Baron von Swieten who had also been a friend to Haydn] where the early death of Mozart had left a blank not easy to fill, the young musician found two of his most faithful and generous supporters. These were the Prince Lichnowsky and his accomplished wife, formerly the beautiful Countess of Thun. Both had been the devoted friends of that great composer, the mantle of whose genius, according to Waldstein's prophecy, was destined to fall upon Beethoven's shoulders. Whether or not Beethoven may be said to have received this inheritance through the hands of Haydn, it was no doubt as Haydn's pupil that he first attracted the attention of the childless couple, and quickly succeeded to the place in their affection occupied by Mozart during his lifetime. Lichnowsky held quartet parties at his house every Friday, the regular performers being Schuppanzigh, Sina, Weiss and Kraft, all of whom subsequently made their mark in the world. His entertainments were frequented by the chief notables in the world of music and fashion—in Viennese society of those days the two terms were synonymous—and even royalty was attracted to the house by the princess' charm of manner and intellectual conversa-

tion. An amateur pianist of some merit, she has been described by Schoenfeld, a Viennese writer, as "a strong musician, who plays the pianoforte with feeling and expression." For Beethoven the princess became in time a second Madame von Breuning. Quickly recognising his nobility of soul beneath the rugged exterior, she tolerated his foibles, his hatred of etiquette, his occasional outbursts of temper. She reproved his faults with mingled firmness and kindness; on occasions, also, played the part of mediator between her husband and his *protégé,* when, as was not infrequently the case, differences arose between them. In 1794 the Lichnowskys offered Beethoven a home in their palace, and for ten years he lived there as one of their family, his only complaint being that they took too much care of him. "They wanted," he playfully observed, "to train me there with *grandmotherly* love, and the princess would have liked to put me in a glass case that no evil might come nigh me." —RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN'S ECCENTRICITIES.

THE high-born beauties of Vienna vied with each other in showering attentions upon their favourite, often to the detriment of his peace of mind. They paid visits to his lodgings, made him free of their houses, and tolerated bursts of ill-temper such as would have insured for ordinary men the ostracism of the polite world. Though his manners were never conventional and sometimes outrageous, Beethoven's sterling character and commanding genius, together with a certain indescribable fascination peculiar to himself, atoned for all. His society friends did more than tolerate him; they esteemed and loved him.

Nevertheless, his roughness of bearing, his shabby dress ("quite a contrast to the elegant attire customary in our circles," says a young lady who met him at the Lichnowskys' in those days) must have caused him to present a strangely incongruous figure in the brilliant drawing-rooms he frequented; and when at his worst, his obstinacy and ill-humour, especially in later life, must have been hard to bear. "He was very proud," says the same eye-witness. "I have known him refuse to play even when the Countess Thun, the mother of Princess Lichnowsky, fell on her knees, as he lay on the sofa, to entreat him. The countess was a very eccentric woman."

Worse than this, however, is the account given by Ries of his proceedings on one occasion, when the two were playing a duet at the house of Count Browne. The performance was disturbed by a conversation between a young lady and a nobleman at the other end of the room. After several vain attempts had been made to still the disturbance, Beethoven became enraged, lifted his pupil's hands from the key-board, and said in a loud voice, "I play no longer for such hogs!" To storm at his young lady-pupils, tear their music into shreds, and scatter it about the room in the manner described by the Countess Gallenberg*—all this, it will be pretty generally admitted, was carrying the prerogatives of genius to startling lengths.—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN'S SELF-ABSORPTION WHEN COMPOSING.

BEETHOVEN, when he was occupied with any great work, forgot everything else, and "ate, drank, walked

* Giulietta Guicciardi, Beethoven's "immortal loved one."

and talked like a somnambulist." A story is told that at about the time of the composition of that splendid descriptive symphony—the "Sixth" or "Pastorale," as Beethoven termed it—its composer went into one of the Vienna restaurants and ordered dinner. While it was being prepared Beethoven grew absorbed. Before long the waiter came with the food. "Thank you," said Beethoven, "I have dined," and ere the astonished *kellner* could say a word, the musician placed upon the table the price of the dinner and disappeared. —CROWEST'S "*Musical Anecdotes.*"

BEETHOVEN'S "ADELAÏDA." ITS NARROW ESCAPE FROM DESTRUCTION.

A STRANGE story is told of Beethoven's "Adelaïda." Before the notes were well dry on the original MS. a visitor was announced—Beethoven's old friend Barth. "Here," said Beethoven, putting a sheet of score-paper in his hand, "look at that. I have just written it, and don't like it. There is hardly fire enough in the stove to burn it; but I will try." Barth glanced through the composition, then sang it, and finally grew into such enthusiasm concerning it as to draw from Beethoven the promise of "No, then, we will not burn it, old fellow."—CROWEST'S "*Musical Anecdotes.*"

BEETHOVEN IN HIS OWN ROOMS.

"I WAS about ten years old when Krumpholz took me to see Beethoven. What a day of mingled joy and trepidation for me was that on which I was to see the

renowned master! Even now the excitement of that moment comes back to me. On a winter day we sallied forth—my father, Krumpholz and I—from the Leopold-stadt, where we were still living, to the street called 'Tiefen Graben,' and mounted to the fifth or sixth story, where a somewhat slatternly servant announced us and then disappeared. We entered a veritable desert of a room—papers and clothes scattered about—some trunks—bare walls, scarcely a chair except the rickety one before the Walter piano (at that time considered the best). Six or eight persons were in the room. Among them the two brothers Wranitzky, Süssmayr, Schuppanzigh, and one of Beethoven's brothers. Beethoven was dressed in a dark-gray jacket and trousers of some long-haired material, which reminded me of the description of Robinson Crusoe I had just been reading. The jet black hair (*à la Titus*) stood upright on his head. A beard, unshaven for several days, made still darker his naturally swarthy face. I noticed also, with a child's quick perception, that he had cotton wool which seemed to have been dipped in some yellow fluid in both ears. . . . His hands were covered with hair, and the fingers were very broad, especially at the tips." —CHARLES CZERNY. *Quoted by Rudall.* (*The time referred to is about 1801.*)

BEETHOVEN IN HIS OWN ROOMS. A SECOND ACCOUNT.

ONE [who knew Beethoven and used to visit him] gave me, many years ago, a description of what the room looked like in which Beethoven wrote his immortal scores. The ceiling was rather low, but the room

was a large one, with a big square table in the middle, which was covered with books of all shapes and sizes, papers, music, a large repeater watch, his ear-trumpet, small memorandum books in quantities, partly written on, some yet containing rough sketches of a few bars, etc., an inkstand, an innumerable quantity of pencils of different colours, music-paper both long and wide, and any amount of musical sketches and other things. To the left stood his bed, covered with music printed and in manuscript; the window-sills seemed to be made of common wood without any paint on. On one of them a big nail served as a support for a fiddle and bow; and my informant observed that the wood of the window-frames was covered with little pencil-writings, partly music and partly short observations. On several chairs about lay what most likely at a recent visit a laundress had deposited there—a number of shirts, white, starched very stiff, and one or two with *jabots,* the fashion of that day.—LOUIS ENGEL.

BEETHOVEN'S HOUSEKEEPING.

BEETHOVEN'S frequent changes of lodgings may be attributed partly to that restless sensitiveness to external influences which turned inconveniences, more or less trivial in themselves, into serious obstacles to work; partly, also, to his longing for privacy, and the ever-increasing difficulty of obtaining it. Sometimes there was not enough sunshine in his room; sometimes the quality of the drinking water was unsatisfactory, or he did not like the landlord. Schindler says it was no uncommon thing for Beethoven to have three or four lodgings on his hands—and thus three or four

Beethoven in His Study.

From the painting by Schloesser.

rents to pay—at the same time. Once, when some rooms were placed at his disposal in the residence of Baron Ponay, a novel grievance awaited him. The ceremonious greetings of his host, each time they met in the fine park by which the villa was surrounded, and the necessity of returning them, so greatly tried his patience, that his stay in those seemingly desirable quarters was limited to a few days.

Of the hopeless disorder of the rooms themselves —before a good-natured friend came to the rescue— both Oulibischeff and Seyfried have given graphic descriptions. "Books and music were scattered all about the room; in one place the remains of a cold snack; in another a wine-bottle; on the desk a hasty sketch of a new quartet; near it the fragment of breakfast; on the piano some scrawled pages containing a glorious symphony in embryo; proofs waiting for correction and business letters strewing the floor. Once an important paper was not to be found—not a sketch nor a loose sheet—nothing less than a thick, clearly copied score from the Mass in D. It was found at last, but where do you think? In the kitchen, wrapped round something to eat."

Beethoven made one desperate attempt to settle the "servant question" by dismissing them all, housekeeper included, and taking the household duties upon his own shoulders. According to one account he even invited some friends to a dinner cooked by himself; "but the *maestro* soon discovered that composing and cooking were different things, and the injured cook was speedily reinstated." This story, it should be added, has been contradicted by Schindler. Something like order was at last introduced into this chaotic domicile by good Frau Babette Streicher, the wife of a well-known instrument maker. In the absence of a mis-

tress of the household, this helpful, kindly woman set to work with much needed energy and with highly satisfactory results; engaging and keeping a watch over servants, rehabilitating the wardrobe, and standing generally between the composer and the minor domestic worries of life.—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN'S HABITS.

WINTER and summer Beethoven rose at daybreak, when he immediately seated himself at his writing-table, and continued writing until his usual dinner-time of two or three o'clock. His labours were broken by occasional excursions into the open air, but never without a note-book in which to jot down whatever fresh ideas might occur during his rambles. The habit of going out suddenly, and as unexpectedly returning, was practised at all seasons of the year, just as the whim happened to seize him. "Cold or heat," says Schindler, "rain or sunshine, were all alike to him. In the autumn he used to return to town as though he had been sharing the daily toil of the reapers and gleaners. Winter restored his somewhat yellow complexion."

In connection with Beethoven's fondness for water, the same biographer has described how, during moments of inspiration, he would rush to the washing-basin and empty several jugs over his hands, singing and shouting the while according to his favourite custom; and how at length the neighbours below were compelled to complain of the wet that trickled through their ceiling.

He loved the twilight. Generally he chose that hour for improvising—sometimes on the piano,

sometimes on the violin or viola, which were always kept ready for him. Later in life, when his deafness had become serious, there was a wide difference between the intention and the sounds he actually produced upon bow instruments, and the effect was described as painful to hear.—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN AND HIS LOVE AFFAIRS.

BEETHOVEN never married; but his love affairs throughout life were very numerous. Such tender episodes varied in degrees of seriousness from the passing fancy to those passionate attachments that alternately raised him to the seventh heaven of happiness, and plunged him into the depths of despair. The very fact that his intense longing for a home and for female companionship was never satisfied, that his affections never passed beyond the early stage during which life for him was surrounded by a glamour of romance and poetry and feverish hopes never to be realised, exercised a powerful and inevitable influence over the artistic side of his nature, and gave to his music in many cases a special character. Had he been fortunate enough, like Mozart, to find a Constance, the effect of this happier life would no doubt have made itself felt in his works; might even have improved them; but those works could never have been exactly what they were. "So long, at any rate, as I knew him," says Wegeler,* "Beethoven was never without a love, and he achieved conquest where many an Adonis had failed before him." Similar testimony has been given by his friends, Breuning, Ries, and Rom-

* Beethoven's friend and one of his biographers. He married Eleanore von Breuning.

berg; and Wegeler adds the remark, that the objects of Beethoven's affections were nearly always ladies occupying a superior position in life to his own—a fact that goes far towards explaining his many disappointments.—RUDALL.

LOVE THE SOUL OF BEETHOVEN'S MUSIC.

DR. WEGELER was correct when he said that Beethoven was always in love. Though fixed and grounded in every other habit of life, in love his nature was contradictory. In his long list of attachments there were but two that made a deep impression upon him.* In the other cases he flitted from flower to flower, making butterfly pauses at each. His world was always an ideal one: ardent he may have been, but his passion was none the less austere. Surrounded with corruption, he led a life of absolute purity. Love to him was a light which illumines, not a flame that burns. He found more pleasure in the society of women than of men; and if his energetic, impulsive nature suggested exaggerated feelings, it is very sure that they soon found their sentimental level in his cooler moments. His letters, which at first glance seem imbued with passion, when viewed from this standpoint are only expressions of aspiration rather than of desire. If there were no other proof of this, his purity and nobility of character forbid any doubt. If one wishes to know how these attachments affected him in his music, it is only necessary to look at the long list of his dedications, and remember that almost every one of them sprang

* The Countess Guicciardi and Mlle. Marie Koschak, afterwards Madame Pachler, a friend of Schubert's, to whom Schubert dedicated a number of his songs.

from the relations of friendship and love. The very soul of Beethoven's music is love in its varying forms. —UPTON, *in "Woman in Music."*

BEETHOVEN AND GIULIETTA GUICCIARDI.

AMONG the dedications [of Beethoven's compositions] with a "history" attached to them is that of the Sonata in C Sharp Minor—popularly known as the "Moonlight Sonata." Concerning the beautiful Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, and the romance which novelists and biographers have delighted to weave around Beethoven's intercourse with her, the ever minute and painstaking Thayer has much to say. After making due allowance for exaggeration and for some inaccuracies of detail in the currently accepted account of the dedication, this must still be regarded as one of the most serious of Beethoven's many romantic attachments. The wife of the Imperial Councillor, Count Guicciardi, was connected with the Hungarian family of the Brunswicks—always staunch friends of the composer. When their daughter Giulietta first took music lessons of Beethoven, she was in her seventeenth year—rather a dangerous state of things, it will be admitted, considering the susceptibility of the master and the attractive qualities of his enthusiastic pupil. Matters were further complicated by the fact that Giulietta was already as good as affianced to Count Gallenberg, an impresario and composer of ballet music, although the financial position of this nobleman was so unsatisfactory that for some time Giulietta's father refused consent to the match. At least on one occasion we hear of Beethoven coming forward to help his rival out of a money difficulty. For a sea-

son, at any rate, Beethoven's star was in the ascendant in the affections of this charming girl; and, despite the disparity of their social position, the possibility of marriage must at one time have crossed his mind.*—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN AND GIULIETTA GUICCIARDI. ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

WHEN Beethoven first knew the Countess Guicciardi, she was a lovely girl of seventeen, his pupil, and an excellent musician as well as a skilful linguist. She was possessed of every quality to attract him—exquisite personal beauty, rare intellectual ability, irreproachable character, and withal was proud of his admiration, or rather adoration, of her. Beethoven then was twice her age; but disparity in years did not occur to him as an obstacle to their union, any more than disparity in rank, though he afterwards discovered the effectual bar in the latter. There is every reason to believe that he offered her his hand, and that she would have accepted it had it not been for her father's opposition. She yielded to his remonstrances, and, at his solicitation, two years later married Count Gallenberg, an impresario and very prolific writer of very poor dance music. The affair, therefore, was mortifying to Beethoven in a double sense—first, that he should have been rejected at all; and second, that he should have been rejected in favour of such an insignificant rival. It is said that upon her refusal he fled to the villa of her friend, the Countess Erdödy,

* Whether the "immortal loved one" and Giulietta Guicciardi were one and the same person or not, there is ample evidence of the reality and intensity of Beethoven's passion, and little cause of surprise at his revulsion of feeling when she subsequently married Count Gallenberg."—RUDALL.

then disappeared for two days, and was eventually found, exhausted with exposure and fasting, in a distant part of her grounds. Certain it is that he never entirely recovered from the pain and mortification of the rejection. He always spoke of her with tenderness; and nearly twenty years after, in a conversation with Schindler,* alluded to his discomfiture with a sort of subdued bitterness. Of her influence upon him in his music there remains no question. If no other proof were at hand, the exquisite C Sharp Minor Sonata, so familiarly known as the "Moonlight," which she inspired, and which he dedicated to her, would be sufficient testimony, in its wealth of beauty, tenderness, and passion, to the magic power of this woman's love over him. It is not unfair to assume that all he wrote during this period was made brighter, purer, and more majestic by her memory. Lost from his home and his heart, she shone resplendent in his music.—UPTON, *in "Woman in Music."*

BEETHOVEN AND GIULIETTA GUICCIARDI.
A THIRD ACCOUNT.

I AM convinced that just as Beethoven did not disdain the money of aristocrats, and as Richard Wagner allowed the King of Bavaria freely to open his purse for him, neither *because* it came, nor *although* it came, from a prince, just so did Beethoven fall in love with several countesses, not because nor although they were countesses, but simply because they were ladies; and he was so impressionable on that count, that it may well be said of him that he remained faithful only to one lady, his Muse. The story of his fall-

* His pupil, secretary, and general assistant and one of his biographers.

ing in love with his pupil, the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, and his pretended jealous rage at her marrying the well-known Count Gallenberg, is, to the best of my belief, idle, though universally-circulated, talk, based upon his having dedicated to her one of his most popular sonatas, that in C minor, known by the sobriquet "The Moonlight," nobody knows why. I knew her when she was an old lady and had a son, Hector, a little older than I. She spoke with no great admiration of Beethoven as a master. She said that he was frightfully *emporté* [passionate, hasty], and did not mind hitting her on the shoulder, and on one particular occasion so violently that she could not wear a low dress in the evening. So far as I was able to judge at that distance of time, it seemed to me that she, having been a tall, proud, beautiful girl (clear traces of which could still be detected when Beethoven had been more than twenty-five years dead), he fell in love with her, as he fell in love with nearly every handsome girl he met. But I do not think that there was on her part the remotest idea of a passion, or even a tender attachment for him, and therefore there is not the slightest cause for accusation of jealousy on his part.—LOUIS ENGEL.

BEETHOVEN AND BETTINA BRENTANO.

IN the May-time of 1810, that strange, sprightly being, Bettina Brentano, came like a gleam of sunshine across Beethoven's path. Full of enthusiasm for the master's music, and eager to become personally acquainted with him, she went straight to his house one morning accompanied by her sister; and there and then made conquest of his heart. The sudden appearance

in his lodgings of "Goethe's child," and the intimacy that was forthwith struck up between them, proved a source of new-found joy for that strange compound of roughness and sensibility. Beethoven sang for her, in his way, "Kennst du das Land?" walked home with her to Brentano's; arranged further meetings—once more, in short, gave signs of that blissful predicament generally known as "love at first sight." Seeing, however, that Bettina was already betrothed to Count Arnim, this affection, in spite of the high-flown correspondence that passed between them, must have been recognised by him as hopeless from the very first. A description of Bettina, left by one of her contemporaries, renders intelligible the deep feeling she inspired in the inflammatory heart of the composer. "There was a strangeness," we are told, "about her whole appearance. With a small, delicate, and most symmetrical figure, pale, clear complexion, interesting rather than strikingly handsome features, and a profusion of long black hair, she seemed the incarnation, or, indeed, the original, of *Mignon*. And her ways were as unconventional as her appearance. When singing, one of her favourite seats was a writing-table, perched upon which 'she warbled like a cherub from the clouds.' "—RUDALL.

HOW BEETHOVEN ASSUAGED A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

A GREAT favourite with Beethoven—although the two had their quarrels—was the "fine pretty little woman," the Countess Erdödy; so described by Reichardt during her early married life, although she afterwards became a confirmed invalid. Another valued friend was "his dear Dorothea Cæcilia"—the

talented Madame von Ertmann, who, again according to the testimony of Reichardt, ranked among the ablest contemporary exponents of Beethoven's music—a lady worthy of remembrance if only in association with a charming and pathetic anecdote. Visiting her a short time after the death of her son, Beethoven, conscious, as so many others have been, of the utter insufficiency of language to console on such occasions, went to the piano and said, "Let us talk only in tones!" "And he told me ALL," exclaimed Madame Ertmann, years afterwards, when relating the occurrence. Here at least, it may be contended, music lost nothing in power and intensity by dissociation from the "spoken word."—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN AND GOETHE.

BEETHOVEN'S intimacy with "Goethe's child" [Bettina Brentano] led, in due course, to an acquaintance with Goethe himself. This occurred at Toeplitz. Sooner or later such an approach would have been, in any case, inevitable. Evidences abound in Beethoven's letters and recorded conversation of the powerful influence exercised over his mind by the works of Goethe; and on Goethe's side there was a sincere recognition of the musician's surpassing genius and nobility of soul. But although the two strong natures had much in common, they had not everything; and on both sides there seems to have been a critical disposition which prevented the relations of mutual esteem at any time from ripening into brotherly friendship. Goethe's own description of the composer, addressed to his friend Zelter, gives us some idea of the nature of that limit. "I made acquaintance," he says, "with Beethoven in Toep-

litz. His marvellous talent astounded me. But unfortunately he is an utterly untamed character. He is not, indeed, wrong in finding the world detestable. Still his finding it detestable does not make it any more enjoyable either to himself or to others." Perhaps, too, the poet did not retain a very gratifying recollection of a walk he once took with Beethoven in Vienna. He had been highly gratified by the frequent and respectful salutations of the passers-by, and these at length became so marked that he exclaimed, "Really, I had no idea the people here knew me so well." "Oh!" the composer replied, with more regard for the truth than for his companion's feelings, "they are bowing to *me,* not to you."—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN'S DEAFNESS.

ALREADY in 1801 apprehensions of that terrible malady which cast a gloom over the latter part of Beethoven's career, and turned it into a veritable life-tragedy, began to take ominous shape. The dreaded symptoms grew ever more unmistakable. Beethoven, to whom the faculty of hearing was more precious than, perhaps, to any other man in the world, was gradually becoming deaf. The dark thoughts which beset him when first he realised the full extent of this calamity, and the fortitude with which he struggled against them; his noble resolve that even when dead to the world he would live for his art—all this is touchingly set forth in two deeply interesting letters addressed to his friend Wegeler.

Wegeler has placed the first of these letters in 1800; the fact has been clearly established that both were written in the year 1801. The first, dated June 29th,

abounds in assurances of unabated friendship, and affectionate references to the companions he had left behind. "It will be for me one of the happiest days of my life when I am once more able to see you and to greet our Father Rhine." Of his worldly prospects at that time he writes in a cheerful strain. "They are, after all, not so bad. Lichnowsky still remains my warmest friend, difficult as it may be for you to believe it. As for those little squabbles, did they not serve rather to bring us closer together? Since last year he has secured me a pension of six hundred guldens, which I am to draw until I can obtain a suitable appointment. I make much money by my compositions; indeed, I may say that more demands are made upon me than I am able to attend to; and that for each of my works there are six or seven publishers, and if I liked I could have more. They no longer bargain with me; I demand, and they pay. This you see is a capital thing. For instance, if I see a friend in distress, and have no money at hand to help him, all I have to do is to sit down and write, and he is soon relieved." But when he approaches the subject of health, his tone changes to one of deep despondency. Various doctors, among them the army-surgeon Vering, have ordered strengthening medicine, oil of almonds, tepid Danube baths—but all have been tried in vain, or with but temporary success. "My life, I may say, passes miserably; for nearly two years I have shunned society, because I cannot bring myself to say to people *'I am deaf.'* In other professions this would not so much matter; for a musician it is terrible. Besides, what would my enemies say of this?—and I have not a few! That you may better realise the nature of this extraordinary deafness, I must tell you that when in the theatre I have to lean forward close

to the orchestra before I can understand what the actors are saying. A little way off I cannot distinguish the high tones of musical instruments and voices. Strangely enough, in conversation people do not observe it; they attribute all to my frequent fits of absence. Often I can hear the tones but not the words of some one who speaks in a low voice; yet as soon as he begins to shout it is unbearable. How it will all end God alone knows. . . . I am resolved, if it be possible, to defy my fate; although a time may come when I shall be the most wretched of God's creatures!" —RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN'S DEAFNESS. ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

IT is well known that Beethoven became deaf; and after having for some time used a brass ear-trumpet, he found that it affected his brain, and he took to using a slate, on which those who conversed with him had to write their answers. He had the queerest ideas imaginable about the origin of his deafness, and persistently pretended that the doctors knew nothing at all about it, and that they had treated him all wrong, and that the real seat of the evil was by no means in the ear, but in the stomach! He used to be attended to by a sort of housekeeper, whom, however, he often sent on errands. It therefore happened sometimes that visitors rang and knocked without the slightest result, because he did not hear them. Sometimes they simply opened one door after the other, until they found themselves in his presence, he being made aware of their arrival either by seeing them, or, when his face was not turned towards the door, by the sensation of their treading the floor. He then instantly came

forward, with his slate in hand, to begin the conversation in the only way possible for the poor man.—LOUIS ENGEL, *in From "Handel to Hallé."*

BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS.

BUFFON'S saying, *"Le style c'est l'homme,"** is well known; but to study Beethoven in his letters is to know him in the different and varying qualities which, like the facets of a diamond, his character showed. Rough in appearance, but with an excellent heart, kind and generous to his friends, yet careful to earn money by his works, such he proves himself in his letters which speak for themselves.—LOUIS ENGEL.

HOW A CONTEMPORARY JUDGED OF BEETHOVEN.

THE kind judgment of contemporaries on great musicians has never been more fully illustrated than in Beethoven's case. A Leipzig paper said of his first symphonies: "There is a certain Beethoven who has written some sonatas for the piano which, though not great works, are neither incorrect nor bad music. Why cannot he be contented with what he understands, and why must he go and write for the orchestra, which he understands not?"—LOUIS ENGEL.

HOW BEETHOVEN MARKED HIS MUSIC.

BEETHOVEN was very particular clearly and circumstantially to mark all his passages exactly as he wanted

* "The style shows the man."

Beethoven and the Rusmnowsky Quartet.

From the painting by Borckmann.

them rendered; but the performers [in his day] did not always take sufficient notice of the master's lessons, and he one day got into such a fury on account of the neglect of his signs, that he said: "But the *p* and the *f* and the increasing and decreasing signs stand there for some reason! As you play it I might as well scratch out all the indications I have given, and it would not be more feelingless, unimpressive, and monotonous!"—LOUIS ENGEL.

BEETHOVEN'S JOKE.

ALTHOUGH Beethoven had a very inflammable heart indeed, he did not encourage love made to him where he was not the originator of the romance. A Mrs. Halm wrote to him when he had already lived half a century, and most sentimentally asked him for a souvenir—if possible, a lock of his hair—and he was cruel enough to cut some gray hair from a goat and to send it to her in a locket which she had transmitted to him for the purpose. There would not have been much harm in it, because Mrs. Halm in perfect good faith wore the locket; and since it is faith only that renders one happy, she, thinking that she wore the cherished hair on her heart, was happy. But after her delusion had lasted for years, a friend of Beethoven, to whom he had laughingly confided the whole story, cruelly revealed the secret to the very lady who was the victim of the hoax, and she with bitter tears wrote to Beethoven, telling him how cruel it was to take such unfair advantage of her admiration for and her unbounded good faith in him, and to render a friend, a sincere adorer, if she might say so, ridiculous before all her friends, to whom she had often

shown the relic with all veneration possible, and now it came out that it was all a goat's hair! She pleaded her case so well, that Beethoven, touched by her resignation—she did not cry for vengeance but submitted meekly—repented of his joke, and sent her some of his real venerable gray hair, which made her happy.—LOUIS ENGEL.

BEETHOVEN IN HIS LATER YEARS.

WE may pause a moment before a picture—furnished by one who often frequented his favourite tavern—of the composer in those later days when his deafness had become confirmed beyond all hope of recovery; a picture full of pathos and sad premonition of the last scene of all.

"A sturdy-looking man of middle height, gray hair like a mane flowing from his lion-like head; with a wandering look in his gray eyes; unsteady in his movements as one moving in a dream."

Every one showed him the greatest respect whenever he entered the room. He would sit apart at a table with a glass of beer and a long pipe, and close his eyes.

If a friend spoke—or rather bawled to him—he would look up, draw a pocket-book and pencil from his breast, and in the shrill voice peculiar to deaf people, bid his visitor write down what he had to say. "He replied sometimes verbally, sometimes in writing; but always readily and kindly."

Schubert—the young strong-winged genius whose career of song has just begun—is present on one of those evenings. When the old man takes from his simple gray overcoat another and larger note-book, and traces something with half-closed eyes, a compan-

ion asks, "What is he writing?" "He is composing." "But he writes words, not notes?" "That is his way; he usually indicates the course of his ideas for a piece of music by words, with a few notes here and there" —not a very accurate account, by the way, of Beethoven's usual method. And thus—alone in the midst of company—he pursues his work, and the younger men, sinking their voices to a needless whisper, glance from time to time pitifully and reverentially in the direction of the great cloud-compeller.—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN'S INDECISION. THE RESULT OF IT AS REGARDS HIS COMPLETE WORKS.

A MORE difficult person than Beethoven to transact business with it would be impossible to conceive. His reserved and suspicious manners, his indecision, always stood in his way, just as it did when his cherished hope of many years—the publication of a collective edition of his works edited by himself—was well-nigh being attained. No incident in his life illustrates more forcibly than does this Beethoven's utter want of resolution in practical matters. In the year 1816 a proposal was made him by Hoffmeister, of Leipzig, to bring out an edition of all his compositions for the pianoforte, but nothing resulted from it. So it was with Steiner's proposal. In 1822 the matter was again in the master's mind. "I have at heart," he wrote to Peters, of Leipzig, "the publication of my collected works, as I should like to superintend it while I am alive. Many proposals, I acknowledge, have been submitted to me, but there were difficulties in the way which I could not remove, and terms which I neither could nor would fulfil." Then came Artaria's

project, but still no result. Andreas Streicher, an old and real friend to Beethoven, next wrote him in the following strain:

"I have often thought on your position, and especially of how you might derive more benefit from your marvellous talent, and now actuated by a good honest feeling towards you, beg leave to submit to you the following, for your careful consideration, viz., the publishing of an edition of all your works, similar to those of Mozart, Haydn, and Clementi, a proposal which, if properly carried out, must bring in at least 10,000 florins current coin, or 25,000 florins Viennese."

Even this friendly advice came to nothing, neither did after-negotiations with Schlesinger and Schott. Death carried the great tone-poet off, and his works were left for musicians, students and amateurs to interpret as they will—faithfully or capriciously.—CROWEST.

BEETHOVEN'S NEPHEW.

BEETHOVEN was doomed to have further burdens to bear [besides his deafness, etc.]. His brother Carl died, and left him his only child to support. Beethoven cheerfully undertook this charge, and the first thing he did was to place the boy out of reach of his mother—the Queen of the Night, as he called her—who was considered by Beethoven an unfit person to train up the child. But this "the queen" would not submit to and the result was, that, for four years, a lawsuit was pending between her and the great *maestro,* as to who should possess the boy. Eventually, Beethoven gained the day, and at once sent his young relative to the uni-

versity. But Carl was soon expelled; for the mother's character was firmly rooted in him, and he had chosen the path in which his father had walked. Yet after this Beethoven got his ungrateful nephew admitted to a school. It was, however, of little use. Carl went from bad to worse; till, after attempting self-destruction, he was placed in an asylum.—CROWEST.

BEETHOVEN'S INDIFFERENCE TO ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

BEETHOVEN was a man who cared but little for orders and other decorations, or he might have possessed more than he did. On one occasion the Prussian Ambassador at Vienna gave him the choice of fifty ducats or the cross of some order. Beethoven was not long in deciding. "The fifty ducats!" replied the musician,* in his usual stern and obscure manner.—CROWEST.

BEETHOVEN AND HIS BROTHER JOHANN.

THE brothers Beethoven, Ludwig and Johann, do not appear have been remarkable either for the friendly terms on which they lived, or for the brotherly affection that existed between them. The fact is, they were in many points diametrically opposed to each other. One was an artist, the other a man of business. Johann had money, while Ludwig had knowledge; but neither of them possessed both—so seldom are these powerful agencies found hand in hand. The brothers

* When this took place Beethoven was hoarding money for the sake of his worthless and ungrateful nephew. Beethoven naturally was by no means sordid or miserly.—EDITOR.

were by no means bitter enemies; but certainly from Johann's keen "eye to business" (which, by-the-bye, ultimately brought him into notoriety on the occasion of the poet's premature death), and his brother's total absence of all money-keeping qualifications, the views of each were continually clashing. Moreover, Johann had a proneness for refreshing his brother's memory upon money matters whenever the opportunity presented itself—a proceeding which invariably succeeded in annoying the composer, who, whether he would or no, could not always resent it.

On one memorable occasion, however, Johann gave Ludwig an opportunity. This was on New Year's day, 1823. The chemist—for this was Johann's occupation—had lately effected the purchase of a piece of land, and forthwith had cards with the following pompous words printed upon them—"Johann van Beethoven, land-owner." One of these cards was sent to the composer, who immediately appreciated the spirit in which it had been sent, and, in his usual hasty manner snatched it up, scribbled on its back, "Ludwig van Beethoven, brain-owner;" and sent it back to the source whence it had come.—CROWEST, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

BEETHOVEN'S METHODS IN COMPOSITION.

"I BEAR my ideas very long with me in my brain ere I attempt to write them down, and I can depend upon my memory that I never forget a phrase which has taken hold of my mind. Sometimes I change some parts, I entirely condemn others, and then I try again until I think I have found the right way, with which at last I am satisfied myself. But then begins in my head the working out in width, in breadth, and height, without ever losing my hold on the fundamental idea, which

grows and grows and increases until the whole picture stands complete before my mind's eye—then I need only sit down and write it out, which, once begun, I do quickly and steadily, as I may find time to do it; because I usually work at different things at the same time, but, as I told you, without ever confusing one with the other."—*Beethoven to Louis Schloesser. Quoted by Mr. Engel in "From Handel to Hallé."*

BEETHOVEN'S INSPIRATIONS.

"PERHAPS you may ask where do I take my ideas from? That is more than I can say. The ideas come, and there they are; sometimes so palpable that I fancy I can put my hands upon them while I am out in the meadows or in the forest, at sunrise, or while I lie sleepless in bed, as the mood may seize me. The inspiration with a poet would come in words, whereas to me it comes in tones that sing, shout, storm, or sigh sweetly, until at last they take quiet form in notes; then, when I have written them down, I become calm again, and look at my work, and turn it and mend it until I am satisfied."—*Beethoven to Louis Schloesser. Quoted by Mr. Engel.*

BEETHOVEN'S CROWNING YEAR OF SOCIAL AND FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

ONE of the sorrowful events for Beethoven in 1814 was the death of his kind and generous patron. Lichnowsky died shortly before what may be called the culminating social triumph of Beethoven's life, when Vienna, crowded with kings, princes, and ambassadors, drawn hither by the great Congress, took pride in doing honour to the gifted musician whose principal

life-work had been carried on in her midst. The occasion, both socially and politically, was a favourable one for such a purpose. At the invitation of the municipality, Beethoven composed specially a Cantata in celebration of the event, entitled "Der Glorreiche Augenblick" ["The Glorious Moment"], which, like his previous work,* deriving its inspiration from a political motive, was altogether unworthy of his fame. Like its predecessor, also, it proved immensely successful; and its production was made the occasion of a concert which has become historical. The two halls of the Redouten-Saal, placed at his disposal by the Government, were crowded with an audience of some six thousand persons, including a galaxy of royal and distinguished visitors, and the enthusiasm was immense. After this, honours crowded thickly upon him. London, Paris, Stockholm and Amsterdam created him honorary member of their respective Academies; and—a distinction he prized above all—Vienna presented him with the freedom of the city. During this year, Beethoven, in better health and spirits than he had known for some time, threw off for a time his habits of a recluse, and allowed himself to be lionised and fêted in the drawing-rooms of the greatest in the land. In the house of his illustrious pupil, the Archduke Rudolph, he was presented to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia. Their conversation was unconstrained and cordial; and before leaving Vienna the Empress presented him with two thousand ducats, the composer, in return, dedicating to her the Polonaise in C, op. 89. Other presents, it may be inferred, were made to him by various great personages, for his financial position was so far improved by the year's

* "The Battle of Vittoria," composed in honour of Wellington's great victory.

transactions that, from being a borrower, he became an investor in shares of the Bank of Austria.—RUDALL.

BEETHOVEN'S EPITAPH.

BEETHOVEN died on March 26th in the year 1827. His agony was long, and he died after a fearful struggle. A tremendous storm broke over the town, as if the elements wished to bear witness, by an extraordinary cataclysm, to the great loss humanity was on the point of sustaining. His funeral took place on the 29th of the same month amid general mourning; the (then) greatest living poet of Austria, Grillparzer, had written a funeral oration, and Anschütz, the greatest tragedian of the Court Theatre, delivered it in eloquent and deeply moving language; and yet when it came to the point of writing him an epitaph on his marble stone, nobody found anything grander, more eloquent in its conciseness than that only word:

BEETHOVEN.

—LOUIS ENGEL.

BEETHOVEN'S PRESENT POPULARITY AS A MUSICIAN.

IT has often been asked, "Which of all the composers is entitled to the first place as a musician?" and, if such comparisons are not odious, all things considered, Beethoven is certainly entitled to the place of honour. At the present time no composer, classical or unclassical, can be at all compared to Beethoven as regards

the continuous and extraordinary sale of his works—a sale so great that those capable of judging assert that if the entire number of Beethoven's compositions which pass through the hands of the music-trade in any one year were placed in one scale, and all other music-works published in the same year were laid in the other, the scales might possibly tremble, but that Beethoven alone would balance all the rest. The writer cannot of course vouch for the accuracy of this nice calculation.—CROWEST.

MENDELSSOHN

V

MENDELSSOHN

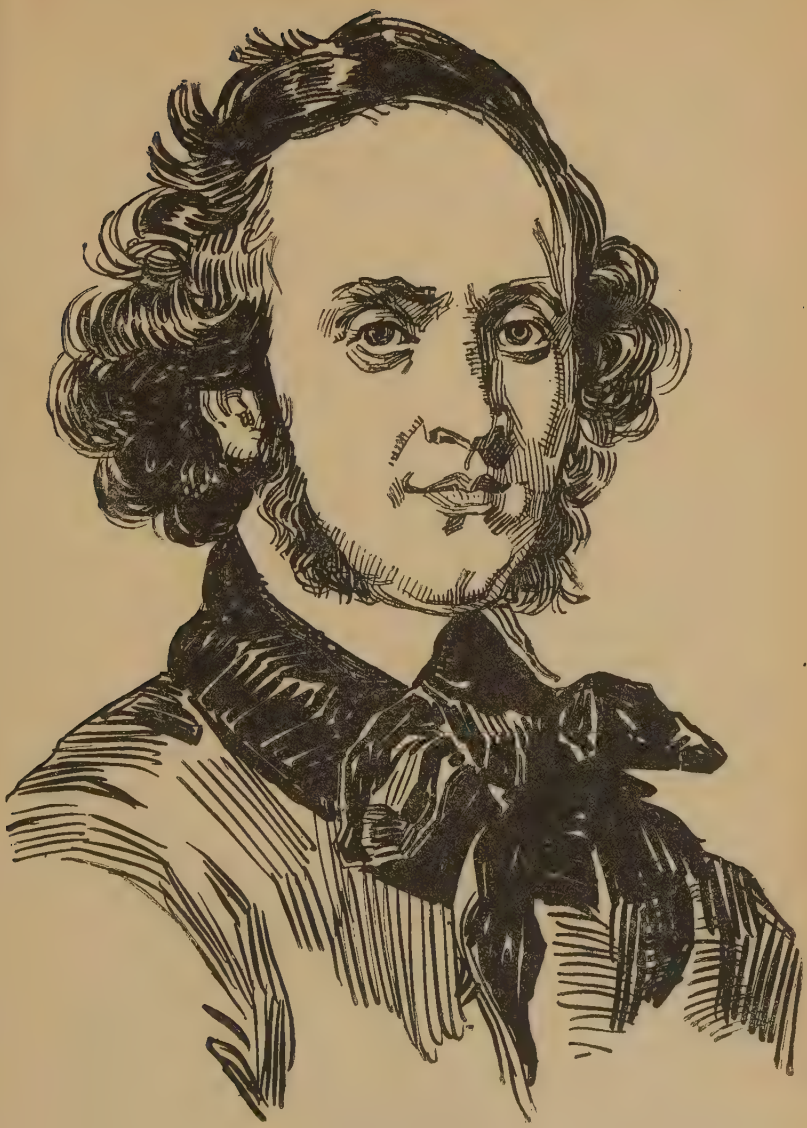
BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

"Whom the gods love die young." Mendelssohn was only thirty-eight years of age when he was taken from the world he had done so much to delight and to uplift with noble ideals. Had Beethoven died at that age we should have had scarcely more than a half of his published works, and have lost, indeed, the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Symphonies, the Mass in C, the "Messe Solennelle" and some of his most characteristic sonatas, quartets and overtures. Had Haydn died at that age the loss would have been far greater; for, besides missing a great portion of the symphonies and quartets—those classical compositions by which Haydn achieved for himself the distinction of being one of the "dii majores" of musical fame—we should also have missed "The Creation," "The Seasons," "The Emperor's Hymn" and, in fact, most of the productions by which Haydn is popularly known to the world. Had Handel died at that age we should never have heard "Saul" or "Israel in Egypt," or "The Messiah," or "Sampson," or "The Judas Maccabaeus," or, indeed, any of those works by which Handel holds

his position as the great master of choral composition and the sacred oratorio. Mozart died at thirty-five and Schubert at thirty-one. Who can guess what these great geniuses might have accomplished had they been spared to live and labour the years vouchsafed, say, to Bach, Handel or Haydn? So, too, Mendelssohn. At an age when other great musicians—Wagner, for example, or Verdi—were just beginning, or had but well begun, the work which has won fame for them, he was taken from his labours, and such fame as there was to be in the world for him was already won. In estimating Mendelssohn's position in the world of musical art some regard, therefore, must be paid—as also in the case of Mozart and Schubert—to the shortness of his life.

"Whom the gods love die young," the old saying is; and to scarcely any one in the whole field of musical history—not even to Mozart—were "the gods," as the phrase is, ever more "loving" than they were to Mendelssohn. He seemed to have all advantages, all good fortunes. Born in wealth and a member of a family of wealth, he never knew what so many musicians have known—privation and penury. He never knew even restricted means. Endowed with talent and genius, he had the unspeakable blessing of being, in childhood and in youth, so nurtured and trained that his scholarship and culture, not merely in music but in general knowledge, were quite the counterparts of his exceptional mental endowment. His mother was a woman of culture, a musician and a linguist. His father was a man of great practical judgment and, also, of taste and sympathy. What could be done to develop rightly their son's great genius was done. Nor in Mendelssohn's case, as so often happens, was exceptional ability made nugatory by deficiencies in charac-



Mendelssohn.

ter. His character, indeed, in every respect, befitted his exceptional talents and his exceptional social advantages. He was a dutiful and loving son and brother, a dutiful and loving husband and father, a friend of sterling faithfulness and truth, an irreproachable member of society, a public-spirited citizen, an amiable companion, a genial, generous host. Every one who knew him loved him; every one who met him, if but only casually, admired not alone his special genius, but also his all-round ability, the solidity, fair-mindedness, and open-mindedness of his judgment, and his capital common-sense. "Not a day passes," said Schumann, "in which he does not utter thoughts worthy to be graven in gold." He was, indeed, what is so rare among the sons of genius—a man without prejudice and without fads. If to all this be added his personal advantages, his exceeding grace and charm of presence, his exceeding grace and charm of manner—in a word, his handsome figure and face and his genial and sunny disposition—it will be seen that both in himself and in his circumstances Mendelssohn was really favoured by fortune. But this was not all. He lived in a world where everything seemed to make for his happiness and contentment. Not only his father and mother, but his two sisters and his brother and hosts of friends as well, all but worshipped him. It was only his innate good sense that saved his character from ruin. His character was saved, however; and not only so, but it retained its purity, its sweetness, and its soundness to the end.

BACH, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, by common consent, are placed together in the highest firmament of musical fame. If a sixth is to be added to

that glorious constellation, Mendelssohn would undoubtedly be that sixth. But whether he should or should not be so added has been a matter for difference of opinion. At one time, especially in England, there was no doubt about his rightful claim to the rank. Later on a reaction took place and Mendelssohn was as much depreciated as he had formerly been bepraised. In recent years a second reaction has set in, and Mendelssohn's merits are to-day more dispassionately and, perhaps, more fairly judged than ever they were. The resultant opinion seems to be that, while he cannot justly be called a Shakespeare or Milton of musical art, he can at least be called a Tennyson or a Longfellow. He certainly was not a great constructor of original forms in music, like Bach, Haydn and Beethoven. Nor had he that Titanic power of original musical expression possessed in their several ways by Bach, Handel and Beethoven. But in a surpassing degree Mendelssohn possessed the gift of melody—of sweet and beautiful and heart entrancing musical song. With him, perhaps, more than with any other musician since Haydn's day, music had for its end the giving of pleasure. This end, indeed, was his main aim. He never thought that music should convey any meaning other than that which it plainly carried with it to the ear of the hearer. When once asked the meaning of one of his "Songs Without Words" and "what was the idea underlying it," he replied that the meaning was "the composition as it stood," and he "could not understand the suggestion of any other kind of meaning." When once some one wrote a very high-flown exposition of one of his overtures he said: "I wish people would not write so about music. When I composed this overture I had no thought whatever of meaning all that."

Another chief characteristic of Mendelssohn was his unswerving fidelity to the canons of musical art as established by the great masters who had preceded him. He thus stood, as it were, at a fork in the roads—a fork that Beethoven, indeed, with his mighty comprehensiveness of achievement, had to some extent laid out and travelled in. Since Mendelssohn's day, there has been a great development of musical expression along one fork of that road—a road that, had Mendelssohn lived, he would never have been willing to follow or even to recognise. Mendelssohn was a classical purist, the last of great rank in a mighty succession of classical purists. But ideas that he held to be sacred and eternal have had for a time to succumb to other ideas urged by personalities more dominant in the sphere of music than those that have been devoted to classical purity. Wagner, we are told, "detested Mendelssohn"; and in the vogue set going by Wagner Mendelssohn, consequently, has had no part. But Mendelssohn's art still stands, pure, beautiful, and entrancing; and therefore, in its purity, its beauty, and its entrancingness, strong and indestructible. It can no more fall into decay than the art of Phidias or Raphael.

Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, usually known as Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, or more simply as Felix Mendelssohn, was born in Hamburg, February 3, 1809. His father was Abraham Mendelssohn, a prosperous banker of that city, a son of the celebrated philosopher and scholar, Moses Mendelssohn. Abraham Mendelssohn had been born in the Jewish faith, and had married Leah Salomon, also of the Jewish faith. But on the advice of his

wife's brother, Salomon Bartholdy, who had accepted Christianity as his faith, he had his children baptised in the Christian (Lutheran) faith. Later on, he and his wife also accepted Christianity, and at the same time accepted the Christian surname "Bartholdy" of his wife's brother, so that the family name thenceforward was known as "Mendelssohn-Bartholdy." In 1811, when Felix Mendelssohn was two years old, Hamburg fell into the hands of the French, and Abraham Mendelssohn with his family fled to Berlin, and he ever afterwards resided there. The childhood, youth, and early manhood of Felix Mendelssohn, therefore, were identified with Berlin, and he always regarded Berlin as his home, and, indeed, was finally buried there. But it was Leipzig more than Berlin that was the scene of Mendelssohn's principal musical achievement, and it was to Leipzig much more than to Berlin that he owed the encouragement and auspicious opportunities that made the flowering of his genius rich and fruitful. That "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country," is a hackneyed saying, but one no less sadly true than hackneyed. Almost the only cross that Mendelssohn had to bear was the lack of appreciation—even the jealousy and intriguing spirit—shown towards him by the professional musicians of the city of his home.

MENDELSSOHN, like Mozart, was a musical prodigy. Like Mozart, too, he had a sister somewhat older than himself whose musical genius was almost equal to his own. But the influence of Fanny Mendelssohn on her brother's life was far greater than that of Marianne Mozart upon her brother. She was to him, indeed,

ever "the one half of his soul." The family life of the Mendelssohns was a life of almost unexampled mutual affection and regard. In that life the clever and beautiful Fanny took almost as leading a part as the gifted Felix. Besides Fanny and Felix there were two other children, Rebecka and Paul. They were all well educated, not only in music but in art, languages, and literature. But it was perhaps in music that their remarkable and precocious talents were most shown. The children formed the centre of a group of friendly artists who met together on Sunday mornings in the drawing-room of the Mendelssohn house to play Felix's compositions, for, like Mozart, Mendelssohn, too, was a composer at a very early age. Of the orchestra thus formed Felix was the conductor. He had to stand upon a stool that he might be seen. Fanny presided at the piano; Paul played the violoncello; Rebecka sang. The divine gift of music was the dower of all the children.

When Felix Mendelssohn was sixteen years of age Abraham Mendelssohn purchased a large mansion (No. 3, Leipziger Strasse) that, besides having apartments well suited to musical gatherings, had in its spacious park-like grounds (seven acres) a "garden-house" with a hall "capable of seating comfortably several hundred persons." Thereafter it was in the "garden-house," especially in summer, that the Mendelssohn matinées were held. The orchestra was much increased and in time it comprised many of the choicest spirits in Berlin. The Mendelssohn mansion became a centre of literature, art, and science. The fame of its musical gatherings spread abroad, and no stranger

ever came to Berlin who did not deem it a privilege and an honour to be invited to attend one of those unique matinées. And as the Mendelssohns were generous hosts as well as polite entertainers, the guests of the Leipziger Strasse mansion numbered many of those most distinguished in politics, literature, poetry, the drama, music, and art, throughout all Europe. Magnificent mementos of the brilliant mansion still remain. Among the distinguished habitués of the place was the artist Hensel, who afterwards became the husband of Fanny Mendelssohn. Hensel made it a custom to obtain portraits of the celebrities who were guests of the mansion. These portraits, lifelike and artistic likenesses, enriched with the autographs of the persons represented, number several hundreds—there are, indeed, forty-seven volumes of them. Among musicians there are represented Weber, Paganini, Liszt, Gounod, and Clara Schumann; among artists, Ingres, Horace Vernet, and Kaulbach; among sculptors, Thorwaldsen; among devotees of the drama, Rachel, Lablache, Grisi, and Schroeder-Devrient; among poets and authors, Goethe, Heine, Tieck, La Motte-Fouqué, and Koerner; among scientists, Humboldt, Bunsen, Hegel, Jacob Grimm, and Ranke. Truly, few musicians have been so favoured as Mendelssohn in social advantages.

Abraham Mendelssohn was a man of practical good sense. When he saw that his son had undoubted musical ability he secured for him the best instructors that could be got. One of these instructors was the composer Moscheles, but Moscheles recognised at once that his pupil needed little formal teaching. "I am

willing to give him my advice whenever he desires it, but as for lessons I should gladly receive them from him. In reality he should be my master and I his pupil." When Felix was in his sixteenth year his father took him to Paris and had him examined by the veteran composer Cherubini. Cherubini was a harsh and critical judge, but his decision was emphatic. The boy had genius and should be allowed to pursue his bent. Thenceforward Mendelssohn's career was definitely fixed. He was to be a musician. But the father had been, perhaps, a little overcautious. He had had testimony equally emphatic a year before. On Felix's fifteenth birthday an opera in three acts, which he had composed, had under his direction been performed at the family mansion with a full orchestra. A large company was present, among others Zelter—"old Zelter," as he was familiarly called—the leading musical authority in Berlin, a man usually as harsh and critical in his judgments as even Cherubini could be. But Zelter had no half opinion in the matter. Taking the young musician by the hand and kissing him kindly, he pronounced these significant words: "From this day, dear boy, thou art no longer an apprentice but an independent member of the brotherhood of musicians. I proclaim thine independence in the names of Haydn, of Mozart, and of old Father Bach." And the world soon recognised the validity of Zelter's consecration. The only demurrers were the members of some jealous musical coteries in Berlin.

One plan that Abraham Mendelssohn kindly determined upon for his son's education as a musician was to give him the benefit of travel. The object was

as stated by Felix Mendelssohn himself, "not to appear in public, but to be benefited musically;" "to see what is most remarkable; to become acquainted with those most eminent in the world of art; to compare the various views and opinions of others." Three years were to be devoted to this sort of thing, to be begun when he was twenty. One cannot help remarking how different all this was from that which fell to the lot of Haydn or Beethoven at that age. By Moscheles' advice Mendelssohn first went to England. Though it was not intended that his visit should partake of the nature of a professional tour, yet by Moscheles' arrangement the young musician did really make, before a London audience, what may be called his professional début. The date was May 29, 1829. He was treated with the utmost distinction—led to the piano "like a young lady," he said. "The success I have met with," he wrote, "has been beyond anything I could have dreamed." He played his own Symphony in C (written, it should be noted, when he was only fifteen), and "the applause and handshakings and congratulations" continued until he "had left the room." A few days later he played the "concert piece" of Weber, when the applause was equally rapturous.

So far, the fame which Mendelssohn was winning seemed to be due to his ability as an executant. On June 24th following came the event that marked his acceptance by the world as an original composer. At a concert given on that day he played his overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," never heard before except in the "Garden-House" at home and once at a concert in Stettin. This famous composition, now known all the world over, sufficient of itself, even if he had written nothing else, to entitle its author to a

first rank among the great musicians of the world, had been written almost three years before, when Mendelssohn was little past seventeen years of age. Like the "Thanatopsis" of the great American poet, it was an achievement made in early youth which the genius of maturity could do no more than equal. Seventeen years later, in 1843, he added the "incidental music" of the play to the overture, making the whole one complete and incomparable masterpiece. The part of the music of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" that is best known is the "Wedding March." But it is known most as an organ piece, whereas it is intended to be produced by a full orchestra. Critics have universally praised this march as one of the very finest in the whole range of triumphal music, for it must not be forgotten that it is intended to grace a wedding celebrated "with pomp, with triumph, and with revelling." An English critic has said of it that it is "one of the noblest marches ever written." A French critic has said of it that "it should ever accompany the nuptials of love, for it sings a passion which alone can make love perfect and a wisdom which alone can make it lasting."

LIKE Handel, Mozart, and others before him, Mendelssohn entertained a warm regard for Italy as the ancient home of musical art, and when he returned from his first visit to England he made a delightful tour in the land of the vine and the myrtle. Previous to his leaving England he had made a tour in Scotland. One result of these tours was the composition of two great symphonies—among his finest and most characteristic works—the "Italian Symphony" (1833), and the

"Scottish Symphony," although the latter was not completed until a number of years later (1843). A third great symphony that probably owed its inspiration to his travels is the "Reformation" (1830). A fourth great work, dating from the same period, is that known as the "Fingal," or "Hebrides," overture. A fifth great work, composed a little later (1833), is the concert-overture entitled "The Beautiful Melusina." It is by these works, especially by the "Scottish" and the "Italian" symphonies and the overtures, that Mendelssohn has claim as a composer of instrumental music to be ranked along with Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

MENDELSSOHN began his serious work in life as a professional musician at Düsseldorf. There, in 1833, when he was twenty-four years of age, he was appointed "director of public and private music." Two years later he removed to Leipzig, having been appointed conductor of the celebrated "Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts." His position as conductor of these concerts was the most honourable that in those days could be held in the whole field of music in Germany. At Leipzig, Mendelssohn's life, indeed, was singularly felicitous. It was there, in 1837, that he brought his young and beautiful wife (Cecilia Jeanrenaud—she was more than ordinarily beautiful), and it was at Leipzig that they lived most of the years of their exceedingly happy life together. His professional duties could be discharged without a jar and he was loved and respected by every one. The university granted him its honorary degree of doctor of philosophy, and he seems to have been regarded as the leading citizen of the place. By his influence the Leipzig con-

servatory of music was established (1842), and by his counsel and advice its opening years were so managed that it soon was on that high road of prosperity which has made it since so celebrated. For a time he held a post of high importance in Berlin, given to him by the King of Prussia, but life in Berlin was to him never free from worry. It was still the case of a prophet unhonoured in his own country. Leipzig, however, honoured him and held his heart to the end. And when at last the shock of the death of his much-loved sister Fanny brought on his own untimely end (November 4, 1847), Leipzig honoured him in death as much as in life. Indeed, more would have been impossible.

From all accounts that we have Mendelssohn was a magnificent performer on the piano. He was also a distinguished player on the organ, and his organ playing in England introduced there a new era of performance on that instrument. He was, moreover, a clever performer on stringed instruments. But it was a characteristic of Mendelssohn—one that does him infinite credit—that he never unduly put forward before the public the playing of his own compositions. Musical art owes to him a great debt for the use he made of his influence as a performer and conductor in upholding before the public the works of other great masters of composition. Bach was almost unknown to the world, unknown even in Germany, until Mendelssohn re-created an interest in him. Bach's "Passion Music" had not been heard for almost a hundred years, until, notwithstanding the obstinate resistance of contemporary musicians, Mendelssohn revived it, and revived it nobly. And not only Bach, but also

Palestrina, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, especially Beethoven, he constantly kept before the public. Beethoven's symphonies never, perhaps, had such appreciative renderings as Mendelssohn gave them in the Gewandhaus of Leipzig.

It must be remembered, too, that in Mendelssohn's day a phase of music was in vogue quite different from the earnest and solid works of the great German masters above enumerated. In Paris, for example, on Mendelssohn's first visit there he found no music save that of Cherubini which he could even respect. Frivolous and superficial, it was all without redemption. No wonder, therefore, that when Mendelssohn had produced his "Elijah" the prince consort of England should apostrophise him in such words as these:

"That noble artist who, surrounded by the Baal-worship of corrupted art, has been able by his genius and science to preserve faithfully, like another Elijah, the worship of true art, and once more to accustom our ear, lost in the whirl of an empty play of sounds, to the pure notes of expressive composition and legitimate harmony."

But it is due to Mendelssohn's catholicity of spirit to remember that he endeavoured to effect the reform in public taste to which the prince consort referred, not alone by his own music, but also by the music of the great masters who had preceded him. And it is also due to his catholicity of taste to note that he was scarcely less energetic in putting forward for the public pleasure the music of contemporaries, even when, as to some of it, he could not always extend to it approval. Spohr, Rossini, Von Weber, Donizetti, Berlioz, Schumann, Thalberg, and Liszt, were all musi-

cians whose works he gave the utmost consideration to, in his capacity of director of public music. "The people," he used to say, "have their rights."

MENDELSSOHN is known to the great public mainly by two classes of composition—his pieces for the piano and his oratorios. Of the pieces for the piano, not to mention the concertos and the sonatas, the most famous are those delicate and inimitably beautiful fancies known as "Songs Without Words" *(Lieder Ohne Worte)*. The composition of these "songs" was begun early in life, the first book being published when the composer was only twenty-one years old. They continued to be composed throughout the composer's whole career, six books in all being published during his lifetime, and two books being published posthumously.

Of the oratorios there were two—"St. Paul" and "Elijah." Besides these there was a third great work, partly an oratorio or cantata, partly a symphony, called the "Hymn of Praise," produced at Leipzig, June 25, 1840, to commemorate the fourth centennial celebration of the invention of the art of printing.

The oratorio "St. Paul" was first produced at Düsseldorf in May, 1836, when its author was but twenty-seven years old. On September 20, 1837, it was produced, under Mendelssohn's own direction, in Birmingham, England. The oratorio is a form of musical composition which the English people especially regard, and when in "St. Paul," as rendered at Birmingham, they recognised a worthy counterpart to their much-loved "Messiah" and "Creation" their ex-

pressions of appreciation scarcely knew a limit. Mendelssohn was to them thereafter a second Handel.

The "Elijah" was nine years in the composer's mind before it was finally completed. It marks a new development in the art of oratorio writing. It is wholly dramatic, both in form and spirit, the epic and narrative phases which previous oratorios admit being in it wholly excluded. The "Elijah," if it were desired, could be acted just like an opera. As may be supposed, it was in England that this great work was first given to the world. It was produced at a great musical festival at Birmingham, May 26, 1846, coming in between "The Creation," on the 25th, and "The Messiah," on the 27th. The reception it met with surpassed everything before known in the history of oratorio music. Encore after encore—eight in all—were insisted upon, although there was supposed to be a rigid rule that no encores were to be given. "But," as said one who was present, "enthusiasm will be checked by no rules; when the heart is full, regulations must stand aside."

MENDELSSOHN

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES

SELECTED.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY.

THE Mendelssohn family was an exceptionally talented one. The branch of it with which we are now concerned traces its origin from a Jewish schoolmaster of Dessau, named Mendel; a man of liberal education, though, as a descendant of Abraham, deprived, by the very oppressive laws of the period at which he lived, of every opportunity of acquiring knowledge except by stealth. On September 6, 1729, the wife of this poor but faithful representative of the chosen people gave birth to a son, who was called Moses, and who in due time became known in Dessau as Moses, the son of Mendel—in German, Moses Mendels Sohn—whence the origin of the family name. The child displayed a remarkable aptitude for learning; and by the time he was five years old had advanced so far that his father decided on placing him under the care of Rabbi Fränkel, to whom he became devotedly attached, and with whom he studied diligently. When Fränkel was summoned, some time afterwards, to occupy the post of Chief Rabbi of Berlin, Moses followed him to the capital on foot; and, while supporting ex-

istence on a few pence gained by copying, still managed to continue his studies, in spite of poverty so grinding that his sole food consisted of a weekly loaf, on which he carefully marked out his daily allowance, in order that he might not be tempted by hunger to anticipate the morrow's meal. Under every disadvantage that an unjust and cruel legislature could throw in the way of a Jewish student, the frugal youth rose, from this miserable beginning, to a position in which he was universally recognised as the most accomplished scholar in Europe.*—W. S. ROCKSTRO, *in "Mendelssohn," in "The Great Musicians" Series.*

MENDELSSOHN'S FIRST INSTRUCTION IN MUSIC.

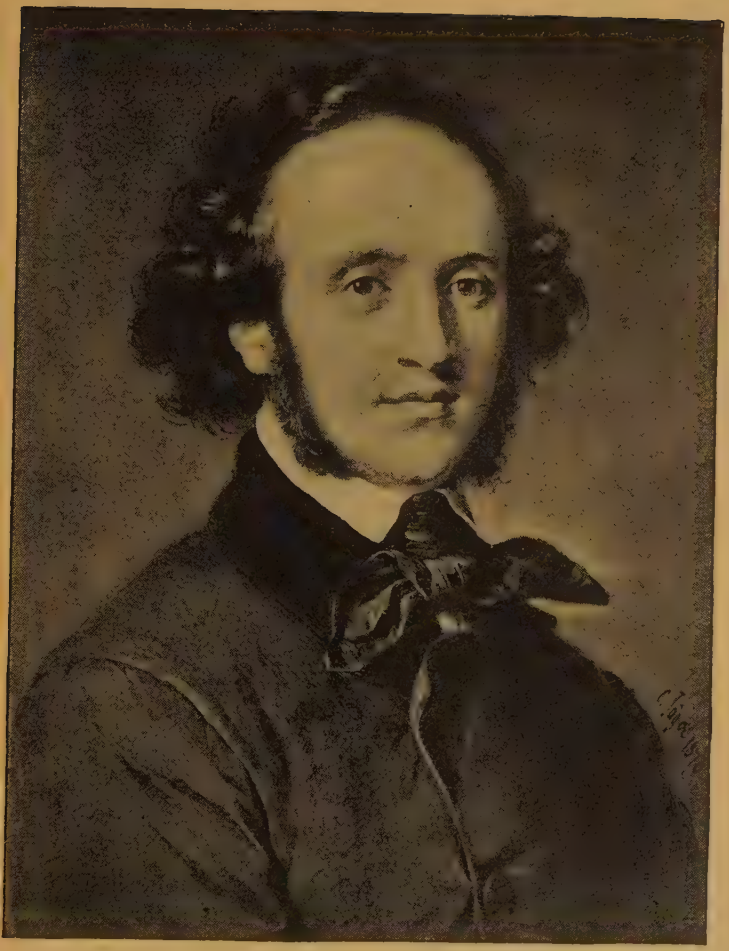
UNLIKE most of our great musicians, Mendelssohn had none of the evils of poverty to contend with; for his father, Abraham Mendelssohn, was a wealthy banker, his mother a highly-gifted and distinguished woman. Under her tender influence little Felix was educated, and it was she who gave him his first lessons in music. His loving teacher proved an excellent one. The first lessons were short ones, for she was careful not to check the inclination which her little son exhibited for music. However, they gradually became longer, as it was Felix's highest delight to be perched up before the keys of the pianoforte, wandering over the long range of notes before him. He was soon so far advanced that his mother put him through a complete

* Moses Mendelssohn was the father of Mendelssohn the banker and the grandfather of Mendelssohn the musician. Mendelssohn the banker became a Protestant Christian and assumed the double surname, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

course of instruction, and so astonishing was the progress he made that, before he was ten years old, he was well acquainted with some of the best works and showed evident signs of great musical promise.—FREDERICK CROWEST, *in "The Great Tone-Poets."*

A GLIMPSE OF MENDELSSOHN AS A CHILD.

IT was in the beginning of May, 1821, when walking in the streets of Berlin with my master and friend, Carl Maria von Weber, he directed my attention to a boy, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, who, on perceiving the author of "Freischütz," ran towards him, giving him a most hearty and friendly greeting. "'Tis Felix Mendelssohn," said Weber, introducing me at once to the prodigious child, of whose marvellous talent and execution I had heard so much at Dresden. I shall never forget the impression of that day on beholding that beautiful youth, with his auburn hair clustering in ringlets round his shoulders, the ingenuous expression of his clear eyes, and the smile of innocence and candour on his lips. He would have it that we should go with him at once to his father's house; but as Weber had to attend a rehearsal, he took me by the hand, and made me run a race till we reached his home. Up he went briskly to the drawing-room, where, finding his mother, he exclaimed, "Here is a pupil of Weber's, who knows a great deal of his music of the new opera. Pray, mamma, ask him to play it for us;" and so, with an irresistible impetuosity, he pushed me to the pianoforte, and made me remain there until I had exhausted all the store of my recollections. When I then begged of him to let me hear some of his own compositions,



Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

he refused, but played from memory such of Bach's fugues or Cramer's exercises as I could name. At last we parted, but not without a promise to meet again.—SIR JULES BENEDICT.

THE INFLUENCE UPON MENDELSSOHN OF HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.

To estimate the influences of women upon Mendelssohn's music, it is not necessary to go beyond the limits of his home circle. His mother, his sister, and his wife—women of noble character, genial disposition, and loving nature—helped to impart to his music its peculiar grace and beauty. His mother first discovered his talent, and gave him his first lessons, and in his boyhood guided his studies, placed him under competent teachers, and accustomed him to hear the best music performed by the best musicians, with whom the Mendelssohn home was always a favourite resort. His sister Fanny, who afterwards married the painter Hensel, was a pianist and composer of more than ordinary ability. In youth they were inseparable musical companions. They studied together; they composed together; like her brother, she called about herself the best musical talent in Berlin. In the earlier collection of his songs many of hers appear, so closely similar in feeling and colour that they would be indistinguishable were no signature attached. Devrient says:

"His elder sister Fanny stood musically most related to him; through her excellent nature, clear sense, and rich fund of sensibility (not perceptible to every one) many things were made clear to him."

At the Sunday performances in the Mendelssohn home, she and her brother played in trios with a small orchestra which was accustomed to assemble there. His letters constantly bear testimony how eagerly he waited for her criticisms upon his work. Their musical sympathy was extraordinary, and is indicated by their correspondence upon more than one occasion in musical notation. Each was possessed of rare sensibility, and their musical affinities drew them together in a companionship of heart and soul which was never disturbed except by her sudden death.—GEORGE P. UPTON, *in "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," in "Woman in Music."*

FANNY MENDELSSOHN.

THIS cherished sister, Fanny, had been the companion of the great musician's pursuits during the years of childhood, in the days when they used to take five minute lessons together, and in later days also, when (as I have heard him tell) they vied with each other which could best execute a certain difficult left-hand passage in Kalkbrenner's "Effusio Musica." Had Madame Hensel [Fanny Mendelssohn] been a poor man's daughter, she must have become known to the world by the side of Madame Schumann and Madame Pleyel, as a female pianist of the very highest class. Like her brother, she had in her composition a touch of that southern vivacity which is so rare among the Germans. More feminine than his, her playing bore a strong family resemblance to her brother's in its fire, neatness and solidity. Like himself, too, she was as generally accomplished as she was specially gifted. —LAMPADIUS, *in "Life of Mendelssohn." Quoted by Mr. Upton.*

CECILIA MENDELSSOHN.

CECILIA [Mendelssohn's wife] was one of those sweet, womanly natures, whose gentle simplicity, whose mere presence, soothed and pleased. She was slight, with features of striking beauty and delicacy. Her hair was between brown and gold; but the transcendent lustre of her great blue eyes and the brilliant roses of her cheeks were sad harbingers of early death. She spoke little, and never with animation, in a low, soft voice. The friends of Felix had every reason to hope that his choice would secure repose to his restless spirit, and happy leisure for thought and work in his home.* —DEVRIENT (*Mendelssohn's friend and biographer*). *Quoted by Mr. Upton.*

CECILIA MENDELSSOHN. A FURTHER ACCOUNT.

CECILIA JEANRENAUD, whose mother belonged to a distinguished emigrant family, was at that period considered one of the most beautiful girls in Frankfort, always so rich in female charms, where, indeed, to this day, as in Saxony, "fair maidens grow on every tree;" and when I now recall her image as I first saw her, though some time after her marriage, I feel that to this hour she has always remained my beau-ideal of womanly fascination and loveliness. Her figure was slight, of middle height, and rather drooping, like a flower heavy with dew; her luxuriant golden-brown hair fell in rich curls on her shoulders; her complexion was of transparent delicacy, her smile charming; and she had the most bewitching deep-blue eyes I ever

*"And this was so, for never was there a happier home."—UPTON.

beheld, with dark eyelashes and eyebrows.—ÉLISE POLKO. *Quoted by Mr. Upton in "Woman in Music."*

CECILIA MENDELSSOHN. A STILL FURTHER ACCOUNT.

THEIR intercourse [that of Mendelssohn and his wife] was one of the purest love. Their home was always a happy one, and the centre of attraction for all the great artists of his time. She was a good singer, was possessed of more than ordinary musical intelligence, sympathised with and encouraged him in his work and rejoiced in his triumphs. She understood him, and she prized him at his real value. Slight as she was in physique, and calm and gentle as she was in her bearing, her spirit was more heroic than his. In all other regards she was his complement. She cared for him until his last moment, and strong in her very tenderness accepted his death with resignation and heroism.—UPTON, *in "Woman in Music."*

GOUNOD'S REMINISCENCE OF FANNY MENDELSSOHN.

THAT same winter [1840-1] I had the good fortune to meet Fanny Henzel, Mendelssohn's sister. She was spending the winter in Rome with her husband, who was painter to the Prussian court, and her son, who was still a young child.

Madame Henzel was a first-rate musician—a very clever pianiste, physically small and delicate, but her deep eyes and eager glance betrayed an active mind and restless energy. She had rare powers of compo-

sition, and many of the "Songs Without Words" published among the works and under the name of her brother, were hers.

Monsieur and Madame Henzel often came to the "Sunday Evenings" at the Academy [at Rome, where Gounod was studying], and she would sit down to the piano with the readiness and simplicity of one who played because she loved it. Thanks to her great gifts and wonderful memory, I made the acquaintance of various masterpieces of German music which I had never heard before, among them a number of the works of Sebastian Bach—sonatas, fugues, preludes, and concertos—and many of Mendelssohn's compositions, which were like a glimpse of a new world to me.

Monsieur and Madame Henzel left Rome to return to Berlin, and there I met them again two years later.—*From "Charles Gounod's Autobiographical Reminiscences."*

GOUNOD'S REMINISCENCE OF MENDELSSOHN.

THE doctor kept his word; on the fourteenth day I was out of the wood, and eight and forty hours after I had started for Leipzig, where Mendelssohn was living, with a letter of introduction to him from his sister, Madame Henzel.

Mendelssohn received me wonderfully*—I use the the expression advisedly, to describe the condescension extended by such an illustrious man to a youth who could not in his eyes have been more than a novice. I can truly say that for the four days I spent at Leipzig he devoted himself to me. He questioned me

* The visit was made in 1843. Mendelssohn was then thirty-four years old and Gounod twenty-five.

about my studies and my works with the keenest and sincerest interest. He made me play some of my later efforts to him, and gave me precious words of approbation and encouragement. One sentence only will I quote; I am too proud of it ever to have forgotten it. I had just played him the "Dies Irae" from my Vienna Requiem. He laid his finger on a passage written for five voices without accompaniment, and said:

"My boy, that might have been written by Cherubini!"

Such words from such a master are better than any decoration—more precious to their recipient than all the ribbons and stars in Europe.

Mendelssohn was the director of the "Gewandhaus" Philharmonic Society. As the concert season was over, there were no meetings of the society going on, but he showed me the delicate kindness of calling its members together for my benefit. Thus I heard his beautiful work known as the "Scotch Symphony," in A minor, and he afterwards gave me the full score indorsed with a few kind words in his own handwriting.

Too soon, alas! the early death of that splendid genius, in the heyday of his beauty and his charm, was to transform this friendly memento into a treasured and precious relic. He died only six months after the charming woman to whom I owed my acquaintance with her gifted brother.

Mendelssohn did not confine himself to calling the Philharmonic Society together for my benefit. An admirable organist himself, he was anxious I should make acquaintance with some of the numerous and admirable works composed by the mighty Sebastian Bach for the instrument over which he reigned supreme. With this object, he had the old organ at St.

Thomas's—the very instrument Bach himself used—examined and repaired, and there for two long hours and more he revealed an unknown world of beauty to my wondering ears.

Finally, to crown it all, he presented me with a collection of *motets* by this same Bach, who was a sort of god to him, in whose school he had been formed from infancy, and whose Passion music, "according to St. Matthew," he had conducted and accompanied by heart before he was fifteen.

Such was the kind treatment I received at the hands of that most lovable of men, that splendid artist, that magnificent musician, cut off, alas! in the flower of his age (just eight and thirty), snatched from the plaudits he had earned so well, and from the yet more glorious results the later efforts of his talent might have yielded.—*From "Charles Gounod's Autobiographical Reminiscences."*

MENDELSSOHN AND GOETHE.

On his way [to Italy—1830] Mendelssohn paid another visit to Goethe at Weimar, and a most interesting visit it was. Goethe was getting to care less and less for much company,* but Mendelssohn's arrival evidently brightened him, and he opened out as of old to his lively young friend. The pianoforte, after long silence, was opened again, and every morning the old poet had what he called his music lesson; which consisted in listening to Mendelssohn for an hour or so while he played to him a quantity of music of all styles, and, as Goethe would have it, in chronological order. Mendelssohn described him as sitting in a dark corner

* Goethe was then in his eighty-second year.

like a Jupiter Tonans with his old eyes flashing fire; occasionally criticising and making favourable or questioning remarks. After dinner they used to talk, and Goethe poured out wise and pointed words which Mendelssohn in his able way commemorated; and it is easy to see what admirable company the young musician made for great men like Goethe, as well as for ordinary gay and thoughtless people. When he went away Goethe wrote to the old master Zelter that his coming had done him a great deal of good. "From the Bach period downwards he has brought Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, to life for me; has given me clear ideas of the great modern masters of technique; and lastly has made me understand his own productions and left me plenty to think about in himself." It was the last time they met, for before Mendelssohn had another opportunity of visiting Weimar again, Goethe was dead.—C. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

THE DEATH OF FANNY MENDELSSOHN.

ON Friday afternoon, May 14, 1847, Madame Hensel, the beloved sister Fanny, to whom, from earliest infancy, Felix, the child, the boy, the man, had committed every secret of his beautiful art-life; the kindred spirit, with whom he had shared every dream before his first attempt to translate it into sound; the faithful friend who had been more to him than any other member of the happy circle in the Leipziger Strasse [Berlin], of which, from first to last, she was the very life and soul—Fanny Hensel, the sister, the artist, the poet, while conducting a rehearsal of the music for the next bright Sunday gathering, was suddenly seized

with paralysis; suffered her hands to fall, powerless, from the piano at which she had so often presided; and, an hour before midnight, was called away to join the beloved parents whose death had been as sudden and painless as her own. She had hoped and prayed that she too might pass away as they had done. And her prayer was granted—to her exceeding gain; —but to the endless grief of the brother who had loved her as himself. On Sunday morning, in place of the piano, a coffin, covered with flowers, stood in the well-known hall of the Garden-House. And the life of which that Garden-House had so long been the cherished home became henceforth a memory of the past. Mendelssohn had been but two days in Frankfort [on his way home to Leipzig from England] when the sad news was, all too suddenly, communicated to him. With a terrible cry he fell fainting to the ground; and never again did his merry laugh gladden the hearts of the friends to whose pleasure it had so often contributed in the happy days when it was a joy even to see him smile.—ROCKSTRO.

THE SHOCK TO MENDELSSOHN OF HIS SISTER'S DEATH.

ON May 8, 1847, the great musician turned his steps [from England] towards Frankfort.* His last visit to London had quite overpowered him. He had tried his strength too much. At Frankfort he was once more surrounded by his happy family; but no sooner had he arrived than there came the terrible news of the sudden death of his sister Fanny. With a fearful cry, Mendelssohn fell to the ground, nor did he ever

* The early home of his wife.

quite recover from the dreadful shock this irretrievable loss caused him. His kind wife took him to Switzerland, and amid this pure air he seemed improved both in health and spirits. Yet he would not entirely give up work, for the sudden death of his father and mother, and now of his beloved Fanny, had possessed him with the presentiment that death was hanging over him. Alas! he did not see that year out.—CROWEST.

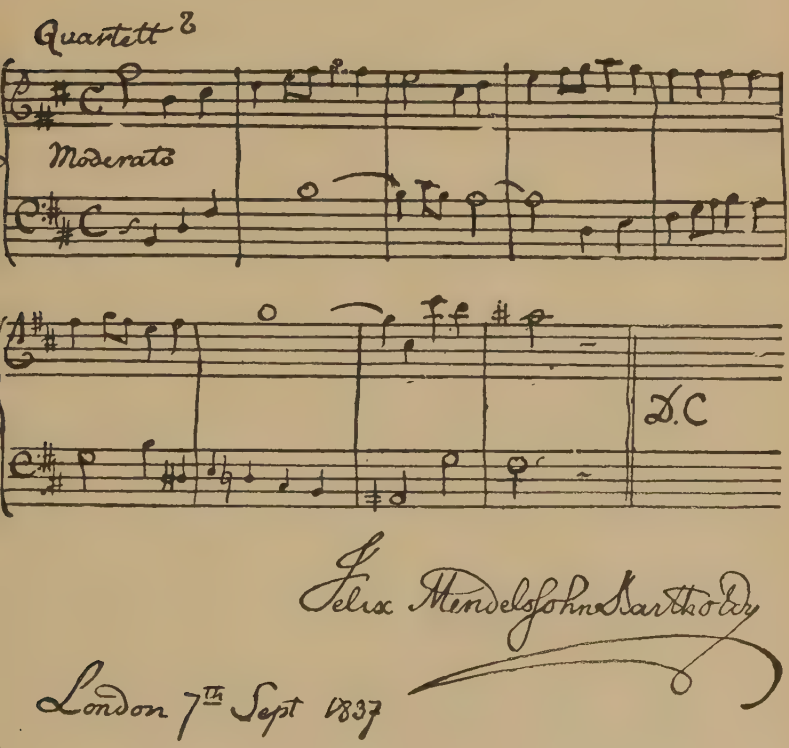
MENDELSSOHN'S LOVE OF CHILDREN.

MENDELSSOHN, so much like Mozart in many ways, was also clever with the pencil and the brush. We all know of his fondness for children, and the well-known "Song Without Words," the accompaniment of which is said to be due to his playful attempts to elude the little hands which were trying in fun to catch his wrist as he extemporised on the piano. Even at such a busy time as that when the "Elijah" was produced, and when one would imagine that all his thoughts would have been of himself and his work, we find him riding to Birmingham with his mind bent on the amusement of the Moscheles children. No sooner does Mendelssohn arrive in Birmingham, than he makes a pen-and-ink sketch of this ware-noted town, with its town-hall, its churches, its big chimneys, and tall steeples—all for the entertainment of the children.—F. J. CROWEST, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

HOW MENDELSSOHN COMPOSED.

How Mendelssohn composed I enjoyed only one opportunity of witnessing. I went one morning into his

room, where I found him writing music. I wanted to go away again directly, so as not to disturb him. He asked me to stop, however, remarking: "I am merely



Facsimile from MS. of Mendelssohn Preserved in British Museum.
(From the album of Eliza Wesley.)

copying out." I remained, in consequence, and we talked of all kinds of subjects, he continuing to write the whole time. But he was not copying, for there was no paper but that on which he was writing. The work whereon he was busy was the grand overture in C

major, which was performed at that period (1825-30) but not published. It was, too, a score for full band. He began with the uppermost stave, slowly drew a bar line, leaving a pretty good amount of room, and then extended the bar line right to the bottom of the page. He next filled in the second, then the third stave, etc., with pauses and partly with notes. On coming to the violins, it was evident why he had left so much space for the bar; there was a figure requiring considerable room. The longer melody at this passage was not in any way distinguished from the rest, but, like the other parts, had its bar given it, and waited at the bar line to be continued when the turn of its stave came round again. During all this, there was no looking forwards or backwards, no comparing, no humming over, or anything of the sort; the pen kept going steadily on, slowly and carefully, it is true, but without pausing, and we never ceased talking. The copying out, therefore, as he called it, meant that the whole composition, to the last note, had been so thought over, and worked out in his mind, that he beheld it there as though it had been actually lying before him. —J. SCHUBRING, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

MENDELSSOHN AS AN IMPROVISER ON THE ORGAN.

MENDELSSOHN [in his visits to England] used very frequently to play voluntaries after service in churches where there were good organs, and his favourite plan was to take one of the hymn tunes they had just had in service, or a piece of an anthem or chorus which had just been heard, and make a sort of extemporary fantasia or fugue upon it, in a manner which evidently

impressed his hearers greatly. He had a great reputation for such performances, and for playing Bach's fugues; and when people got wind of his being in church they always stopped for a long while after service to listen to him; sometimes to the annoyance of the vergers, who are recorded to have withdrawn the organ-blower on one occasion at St. Paul's in the middle of a fugue, in order to clear out the congregation. —PARRY.

MENDELSSOHN'S READINESS AS A MUSICIAN.

THE following little incident occurred while Mendelssohn was in Paris. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture was about to be performed before the Parisian public, and at the first rehearsal one or two of the band did not put in an appearance. The second oboe was absent, but what was much worse, the drummer, too, was missing. Without a moment's hesitation, Mendelssohn jumped up the orchestra steps, seized the drum-sticks and beat as perfect a roll as the most experienced army-drummer could have done.—F. J. CROWEST, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

MENDELSSOHN'S WONDERFUL MEMORY AS A MUSICIAN.

THE Abbé Bardin [of Paris], a great musical amateur, used to get together a number of musicians and amateurs at his house once a week in the afternoon, and a great deal of music was got through very seriously and thoroughly even without rehearsals. I had just played the Beethoven E flat concerto in public, and they asked for it again of me on one of these afternoons.

The parts were all there, and the string quartet, too, but no players for the wind. "I will do the wind," said Mendelssohn, and sitting down to a small piano, which stood near the grand one, he filled in the wind parts from memory so completely that I don't believe a note even of the second horn was wanting. And he did it all as simply and naturally as if it were nothing. —DR. FERDINAND HILLER, *in "Recollections of Mendelssohn."*

MENDELSSOHN'S WONDERFUL MEMORY AS A MUSICIAN. A FURTHER ILLUSTRATION.

MENDELSSOHN arrived [in England] in April [1829],* and took up his abode in London, where he found plenty of congenial musicians. The place was very much to his liking, and he expressed himself delighted with everything. The public were not less delighted with him. He made his first appearance at a Philharmonic concert in May, when his youthful symphony in C minor was performed with great success. He also made his appearance as a pianist, and played several great works, becoming more and more a favourite of the public at every step. A curious incident of his stay in London was that after a most successful performance of his "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture the score of the work was left by some one in a cab, and entirely disappeared; and the story goes that Mendelssohn wrote it all out again by heart, and it was found to be almost perfectly exact when compared with the band parts.—C. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

* Mendelssohn was then just twenty years old.

MENDELSSOHN'S MARVELLOUS RESOURCEFULNESS.

MENDELSSOHN'S reserve power was marvellous, and on some occasions underwent tests which surprised even those most intimate with the master. During the Birmingham Festival of 1846 there was a "miscellaneous selection," and after the concert had commenced it was discovered that the orchestral parts of a certain recitative were not to be found. The difficulty was serious. A search was made but all to no purpose. Suddenly Mendelssohn saw a way out of the maze. He snatched up some music-paper, ran off to an adjoining room, and there, whilst the band was fast getting through the earlier pieces of the programme, Mendelssohn composed a new recitative, wrote out the band parts and the conductor's score just in time for the piece to come in at the place set down in the programme. The band played it at sight so well that the public knew nothing of the threatened *cotretempts*.—F. J. CROWEST, *in "Musical Anecdotes."*

MENDELSSOHN'S REVERENCE FOR THE MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN.

WITH the spring of 1835 Mendelssohn was in Cologne arranging for the approaching festival there. Among the works he produced were Handel's oratorio, "Solomon," and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. (Sir) Jules Benedict was present at one of the rehearsals of this latter work when Mendelssohn conducted, and in his sketch of his friends life he relates: "The admirable allegretto in B flat of this symphony not going at first to his liking, he remarked, smilingly,

that he knew every one of the gentlemen engaged was capable of performing and even of composing a scherzo of his own; but that *just now* he wanted to hear Beethoven's, which he thought had some merits. It was cheerfully repeated. "Beautiful! charming!" cried Mendelssohn; "but still too loud in two or three instances. Let us take it again from the middle." "No, no," was the general reply of the band; "the whole piece over again for our own satisfaction;" and then they played it with the utmost delicacy and finish, Mendelssohn laying aside his baton and listening with evident delight to the now perfect execution. "What would I have given," he exclaimed, "if Beethoven could have heard his own composition so well understood and so magnificently performed!"—F. J. Crowest, *in "The Great Tone-Poets."*

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE "ELIJAH."

Passing over the year 1845, spent chiefly at Leipzig, we come to the production of Mendelssohn's great masterpiece, the "Elijah," first performed at the Birmingham Festival of 1846.

On the morning of August 26th, the noble town-hall of Birmingham was crammed by some thousands of anxious listeners eager to hear this latest work from the great master's pen. Exactly at the appointed time, Mendelssohn was seen approaching his seat, and instantly there burst forth from the assembled thousands a deafening shout of applause such as he had never before heard. The sublime work was gone through amid repeated bursts of enthusiasm from the delighted audience after each number, some of which Mendelssohn was compelled to repeat.

No sooner was the "Elijah" performed than the freshness and originality of its grand descriptive music, so religious in sentiment, laid hold of its audience, and ever since this oratorio has continued to increase in popularity, till now it is second only to the "Messiah" in this respect.—CROWEST.

THE OVERTURE TO "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

THE whole répertoire of music does not contain a more wonderful score than Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a composition which, indeed, may be called an inspiration. Its highly gifted composer was but in his eighteenth year when he completed it, and yet here is a perfect masterpiece, containing some of the most beautiful progressions and effects that the art has produced. It may be interesting to know that nearly the whole of this overture was composed in the open air—in the garden of the Mendelssohn's house in Berlin; and is not this perceptible in the music—music so ethereal, so suggestive of the sweet and delicate emotions which must have occurred to Mendelssohn as he sat in that garden enjoying the fragrant summer air that played around him? The first public performance of this work was probably that on Midsummer night, 1829, [in Mendelssohn's twentieth year] in the Argyle Rooms, Oxford Street, London.—CROWEST.

"FINGAL'S CAVE" AND THE "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

THE overture to "Fingal's Cave" is a sound aquarelle. Few music pictures so fulfil the promise of their title

and few of them so rise to the idea which they voice. Mendelssohn has not merely described what one hears in these singing, half-imprisoned waters, in the echoes under the vaulted roof and the kisses of the swell along the rocks; but with quickened senses we seem to *see* the irised space, the mother-of-pearl reflections, or the translucent submarine waters; and now and again, the humid freshness of the Cave of Fingal brushes across our brows.

After the music of the waters, there comes in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" the music of the air. An overture all lightness and vibration; a scherzo which dances along the tips of the bows with the hum of the violoncellos and the gliding of the flutes; a murmuring duet, in which the flutes, grave and slow now, are the points of light; a *nocturne,* slumbering upon the greensward of a Shakespearean park; and at the last, an *allegretto,* a little agitated in its movement, but so little that one knows not whether it betrays the trembling of a soul or of a rose. And all this in one delicious symphony—a symphony of the atmosphere, whose musical transparency and liquid sweetness is unrivalled and beyond compare.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE, *in "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians." Translated by Ellen Orr.*

THE "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

BUT such pictures as "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Fingal's Cave" are, in a way, but the external genius of the artist, and not the man himself. It is in the "Songs Without Words" and the "Symphonies" that we must seek the real Mendelssohn—the timbre and the tone-qualities of his soul's charm.

Poor old "Songs," forsaken to-day! Without words,

indeed, but not without thoughts, nor, above all, without dreams. They are grown old, the critics say, and out of date. Perhaps; and yet they bear the date of tender memories; for the "Songs" had ceased to be forbidden fruit to the little ones, and often, between the two classical pages of a Bache fugue and a Clementi *étude*, an indulgent master would slip one of these melodies. They bear poetic names, and the child who had deciphered the "Hirtenlied" or "The Cloud" believed in his ingenuousness that he had discovered the infinite depths of melancholy and of passion.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

WHY MENDELSSOHN WROTE THE "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

AT this period of mechanical dexterity (about 1833), musical claptraps, skips from one part of the piano to another, endless shakes and arpeggios were the order of the day. Everything was sacrificed to display. Passages were written for the sole purpose of puzzling and perplexing the musical *dilettanti,* causing amazement by the immense quantity of notes compressed into one page. Mendelssohn, who never would sacrifice to the prevailing taste, took, in this new species of composition, quite an independent flight; his aim was to restore the ill-treated, panting pianoforte to its dignity and rank; and in this view he gave to the world those exquisite little musical gems, the "Songs Without Words."—SIR JULES BENEDICT.

MENDELSSOHN'S POWER AS A MUSICIAN ESTIMATED.

IT has not been the lot of many men to win so much affection, or to give so much pleasure. Mendelssohn's

various gifts were in constant employment for the benefit of all people who were capable of enjoying music and good company; and he squeezed as much work into his short life as most men get into a life of twice the length. The spirit, in the end, wore out the body; indeed it seems wonderful that it stood the strain so long. But his nature would not allow him to live otherwise, and the enjoyment of all the things that came in his way was a necessary condition to enable him to produce the happy, genial style of music which is characteristic of him. The least that can be said of him is that, though he was most eminently capable of enjoying life and society, he never sacrificed his ideals of art to gain an extra moment for gay frivolity. He was too full of occupation to brood over the troubles of the world, or to think much of tragedies and stern workings of fate; but all moods must have their expression in art, and those which were natural to him to express he dealt with in the most delicate and artistic way, and the results have afforded healthy and refined pleasure to an immense number of people. —PARRY.

SCHUBERT

VI

SCHUBERT

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart occupy places indisputable in the highest rank of musical art. Mendelssohn, by virtue of the almost universal voice of the musical world, is also of that rank. And these great ones have their honour not merely because of their excellence in one department of music but because of their excellence in many departments. Their ability was of that "all-round" completeness which enabled them to be pre-eminent in every form of musical art, though, of course, even with them, and with each of them, genius had its own peculiar preferences. Their characters, also, and personal dispositions made it possible for them to make the most of their abilities. With Schubert all this is different. In him we have genius showing itself of surpassing power in certain departments of music, and in other departments being more or less deficient. We have, too, genius not only "cribbed, cabined and confined" by untoward circumstances, but also hampered and made ineffectual by causes operating wholly from within. Great and splendid as Schubert's musical achievement was, there

is no doubt it would have been far greater and more splendid had he had the good fortune to have possessed a more sturdy and determined character, a greater capacity for taking pains, greater tact, discretion, and resolution in dealing with those difficulties which more or less are the common lot of all men. While, therefore, Schubert is one of the most brilliant stars in the whole firmament of musical achievement, he is nevertheless not a star of the first magnitude.

FRANZ SCHUBERT was born in a suburb of Vienna, January 31, 1797. His father was a schoolmaster. Franz was the fourth of the five surviving children of a family of fourteen. By a second marriage there were five other children. The father was very poor, but he was a musician, and several of his children besides Franz were also musical. Franz's musical ability was extraordinary. There is every reason for believing that it was quite as exceptional as that of Mozart or Mendelssohn. When eleven years of age, because of his fine voice, he was made a chorister in the choir of the emperor. This gave him the privilege of being admitted to a school called the "Stadtconvict." His education at this "Stadtconvict" school was almost the only advantage, social or educational, that Schubert ever had. But at school he neglected everything for music; and in music he did only those things he could do without effort. This, however, was enough to astonish every one. "Whenever I wished to teach him anything I found he had already mastered it," had been the testimony of the choir-master under whom his father had placed him in his childish days. "He has learned everything—God has been his

teacher," was the similar testimony of the teachers of the Stadtconvict. He continued, however, to receive instruction from Salieri, the conductor of the imperial chapel. But his principal musical interest, even in those early days, lay in musical composition. In the five years that he was at the Stadtconvict (1808-13) he composed, besides songs, choruses, and a cantata, a symphony, several overtures, several quartets, and many other instrumental pieces. Nor was this work the effusion of mere juvenile precocity. Much of it has been enduring. No wonder, then, that an excellent musician, when examining some of these early compositions, could say: "If these works are written by a mere child, there's the stuff in him to make a master such as few have been." No wonder, too, that Salieri, remembering perhaps with bitter sorrow his unfortunate opposition to Mozart, felt inspired to say: "Franz, you are my pupil and will do me great honour."

SCHUBERT'S genius for music was surpassing. It was a gift rarely vouchsafed to the sons of men. It was not an all-round, complete, omnipotent ability like that which Beethoven and Mozart had. But in its range and scope it was as full and free as either of theirs, and, so far as we now may judge, much more involuntary and uncontrollable. It seemed to be a thing apart from his normal being. His mind and physical organisation were, so to speak, only the medium for its expression. The things that are told of Schubert's spontaneity and involuntariness in musical composition are almost incredible. His songs poured from him with all the unconsciousness of effort that a nightingale or lark or linnet may be supposed to feel.

He lived only till he was thirty-one, and yet he wrote more than six hundred songs that exist, besides many that are known to have been lost; besides, also, symphonies, quartets, sonatas, and other forms of instrumental music, and vocal music such as masses, operas, cantatas, etc., that make up a catalogue such as great masters who have had twice or thrice his years of production have scarcely exceeded. In his eighteenth year he wrote 138 songs, besides two symphonies and five operas; in his nineteenth year he wrote 120 songs, besides, again, two symphonies and much other instrumental music. In one day in his eighteenth year he wrote seven songs; in another day four.

In his lyric composition this spontaneity of effort seems to have been exercised without controlling judgment or attempt at choice and selection of any sort. Anything lyrical that came to hand, even if it were lyrical only in form, was quite sufficient to set his marvellous gift of song in flow. He made no distinction "between the magnificent songs of Goethe, Schiller and Mayrhofer" and "the feeble domesticities" of mere poetasters. In the words of his enthusiastic biographer (Sir George Grove) "All came alike to his omnivorous appetite." "In one year he wrote eight operas, for the reason that he had met with eight librettos. Had it been twelve librettos, the result would have been twelve operas." Schumann once said of him that "if he had lived much longer he would have set the whole of German literature to music." But fate was kind to Schubert in the matter that came to his hand. Goethe and Schiller had just contributed to literature some of the finest lyrics the world has known. And younger poets, such as Mayrhofer, were also writing songs that Germany at least will not let die. Some of Shakespeare's lyrics, too, had

recently been translated into German verse. When anything that had lyric power came under Schubert's notice the result was a musical effusion of matchless quality—as, for example, the air and accompaniment for Goethe's "Erl King."

One day when a child in the Stadtconvict school Schubert confessed to an older pupil that "he had composed a good deal" and that "he could not help it," and that "he would do it every day if he could get music-paper." This confession would apply to Schubert's work throughout life. He always "composed a good deal." "Do you write much?" he once was asked. "I compose every morning," was the reply; "and when one piece is done I begin another." He used to sleep with his spectacles on in order that he might be ready to compose the moment he awoke, either in bed or out of it. He had to catch his inspirations as they came to him or they would be gone forever. But once written they seemed no more to concern him—"they were often put away and forgotten." One day his friend Vogl, the singer, sang something for him. "Really, that's a very pretty song," said Schubert. "Who wrote it?" It was a song of his own, written only a few days before!

Once when in a "bier-garten" along with some friends a companion pulled out of his pocket a volume of poems. Schubert took it, "turned the leaves over in a lazy sort of way," and, "singling out some verses," said: "I have a pretty melody in my head for these lines if I could only get a piece of ruled paper." His companion hurriedly ruled some staves for him, and in a few minutes the "pretty melody" was an em-

bodied fact. It was thus the "Serenade" was born, "the most delicate dream of passion and tenderness that the heart of man ever conceived." "Hark, Hark, the Lark" and "Who Is Sylvia?" two songs whose words are Shakespeare's, "the manliest songs and healthiest in tone that Schubert ever wrote," the latter pronounced by connoisseurs "one of the most perfectly finished songs on record," are said to have come into being in a similar manner. They were written on the back of a tavern bill of fare only a few moments after "the composer had seen the words for the first time." A third Shakespearean song, "Come, Thou Monarch of the Vine," is thought to have been composed under the same circumstances on the same occasion. One of his finest songs is said to have been composed at a music publisher's counter while he was engaged in carrying on a laughing conversation with two or three chance companions. The chattering and the composition went on contemporaneously. It is also recorded of him that he frequently composed songs for his friend, Mayrhofer, faster than Mayrhofer could write them. The Countess Esterhazy once at breakfast asked him to set a poem of De la Motte Fouqué's to music. In the evening it was a finished quartet.

The composition of "The Erl King" deserves especial mention, for it was exceedingly characteristic. One day a friend called upon Schubert and found him reading Goethe's poem—reading it for the first time. In an instant the musician became all excitement. His eye flashed; his speech altered. The friend discreetly left him to himself. But in less than an hour he returned again. All was over. The melody had been conceived and put into musical form. Its inimitable accompaniment had been arranged and com-

pleted. Such was the birth of the song that is perhaps Schubert's masterpiece. When Madame Schroeder-Devrient sang it to Goethe, the aged poet took the songstress's head between his hands and, kissing her forehead, said: "A thousand thanks for that song. It makes the words a living picture." "The Erl King" was also a comfort to another aged writer. "Sing me that song once more," said Jean Paul, dying.

SURPASSING as Schubert's genius was, it had its limitations. In the first place, it was essentially a lyric genius. He wrote fourteen operas, yet none of them was a success, nor, we are told, can any of them ever be a success. His symphonies and other instrumental compositions are many of them works of great beauty —of a peculiar wild, weird, romantic beauty, best described as "Schubertian." But all this beauty is characteristic of the compositions when considered in parts. The constructive power, the power of welding constituent elements into well-compacted, artistic, perfect wholes—the power that Beethoven possessed so fully—Schubert did not possess at all. His perfect masterpieces are all small pieces that may be said to have no parts at all—like that "little gem," the "absolutely perfect" "Moment Musical" (in F minor).

Nor did Schubert possess Beethoven's, or even Mozart's, power of "taking pains." "You squander your fine thoughts instead of making the most of them," his friend Vogl used to say. When once he had an opportunity of examining Beethoven's manuscript of "Fidelio," and seeing how patiently that great artist elaborated his first conceptions into their final perfection, he pettishly exclaimed: "I can see no use in such

environment. Schubert's lot in life was not a happy one. When he left the Stadtconvict the only means of support open to him was to become an assistant teacher in his father's school. He disliked teaching, and, in fact, detested it, and in three years gave it up. The next two years of his life, his nineteenth and twentieth, he lived at his father's house, devoting himself wholly to musical composition, but of course earning nothing. Then he left home and thenceforward supported himself; but how, or by what means, it is almost impossible to conceive. His songs, that ought to have brought him in a princely revenue, brought him in almost nothing. He was practically utterly unknown and he had no knack of getting himself known. He made many warm friends—friends who loved him tenderly and who almost worshipped his genius. But few of these were better off in worldly gear than he himself was. Of the sort of friends that Beethoven made—and Mozart and Haydn—Schubert made scarcely any. For a time he was music-master to the family of Count Johann Esterhazy, and had he desired to do so he might probably have held a position with the Esterhazy family for a lifetime. But he fell in love with the count's youngest daughter, Caroline Esterhazy, and his post became impossible to him. It was a hopeless love, an unrequited love. It was also the poor musician's only love. "Why do you not dedicate a song to me?" the young girl once asked. "What would be the use?" he replied; "all that I do is yours now."

"Picture to yourself," he once wrote, "a man whose most brilliant hopes have come to nothing, to whom the happiness of proffered love and friendship is but anguish, and then ask yourself if such a condition does not represent a miserable and unhappy man." His

only solace was his music, but his music became, unconscious to himself, the expression of his condition. "If I would sing of love my song turns to sorrow. If I would sing of sorrow, my song turns to love. Thus I am divided—divided between love and sorrow." In one sense, however, he had his compensation. "My music springs from pain," he once wrote, "and that which is the product of the deepest pain is that which pleases the world most." This mood, however, did not last. In time, he became buoyant and light-hearted again. But he never could become skilful in managing his own affairs. He had not the slightest business instinct. He bargained away the rights of his music for mere trifles. His friends sought positions at court for him, and positions elsewhere. But fate and his own want of ambition were against him, and other than his post with Count Esterhazy he never held any position that brought him any remuneration.

Poverty, therefore, was Schubert's portion all through life. There is no doubt, too, but that poverty—absolute poverty—hastened, if it did not entirely bring about, his untimely end. When he died—November 19, 1828—it was found that his total possessions, including his clothes and his books, were of the value only of sixty-three florins, or about ten dollars!

Poor as Schubert was, his end was not inglorious, even as this world counts glory. In the delirium of fever that preceded his death, he had uttered words that seemed to express a wish that he might be buried alongside Beethoven. Schubert's reverence for the great masters of song was deep and fervent. Mozart

he spoke of as "Immortal Mozart." But for Beethoven his reverence amounted almost to worship. "Who can do anything after Beethoven?" he had said even when a boy. Beethoven, too, in his last hours, had said of him, "Surely Schubert also has a spark of the divine fire!" The dying wish, therefore, was piously regarded, and beside the body of Beethoven the body of Schubert, by loving friends, was reverently laid. The world has ratified the judgment of those loving ones. Even Mendelssohn, as well as Schumann, could say that Schubert's symphony in C, was, after Beethoven's, the finest orchestral composition ever written.

SCHUBERT

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES

SELECTED

SCHUBERT'S POSITION AND CAREER IN MUSIC UNIQUE.

There are circumstances in the personal career of Franz Schubert, and in the history of his principal works, which render his position among his fellow-workers in music, and indeed in art generally, peculiar, if not unique. He lived not for himself, nor for those of his own time. This may be said of many men of genius who, misjudged and misunderstood by their own generation, have afterwards come to be accounted among the world's great ones. But Schubert suffered less from opposition, prejudice, and envy, than from simple lack of recognition. If we consider his life in the abstract, it is that of an obscure individual who gained a scanty livelihood, first as a school-teacher and afterwards as a musician, who occupied his spare time with compositions of all kinds, which publishers looked upon with indifference, grudgingly accepting a few towards the close of their author's life. There is nothing here distinguishable from the experience of numberless humble workers in the art of music, who pursue their useful but insignificant course, and vanish from sight and memory at one and the same time.

Not for Schubert the varied experience among noble and princely patrons of music, which Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven enjoyed and suffered. Not for him the sunny existence of Mendelssohn, or the immediate popularity of Weber. Life for him was commonplace, dreary, and even sordid; and yet if we dwell but for an instant on the romantic and poetical in music, the name of Schubert is the first which rises to our lips. The mighty power of genius, defiant of circumstance and surrounding, was surely never better illustrated than in the master whose place and mission in the world are to form the subject of this volume. —H. F. Frost, *in "Schubert," in "The Great Musicians" Series.* (*The selection is the opening paragraph.*)

SCHUBERT AND SONG. A TRIBUTE.

Schubert and song! These must ever be associated, and who, indeed, would wish to sever the tie. Song was the life-long object of this great tone-poet; for it he strove, and above all, he accomplished. Many may know him by other music, but the world at large knows him only by those inspiring melodies which enkindle all the emotions appertaining to human nature—love and hatred, joy and sorrow, hope and despair, consolation, resignation, and the like. Those six hundred songs form a unique and precious bequest to music, and complete the last, and not least, of the stately and strong columns on which the vast edifice of modern musical art rests—the symphonies and sonatas of Beethoven, the operas of Mozart, the oratorios of Handel, the chamber-music of Haydn, and the songs of Schubert.—Frederick Crowest, *in "The Great Tone-Poets."*

SCHUBERT'S PERSONALITY AND HABITS AS A COMPOSER.

In 1817, Schubert was twenty years old, and not very prepossessing in appearance. He was short, and stooped a little, and had short curly hair and a puffy face, bushy eyebrows and a stumpy nose; was pale but not delicate. At this time he bade adieu to his father's roof, and took up his abode in the house of his friend Schober. His daily work was usually begun in the forenoon, and continued without intermission till dinner-time. When writing, his whole being is said to have been absorbed in music; his compositions had such an effect on him, that eye-witnesses affirm they could frequently observe, in his flashing eye and altered speech, that he was labouring under intense excitement. The rest of the day was almost invariably devoted to social pleasures, and in summer to country excursions with his friends.—Crowest.

SCHUBERT'S SOCIAL HABITS.

When visiting at the houses of the great, Schubert was reserved and shy. No sooner had he finished his exquisite playing of the accompaniment to his songs than he put on a serious face, and withdrew to an adjoining room. Indifferent to applause, he avoided all compliments, and sought only the approbation of his intimate friends. Though he never danced, he was sometimes present at private parties given at friends' houses, when he would obligingly seat himself at the piano, and, for hours together, extemporize the most beautiful dance music. When not invited out he would spend the evening at the inn with his friends.

He was fond of wine, and at these meetings at the inn, which were often prolonged into the small hours, he frequently indulged in more than was good for him, when he became noisy and rather unpleasant society. —CROWEST.

SCHUBERT'S PERSONALITY, HABITS, ETC. A FURTHER ACCOUNT.

THE subtle influence which Schubert exercised over those with whom he was brought into close contact, was not to be accounted for by any graces of person or manner. Kreissle says that he was under the average height, round-backed and shouldered, with plump arms and hands, and short fingers. He had a round and puffy face, low forehead, thick lips, bushy eyebrows, and a short, turned-up nose, giving him something of a negro aspect. This description does not coincide with our ideas of one in whom either intellectual or imaginative qualities were strongly developed. Only in animated conversation did his eye light up and show by its fire and brilliancy the splendour of the mind within. Add to this that in society Schubert's manner was awkward, the result of an unconquerable diffidence and bashfulness, when in the presence of strangers. He was even less fitted than Beethoven to shine in the salons of the Viennese aristocracy, for his capacity as an executive musician was more limited. But he was far more companionable among his intimate acquaintances, and perhaps his greatest, and certainly his most frequent pleasure, was to discuss music over a friendly glass in some cosy tavern. It would be entirely unjust to say that he was a drunkard, but he was not over-cautious in his potations, and frequently took

more than was prudent or consistent with a regard for health. This weakness was purely the result of his fondness for genial society, for he was not a solitary drinker, and invariably devoted the early portion of the day to work. The enormous mass of his compositions sufficiently proves his capacity for hard and unremitting labour, and no diminution of energy was observable to the very last. It is not easy for us at this distance of time, and with our colder northern temperament, to comprehend the romantic feelings of attachment subsisting between Schubert and some of his friends—feelings which, however, are by no means rare among the impulsive youth of South Germany—but his naïve simplicity, cheerful and eminently sociable disposition, insensibility to envy, and incorruptible modesty, were qualities calculated to transform the respect due to his genius into a strong personal liking. Schubert was in truth a child of nature, one whom to know was to love; for his faults might be summed up in a general incapacity to understand his own interests, and it might be said of him as truly as of any one that he was no man's enemy save his own; thus reversing Shakespeare's words—the good which he did lives after him; the evil was interred with his bones.—FROST.

SCHUBERT'S HABITS OF LIFE, ETC.
A THIRD ACCOUNT.

IT must have been near that time [end of 1818] that Schubert went to live with the poet Mayrhofer. The friends were extremely intimate, and called one another by queer nicknames, and were very fond of rough joking and banter, which showed that their animal spirits were very much alive in those days.

Schubert was constantly busy producing music and had his mind so entirely centred upon that occupation, that he is said to have slept in his spectacles, to be ready to begin writing directly he awoke. He used commonly to work till dinner-time, after which he liked to go for a walk in the country; and the evening was often divided between some friend's house, a theatre, and finally a *Gasthaus* [inn], where the friends sat smoking and drinking beer or wine, and making merry after the manner of Viennese till the small hours of the morning. From this it would appear that Schubert's only regular working time was the morning, into which he could squeeze some five or six hours. But that did not preclude his working at other times when the mood came upon him. He wrote his songs any where and at any time when the thoughts came to him, or a poem moved him; and even works on a considerable scale were sometimes written at the spur of the moment, in out-of-the-way places. It sounds rather an easy, happy-go-lucky kind of life; but when he did work he must have worked thoroughly and rapidly, and got the best out of himself.—C. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

SCHUBERT AND THE PRINCESS CAROLINE ESTERHAZY.

SCHUBERT had only lived with Schober a twelvemonth or so, when he met with Count Esterhazy, a Hungarian nobleman, who offered him the post of music-master in his family. Schubert did not care for teaching, in fact, had an aversion to it; but the two gulden a lesson, the wintering in town, and the stay at the es-

tate at the foot of the Styrian Hills during the summer, induced him to waive his objections, to accept the count's offer, and to accompany him to Zelésy. The family were all musical, and, under Schubert's direction, sedulously set to practising the works of Haydn, Mozart, and some pieces of his own. Soon after entering into the family he felt a growing passion for Caroline Esterhazy, the count's youngest daughter. The pretty features, the sweet voice, and the careful piano accompaniments of the girl of eleven charmed the young genius. The flame increased, and he loved her ardently. She did not return his love, and could do no more than appreciate his genius. Yet she would coquet with him, and once reproached Schubert for never having dedicated any piece of music to her. "What's the use," replied the poor fellow, "when you have already got all?" To the last day of his life he entertained the same feelings towards his little love, but they were always hopeless and unrequited.—CROWEST.

SCHUBERT AND THE PRINCESS CAROLINE ESTERHAZY. A SECOND ACCOUNT.

DR. WEGELER, in speaking of Beethoven's numerous attachments, says in every man's life there is one complete love episode. Schubert is an exception to this rule. There was an episode in his life which he unquestionably thought was complete from an amatory point of view; though, to the practical, unromantic reader, it must have a serio-comic, if not even a grotesque aspect. In 1818, then a young man of twenty-one, Schubert was recommended as a music-teacher to Count John Esterhazy. The latter, who was a princely

patron of music, recognising at once his abilities, proposed that he should enter his family, spending the winters with him in Vienna, and the summers at his country estates. It was an offer which Schubert gladly accepted. The count had two daughters—Caroline, then eleven years of age; and Marie, two years older. Both had excellent voices, the one soprano and the other alto, and became his pupils. He soon was a favourite in the family, and was treated as an intimate. The atmosphere was a very musical one; but it speedily grew romantic also on Schubert's part, though no one else shared in his affairs of the heart. He first devoted himself to a flirtation with one of the servants, a *femme de chambre* to the Princess Caroline; to which at least we are indebted for the exquisite "Divertissement à la Hongroise," the themes of which are the Hungarian melodies he heard her humming as she went about her work. Finding that there was no response from the maid, he at once transferred his affections to the child Caroline; and notwithstanding the ridiculous disparity of age, the hopeless disparity in rank, and the general absurdity of the relation, his admiration of her developed into an earnest, fervent passion, which continued even to his death. The child was not too young to appreciate his genius, to admire his music, or to be sincerely attached to him as a friend; but she was too young, not only to reciprocate his passion, but even to conceive of it or understand it. She went on with her music enthusiastically, and was quite as enthusiastic in her admiration of the genius of poor Schubert; thus continually adding to the flame she had kindled in his heart without being aware of it. She always remained a good friend to him, and one of the most devoted admirers of his songs, as well as her sister Marie, who did all she could to assuage his pangs of heart when

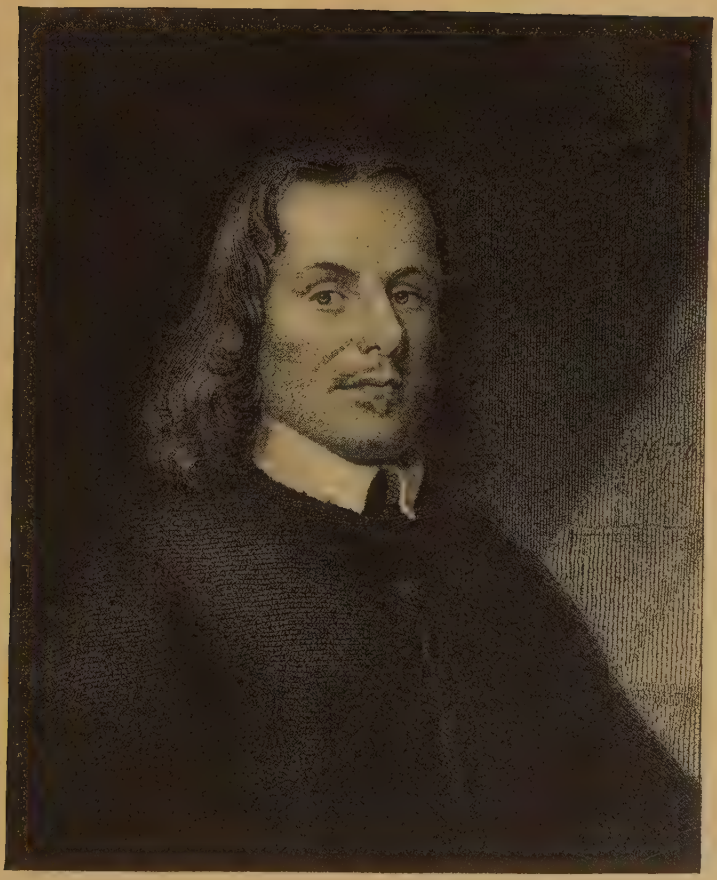
he found his passion was hopeless. She was not married until many years after his death. Leaving the affair of the heart, however, there is no question that the young princess, as well as the whole family, exercised a powerful influence upon Schubert's musical work.—GEORGE P. UPTON, *in "Franz Schubert," in "Woman in Music."*

SCHUBERT'S MUSIC CONTRASTED WITH HIS LIFE.

THOUGH Schubert never knew the happiness of love, he has sung of it with the purest ideal feeling. Though his life was clouded with sadness, he has given to the world immortal pictures in tones of the tenderest, lovliest, and truest aspirations of the heart. Though he died wretchedly poor in this world's goods, he bequeathed to the world a rich legacy—the outpouring of a beautiful soul's musical wealth. The wastes of sorrow which stretch across his life were made beautiful with exquisite flowers of song, whose perfume will never be lost, and whose beauty will never fade.—UPTON.

SCHUBERT'S UNFORTUNATE WANT OF TACT.

ON his return [from a ramble with his friend Vogl amid the mountains and blue lakes of Upper Austria] Schubert applied for the place of vice-kapellmeister at the Imperial Chapel [Viénna], but here was another failure. They had never heard a mass of Schubert's, consequently he was not chosen, and one Weigl secured the post. Soon afterwards [in 1826, when



are pray you in the bowels of Christ

Jo: Bunyan 1682

Schubert was twenty-nine years old] came another opportunity of obtaining a settled appointment, but this he allowed to slip by. The conductorship at the Kärnthnertor Theatre was vacant, and Schubert's election to it depended upon his setting to music an operatic *scena* or two. He accomplished his task, which, by the way, contained an air which the chief soprano found it impossible to render. She and all concerned entreated Schubert to simplify it, which he refused to do. The general rehearsal came, and all went well up to this air, which the prima donna could not sing. Here Duport, the manager, stepped up to Schubert, and politely asked him to make the necessary alterations for Fräulein Schechner. This was enough for Schubert. After calling out at the top of his voice, "I alter nothing," he shut up his score with a bang, put it under his arm, and walked out of the place as fast as he could!—CROWEST.

HOW SCHUBERT WAS REMUNERATED FOR HIS SONGS.

IN the whole course of Schubert's life the publishers could never be induced to give him more than the most absurdly trifling sums, even for his most attractive songs. About the highest price he ever received is said to have been £3 ($15), and for some of his best, quite late in his life, he got 10d. [20 cents] apiece.—PARRY.

SCHUBERT'S "ERL KING."

THIS song ["The Erl King"] was the first of Schubert's compositions that appeared in print, and this

happened in the year of his death, thirteen years after the ballad was composed. The publishers for years refused to have it even at a gift, and probably would never have given the small trifle they did for it, had they not witnessed the demand for the copies Dr. Sonnleithner engraved at his own risk, and which were published on commission in 1821. They made thousands of pounds out of it, and published it in every conceivable form, even down to the "Erl King Waltzes."—CROWEST.

SCHUBERT'S "ERL KING." A SECOND ACCOUNT.

IT was as early as 1815 that Schubert produced one of his most famous and most powerful songs. The subject is a weird ballad by Goethe called "The Erl King;" in which a father is represented carrying his child on horseback through a wild night in winter. The terrified child fancies it sees the Erl King, and that he is calling it to come to him. The father tries to pacify the child, and assures it that there is nothing but waifs of cloud, and howling of wind. The fancied voice of the Erl King mockingly calling the child to come to him is heard, and the excitement waxes wilder as the child's terrors increase, and the despairing father urges on his horse and folds the child closer to his breast. In vain. For when he arrives at his own door the child is dead. It was a splendid opportunity, and splendidly did Schubert master it, and give it an impressiveness and a power which no reading of the poem by itself could approach. He gives the impression of the wild elements, and of the headlong career through the night; the terror of the child, the anxiety of the father, and the mocking summons of the Erl King; and combines it all in sounds which rush with

excitement ever increasing from moment to moment till with their arrival at the door of their home, the music, like their headlong career, stops suddenly, and in a stillness of despair the father's horror at finding his child dead in his arms is simply told in six quiet words which supply exactly the dramatic effect that is wanted. This was one of Schubert's earliest songs, and it contains all the marks of the artistic song in complete maturity. Such an effect of course cannot be obtained by the voice alone on the old methods, but the most elaborate resources of instrumental music have to be employed to express the terrors of the situation, while the voice at times does little more than declaim the words. But Schubert never meant to degrade the voice to a secondary position, or to let the song be a pianoforte piece with a voice to explain what it was about. His instincts brought him to make use of all the opportunities at his disposal to convey the poet's meaning in musical terms.—C. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

SCHUBERT AND BEETHOVEN.

FOR wellnigh thirty years Schubert and Beethoven had lived in the same town, had breathed the same atmosphere, but had never met. All the world knew of Beethoven, and those who understood him and his music, worshipped him—though at a distance, for the great genius was difficult of access. Among these was Schubert, who from his earliest years possessed the deepest reverence for the master. What were his words when, but a mere boy, an admiring friend was praising him for his cleverness? "Who can do anything after Beethoven?" he replied. Beethoven, however, seems never to have heard of Schubert, or his

wonderful "Lieder" and other works. This year [1822] changed all this. The two men met. Here is the account which Schindler, Beethoven's biographer, gives of their meeting: "In the year 1822, Franz Schubert set out to present in person the master he honoured so highly with his variations on a French song (op. 10). These variations he had previously dedicated to Beethoven. In spite of Diabelli accompanying him, and acting as spokesman and interpreter of Schubert's feelings, Schubert played a part in the interview which was anything but pleasant to him. His courage, which he managed to husband up to the very threshold of the house, forsook him entirely at the first glimpse he caught of the majestic artist; and when Beethoven expressed a wish that Schubert should write the answers to his questions, he felt as if his hands were tied and fettered. Beethoven ran through the presentation copy and stumbled on some inaccuracy in harmony. He then, in the kindest manner, drew the young man's attention to the fault, adding that the fault was no deadly sin. Meantime the result of this remark, intended to be kind, was to utterly disconcert the nervous visitor. It was not until he got outside the house that Schubert recovered his equanimity." Never, till Beethoven lay dying, did Schubert go to see him again, for he had not the courage to do so.—CROWEST.

SCHUBERT AND BEETHOVEN. FURTHER REMINISCENCES.

THIS interview [described in previous selection] most favourably impressed Beethoven with Schubert's worth, and in the last days of his life the dying musician commenced to study Schubert's works. On his death-bed lay numbers of his songs, some only in manu-

script. "For several days," says Schindler, "he could not tear himself away from perusing them, and he poured for hours daily over the 'Iphigénie,' 'Grenzen der Menschheit,' 'Allmacht,' 'Junge Nonne,' 'Viola,' the 'Müllerlieder,' and several others. He exclaimed repeatedly, in a voice of rapturous delight, 'Certainly a godlike spark dwells in Schubert! Had I had this poem, I, too, would have set it to music!' He could not say enough in praise of most of the other poems, and Schubert's original way of handling the subject." A few days after this, Beethoven lay dying. Around his bedside were many kind friends, among them Schubert, to whom the dying man addressed a few unintelligible words. Schubert turned his face, and burst into a flood of tears. A little later, he and others bore the remains of the kingly musician to the grave. On their return home, after the German fashion, they drank to the memory of the recently departed one. It was then proposed to drink to him who should first follow Beethoven. Hastily filling up his cup, Schubert drank to himself. This was in 1827. In the following year Schubert was laid by the side of Beethoven.—CROWEST.

SCHUBERT'S SAD FATE.

IT may be said of Schubert, more truly than of any other composer, that his history had only commenced when he ceased to exist.—FROST.

WHAT SCHUBERT ACCOMPLISHED IN HIS SHORT LIFETIME.

SEVERAL great musicians have been cut off even before what might be fairly considered the prime of their life

and vigour, but of all the greatest ones Schubert's time was shortest; yet in those few thirty-one years of life he produced such an enormous quantity of music that the amount would have been noticeable even if his life had been rather longer than most men's. He wrote over five hundred songs; at least seven entire symphonies, and two incomplete ones, of which latter, one is among his most beautiful and popular works; over twenty sonatas; numbers of string quartets; six masses, and other large and fine examples of church music; several operas, part songs, cantatas, overtures, and so forth. His rapidity of thought and of writing must have been marvellous. As fast as he finished one thing he generally began another, and often wrote several songs in a single day; and those not songs of the cheap ephemeral description, familiar in modern times, but works of art, with real thought and point and good workmanship in them.—PARRY.

SCHUBERT'S SONG MUSIC AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC COMPARED.

SCHUBERT has left behind him works in every style—symphonies, operas, church music, piano music, and songs. In song he is prodigious, and stands apart from every other composer, but in the other branches he has his superiors. The "Seventh" is the only one of the symphonies that at all approaches the finest known examples in this form, and before these, Schubert's last and best pales. In opera Schubert is nowhere; he lacked the vital faculty of knowing when to stop, and this would ever have shut out from him the opportunity of obtaining such salient points in opera as a "crisis" and "situation." The piano music

Schubert has left certainly entitles him to an exalted place, for it a most valuable contribution to the répertoire for this instrument; but despite such masterly works as the fantasias in C and G, the two sonatas in A minor, the bold and vigourous one in D major, no one could ever think of comparing Schubert's piano music with that which the monarch Beethoven has left behind him. It is too thin. Where Schubert stands out in bold relief is in his songs, and to these we love to turn, and in fancy soar with him whithersoever his passionate and soul-stirring melodies lead us.—CROWEST.

"IT IS FOR HIS SONGS THAT SCHUBERT WILL BE CHIEFLY REMEMBERED."

THOUGH Schubert's symphonies and masses and operas and sonatas and pianoforte pieces have a place in history, they all must yield in importance to his songs, and it is as the first great representative song-writer that he must be chiefly remembered. With him begins that wonderful flow of songs which are as characteristic of Germany as the symphony and the sonata; for no other nation has been able to produce a natural kind of art-song like that of the German people, any more than they have been able to produce symphonies like those of Germany.—PARRY.

SCHUBERT, THE MONARCH OF THE LIED.

ALTHOUGH, happily, it is no longer the custom to consider Schubert exclusively or principally as a song-writer, yet the extent and value of his larger works are still very imperfectly recognised, and much splendid

music has still to be brought to light. But when all has been said, it is as the monarch of the Lied that Schubert's greatness and individuality shine forth most distinctly. This is not the place to enter upon a lengthy disquisition on the characteristics of the German Lied, interesting as such inquiry might be. In its stores of national, or more properly speaking, folk, music, Germany is richer than any other nation; but various causes had combined to produce a period of depression, and in South Germany the influence of Italian opera had for a while crushed the Lied as a form of art. The genius of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven struggled not altogether effectually against this anti-national feeling; but a reaction had already commenced, and Schubert flourished precisely at the right moment to take advantage of the treasures of modern German poetry, created by Goethe, Heine, and others in whom the true Teutonic fire burst forth with more or less splendour. It has been said by one who wrote enthusiastically of Schubert,* that he would gradually have set the whole of German literature to music had he lived long enough. He had but to read a poem once or twice, and its most appropriate expression by means of music came to him readily and without further mental effort.—FROST.

SCHUBERT'S SUPREME DEVOTION TO HIS ART.

SCHUBERT is another example, like Beethoven, of that supreme devotion to art which makes all convenience and comfort of daily life of secondary importance. His, too, was that singular and untarnished honour of persistently writing what he felt to be best and most beautiful, without ever thinking of what he

* Schumann.

might get by accommodating his music to his hearers. Popular sophisms could have no hold upon him, because there was no weak place in the armour of his belief. He believed in what was good and not in what was convenient, and it was quite impossible for him to act against his feeling. If other nations could show a few such men among their composers they might rise in time to equal musical honour with the great Germans.—PARRY.

SCHUMANN

VII

SCHUMANN

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M. A.

Liszt said of Schubert that he was "the most poetical of musicians." The same dictum has been pronounced upon Robert Schumann. Indeed, it has been said of Schumann that he was wholly a poet and not a musician at all. This, however, is fanciful. Schubert was a poet in the sense that his music seemed always to be the product of inspiration. Schumann was a poet in that sense also, but he worked more consciously and put more art into his work than Schubert. But he was a poet also in the sense that music was with him always the expression of feeling, of emotion, of the various states and conditions of his mind and heart.

Schumann's music, however, was not wholly subjective. He delighted in musical characterisation—in what may be called "musical protraiture." As a child he used when playing upon the piano to amuse his companions "by giving musical expression to their various peculiarities." Later on the same sort of thing became a conscious feature in his composition for the pianoforte. "The truth of his spiritual portraiture" on that instrument, it has been said, "has never been

surpassed." Still later, especially in his orchestral work, this "spiritual portraiture" gave place to the expression of the impressions he received from objects —a cathedral; the service going on within it; the crowds attending it, etc., etc.—as in the Rhenish Symphony (op. 97).

But in everything Schumann was a poet. Mere imitation or description was beneath him. The impression he received from the external object or personality which suggested his music was never simply reflected. It always passed through the medium of his own subjectivity. It was illuminated by his imagination, coloured by his moods, made warm and living by his power of sympathy. With great truth Schumann has been called the most sympathetic of musicians. Once that we are in his mood, and in clear apprehension of his intention, it is comparatively easy to understand him. His sympathetic treatment of his theme makes it so. But it is not always easy to understand him. He has been called "the most difficult of all composers to understand." In England, when his music was first introduced there, and for several years afterwards, it was regarded by most critics of the day as little better than so much rubbish. The smaller pieces were "foolish and trifling," the larger ones "grim and gloomy." This, of course, was mere Philistinism. But Schumann's work never has appealed to the popular heart. Nor has it been acceptable to the musically learned except after some educational preparation. There is reason for this. Schumann's work is never immediately intelligible. He repays, however, all necessary study. Even Liszt has said: "The more closely we examine Schumann's ideas, the more power and life do we discover in them;

and the more we study them, the more are we amazed at the wealth and fertility that had before escaped us."

ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN was born in Zwickau, Saxony, June 8, 1810. He was not a poor man's son, and his father sympathised with his early musical propensity and put him in the way of musical instruction. But the father died when he was fifteen years of age, and his mother being quite opposed to his following music, he in due course began the study of law and spent some time both at Leipzig and Heidelberg in the pursuit of his profession. But his heart was always in music. He wished to become a pianist. Once, playing over Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz" to one of his professors, and interpreting it in his bright, incisive way as he went along—"Now she speaks—that's the girl-lover for you—now he speaks—that's the man's earnest voice—now both lovers speak together"—he could not help ejaculating: "Isn't that far finer than all the law in the world?" At last he won his mother's consent. The law was abandoned. He was then in his twentieth year.

Then began a course of most assiduous pianoforte practice. Even on his holiday excursions he took a dumb key-board with him and exercised his fingers upon it as he rode in his carriage. But his hopes were soon shattered. Unfortunately, he invented some sort of appliance that he thought would strengthen a weak finger. When he removed the "machine" he found his right hand permanently lamed. All thought of becoming a pianoforte virtuoso had to be given up forever! But that which seemed to be a disaster proved

to be a blessing. He set his mind and heart upon music in its higher spheres. He no longer aimed to be a virtuoso but a composer.

He went to work about it the right way. He began a course of very thorough study and self-discipline. But his mind was too fertile in ideas, his enthusiasm in his art too intense, to be restrained by conventional canons of construction or standards of taste. He struck out new paths for himself. We have, therefore, in the earlier compositions of Schumann, decided originality, both in matter and in form. But enthusiasm cannot make up for lack of preparatory study. Thus the earlier work of Schumann is frequently characterised by crudities and imperfections which his later work never shows.

In 1836, in Schumann's twenty-sixth year, an event occurred that changed the current of his life. He fell in love with Clara Wieck. Clara Wieck was the daughter of Frederick Wieck, one of the most eminent pianoforte-players of his time. She was nine years younger than her lover, but already she was one of the most brilliant pianists in Europe. Besides, she had a heart and a soul for music that thoroughly aroused Schumann's whole romantic being. "Think of perfection—I will agree to it," he said in writing of her. For four years he sought to win her father's consent that she should be his bride. Even at last he got the consent only by force of law. But these four years were the four years of Schumann's best work in pianoforte composition. "My very troubles," he wrote, "are the impulse of my work." To love, therefore, pure impassioned love, love returned, though apparently baffled and restrained, we owe such conceptions as

From a Water-Color Made in Vienna.

Schumann in His Youth

we find in the "Études Symphoniques," the "Carnival," the "Fantasiestücke" ("mystic love poems" these have been called), the Sonata in F sharp minor, and the well-known "Novelletten."

Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck were married September 12, 1840. This marriage proved to Schumann to be heaven's richest blessing. In the language of his biographer (Jansen), it "filled his whole life with the sunshine of love." It was generally thought, however, that in marrying an unknown composer Clara Wieck had missed her chances. The great romanticist's genius was then, and for years afterwards, not even dreamed of. "Is your husband also musical?" once asked a German count of her. When she came to England on a concert tour she was spoken of as "the gifted lady" who was trying "to make her husband's curious rhapsodies pass for music."

The world owes a great debt to Clara Schumann. It was she—for years almost she alone—who understood her husband's music and was able to interpret it to the public. Even Sterndale Bennett, friend of Schumann's as he was, and great expositor of Schumann's music as he afterwards came to be, was once unable to recognise a work (the "Études Symphoniques") that the composer had formally dedicated to him!

The first year of Schumann's married life was, in respect of his art, the most important of all his years. He was unspeakably happy and his happiness poured itself out in song. His whole strength, indeed, was

spent in writing songs. He composed 138 of them—"the most beautiful songs ever written," say some; but this, perhaps, is hero-worship. Schumann's songs, however, have one merit. They are—at least many of them—the perfect realisation in tones of the thought of the poet that wrote them. For, unlike Schubert, Schumann always chose the words of a true poet when he wished to give expression to a lyric melody. Heine was the poet whose verse Schumann most employed. His mind and Heine's seemed perfect counterparts. It has been said, perhaps with truth, that Schumann's claim to immortality will eventually rest upon the songs he composed to Heine's words. But in thinking of Schumann's claim to greatness for his song-writing it must not be forgotten that it was to Schubert he owed the form of lyric exposition that he mainly used. That style of lyric so intimately associated with the names of both Schubert and Schumann, the "thorough-composed," as it is called, was, of course, the invention of Schubert alone.

SCHUMANN'S wedded life was crowned with other happy, fruitful years besides the song year. The year 1841 was a year of symphonies. Three symphonies were composed that year; two more in other years. The year 1843 was a year of chamber-music. Then followed several years of diversified labour—composition in varied kind, teaching, conducting, musical criticism. By his writing he became the most influential music critic in Europe. He expounded the art of the great masters of the past; he upheld the art of unknown young men and established them in the ranks of living masters. He had made many friends. He had scarcely an enemy. But in all personal inter-

course with mankind he was seen to be silent, reserved, diffident. In reality the shadow of disease was upon him. What was worse, it was his mind that was diseased. For a time he had lived at Leipzig, where he was a teacher in the conservatory. In 1844 his ill-health made him remove to Dresden. In 1850 he received an appointment as musical director at Düsseldorf. But his disease increased apace. He heard the note A continually humming. All music seemed to be taken too fast. He imagined that he was being communed with by the spirits of departed musicians. Conducting became impossible. He had to give up his post. Once he attempted to drown himself in the Rhine, but he was rescued by some boatmen. He was then (February, 1854) confined in an asylum near Bonn. In this asylum, in the arms of his faithful and loving wife (July 29, 1856) he died.

As to Schumann's orchestral work there has been much diversity of opinion. For a long time it was exceedingly unpopular, or rather, almost wholly unknown. Even when it came to be known it was for years not much understood. Schumann's work is charged with meaning, but the meaning is rarely self-apparent. When once asked to explain the various movements of his B flat symphony, he said, "One must not expose one's heart." He preferred to remain misunderstood, rather than be under the necessity of interpreting his work. And, sad to say, Schumann has been much misunderstood. Even his quintet in E flat for pianoforte and strings (op. 44), in the words of his admirers the "most perfect of his compositions," "the greatest of his chamber works," and his scarcely less remark

able pianoforte quartet in E flat (op. 47) when first heard in England were pronounced to be "streaked with ugliness," "stale," "frivolous," "bustling," "heavy." These same works to-day are ranked by many second only to the best compositions of Beethoven.

SCHUMANN

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES

SELECTED

SCHUMANN AND "THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."

THE "Music of the Future" had one of its founders and first exponents in Schumann, and in this school we may safely class most that he composed, for there is a romanticism about it which, whatever may be said and written to the contrary, undeniably heralds a new era in art. Only now is this music—this "work of art of the future"—beginning to assert itself, at any rate in England, and it has yet to become popular. Schumann's music certainly has not had its day. Will it ever become as universally known as it undoubtedly should? Will the strange characteristics of his style get to be understood and accepted—the wild beauty; the startling modulations he revels in; the eccentric changes of time and tone; the fantastic flights; the restless imagination pervading his works—in short, his whole nature exemplified in his works; will all this ever become clearer, better understood, and loved?—FREDERICK CROWEST, *in "The Great Tone-Poets."* (*Written in* 1874.)

SCHUMANN THE FIRST EXEMPLAR OF "THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."

THE Futurists have this satisfaction. Whatever Robert Schumann's opinions may, or may not have been, his music from first to last undeniably belongs to that school which now owns Richard Wagner as its head. It *does* overstep the generally accepted boundary, and to them it matters not whether this is with the composer's will or not. Schumann in the period from 1840 may not have intended this, nay, he may have been strongly opposed to it, but as to this affecting the Futurists' claim to him as a champion of their school it certainly does not.—CROWEST.

SCHUMANN OF ALL COMPOSERS THE MOST DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND.

OF all composers Schumann is the most advanced, the most difficult to understand, the most daring in flight, the one most clearly betraying the mental excitement that attended upon work, and which no doubt frequently lifted him to regions where, had he been less susceptible, he could never have soared.—CROWEST.

SCHUMANN'S YOUTHFUL POWER OF PORTRAITURE IN MUSIC.

SCHUMANN, we all know, had a peculiar weakness for the ideal in music. Thus, as a schoolfellow, it was his highest delight to be seated at the piano, portraying scenes and characters through music, and so happy was he at this that the other boys frequently dragged

Robert Schumann

him to the pianoforte, for they were soon in the highest of spirits at the accurate way in which he described their dispositions on the instrument. It is the development of this that has entitled the "Futurists" to lay claim to Schumann as a champion.—CROWEST.

SCHUMANN'S ABANDONMENT OF LAW FOR MUSIC.

THINGS went on till the beginning of 1830.* The studies that he had been sent to Leipzig and Heidelberg for, had not been pursued, and but little progress was made in anything but music. What would be his mother's feelings on hearing this? Only a few months more, too, and the confession must be made.

At last it came—a loving letter to his mother—confessing and breathing all the struggle between music and law; full of his ardent love for music; assurances of success, and betraying the excited youth—with his strange uncertain nature just merging into manhood—waiting eagerly for that word of permission, ere he plunges into the fray to win for himself a place in art.

The answer. What was it? Consent? Yes! but not until the distressed parent had applied to Wieck for his opinion. Happily this was favourable to music. It was communicated to Robert, who, intoxicated with joy, at once wrote off to Wieck:† "Take me as I am," the letter runs, "and above all things bear with me. No blame shall depress me; no praise shall make me idle. Pails upon pails of very cold theory cannot

* Schumann, at this time twenty years of age, was supposed to be studying law.

† An eminent virtuoso and teacher of the time. Subsequently Schumann married Clara Wieck.

hurt me, and I will work at it without the least murmur."—CROWEST.

HOW SCHUMANN PREVENTED HIMSELF FROM BECOMING A VIRTUOSO.

A MORE anxious student never breathed. The zeal with which he pursued the studies his teacher gave him was astonishing. Alas! he was far too ardent. To make a short cut to perfection of execution, he, aided or unaided, invented a machine and used it so incessantly that he crippled his hand for life. How sad a sight! Schumann, with this great gulf between him and his highest hope. Shall *we* lament this?—CROWEST.

SCHUMANN'S YEAR OF SONG.

AFTER his marriage Schumann sank into the retirement of his home and worked incessantly. The joy and happiness of so bright a year found vent chiefly in song. Nothing short of the human voice could suffice to express the agitated joy he was in, and for this most divine instrument there gushed from his soul a stream of rich lyric melody which has never been approached except by Beethoven and Schubert. Well may this be called the "year of song;" for ere it waned nearly one hundred and fifty of these inspirations saw the light. They are full of pathos, and breathe all the higher emotions and lofty aspirations the soul is heir to. His favourite poet was Heine, and so often has he drawn upon this répertoire, and so congenial a rendering of the poet's sentiments has he embodied in his music, that he has got to be known as Heine's musical exponent.—CROWEST.

SCHUMANN'S SONGS THE OUTCOME OF THE HAPPIEST TIME OF HIS LIFE.

His marriage was the beginning of a new life for Schumann in more ways than one. One of the happiest results was that he burst into song for the first time. The winning of the object of his love seemed suddenly to open the flood-gates of a stream which till then had been pent up and unknown in him; and in the one year that succeeded his marriage he poured out in rapid succession all his finest songs, to the number of over one hundred and thirty. In them he showed powers with which no one till then would have credited him. There was no labourious process of developing his style in the particular branch of art; he no sooner faced it than his mastery seemed complete. In this respect he resembled Schubert, who had written many of his finest songs in the earliest years of his mature productive period. Schumann adopted much the same method of dealing with his poems that Schubert did. He did not aim at making tunes with accompaniment and fitting the words to them, but he looked to the poet's conception to guide his own inspiration. Everything available was made to minister to the purpose of intensifying the design, thought, and metre of the poet by the music. The pianoforte part and voice part had well-balanced functions. The voice did all that was possible in the way of melodious declamation, and the accompaniment supplied colour, character, rhythm, and all that must necessarily fall to its share, in the most perfect manner possible. Moreover, Schumann, by nature a poet himself, seized the purpose and spirit of the poems he set with an astonishingly powerful grip, and conveyed infinite shades and varieties of meaning in forms which

are almost always perfect works of art in detail and in entirety. He expressed with equal success pathos, passion, bitterness, humour, joy, exultation, and even gaiety and sarcasm. It was probably the happiest period in his life when he did this work, and the work itself represents him in his best and clearest phase. —C. HUBERT H. PARRY, MUS. DOC., *in "Studies of Great Composers."*

HOW SCHUMANN WEDDED THE MUSIC OF HIS SONGS TO THEIR WORDS.

THE power of putting himself on a par with the poet whose words he sets, and entering completely into his mind, is the quality that distinguishes Schumann from the earlier song-writers. In the songs of Beethoven, however fine the words, they appear as naught in comparison of the music, and the same may generally be said of Schubert, though in certain isolated instances, especially where the words are by Goethe or Heine, the composer has succeeded in attaining to the perfect balance between words and music, so that neither is subordinate to the other. Who, for instance, can read the "Erlkönig" without thinking of Schubert's setting? But it is possible to read "Ich denke dein," or even "Kennst du das Land," without the thought of any one of the many songs which these words have suggested.

But what was the exception with the older composers becomes the rule with Schumann. Not in a song here and there, but throughout whole cycles of songs, he follows his poet's varying moods, amplifying and idealising his thoughts, but never assuming more than a just equality. Of all the songs, the set called "Dichterliebe," written to sixteen of the short poems

which make up the "Buch der Lieder" of Heine, are the most characteristic in this respect. In considering these songs, we cannot divide Schumann's work from Heine's, or think of the two men separately; each bears an equal share in the effect produced, and, indeed, it is sometimes impossible to rid ourselves of the impression that the songs are the work of one man, not of two. Not one of all those subtle touches of pathos, humour, or passion, which make Heine's poetry what it is, is lost upon Schumann; so absolute is the assimilation, and so well is it sustained, that it is next to impossible to say which are the best and truest of the songs. —J. A. FULLER MAITLAND, *in "Schumann" in "The Great Musicians" Series.*

THE UNIQUE INDIVIDUALITY OF SCHUMANN'S SONGS.

PERHAPS of all his "Lieder," the simplest and the most humble are the most original; for Schumann was the great master of familiar, homely lyric art. Do not relinquish those sweet, heart-rending songs of his to the public, but save them for the sacred hours of some secret sadness; they scarcely seem to be music in their dumb suffering. Uncertain in their suspense, incomplete, vanishing in a sob or a sigh, they last but for a moment; but in them is a sorrow which is infinite, even as all the bitterness of the ocean lies in one tear. —CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

SCHUMANN'S FITS OF DEPRESSION. HIS DIFFIDENCE. HIS SILENCE.

THE nature of the disease which brought Schumann's life so sadly and prematurely to an end is said to have

been the formation of bony masses in the brain. Schumann appears to have inherited this disorder from his mother, who also was subject to violent headaches and depression; and the earlier stages of the development of the evil began to exert influence upon his character and habits long before a serious crisis came about. It seems that even before his marriage he was subject to fits of excessive depression and gloomy forebodings, and he had a singular dread and horror of lunatic asylums. His extreme irritability may also have had some connection with the disease, and that presented itself to a noticeable degree even as early as his twenty-fourth year. The most curious feature of his character was his silence in company. In his most familiar circle, and at home with his family, he was bright and talkative, but outside, with acquaintances and strangers, it was difficult to get him to utter a word. The natural bent of his disposition seemed to be to look inwards, and not to act or initiate. He listened to others and took in what they said, responding sometimes to anything that he sympathised with especially, by a peculiarly bright and expressive look. But words became constantly rarer as he grew older. When he was in Dresden he used to go often of an evening to a particular restaurant, where he drank beer; but he did not join friends or enter into conversation, but used to sit at a particular table alone, with his back to the rest of the people and his face to the wall, either working out musical ideas—which he sometimes whistled softly to himself—or meditating about things which interested him. Even with friends that he was very fond of, he liked to maintain silence if he could, without intending to show any want of appreciation of their company. A story was told by a great friend of his in comparatively early years, called Henrietta Voigt, how after she and Schumann had

been enjoying music together one lovely evening in summer, they went out in a boat together. And there they sat side by side for over an hour without either speaking a word. When they parted, Schumann said with a pressure of the hand that expressed his feelings, "To-day we have perfectly understood one another."—PARRY.

SCHUMANN'S FOREBODING OF HIS IMPENDING FATE.

BEFORE the year 1850 had gone by, Schumann was offered the post of director of music, which Ferdinand Hiller had vacated, at the Institute of Düsseldorf. He accepted it, but, alas! it was a fatal step. The correspondence between himself and Hiller betrays the sad state of his health, and the ever-present fear of his impending fate. Thus the presence of a lunatic asylum in Düsseldorf caused him great distress of mind, and was one of his objections to taking the new post. A passage from a letter shows how it troubled him. "I was looking recently in an old guide-book for information about Düsseldorf, and, among other buildings, found three nunneries and a lunatic asylum. To the first I am indifferent, but the last causes me great uneasiness."—CROWEST.

SCHUMANN'S SAD AND DISTRESSFUL END.

LITTLE more remains to be told. There were a few works in 1853, alas! the last flow of melody from this precious fount. Schumann could work no longer. Slowly, but most surely, had the terrible disease crept upon him. It was soon to overpower its victim. This

year the symptoms increased alarmingly. The poor fellow could not hear music performed without feeling that the time was too fast, and, when conducting, insisted upon his painful error being observed. This was not all. A continual drone of the note A pursued him wherever he went. He spent much time in table-tapping, which excited him to the highest pitch of frenzy. He imagined spirits conversing with him day and night, and on one occasion rose from his bed to write out a theme the departed Schubert and Mendelssohn had sent him! To friends he behaved with great apathy and sometimes failed to recognise those most intimate with him. Who then will wonder or blame the immortal master for seeking to drown his miseries from one of the Rhine bridges? Such was the case, but he was saved; and the townsfolk saw an affecting sight on that spring morning of 1854. There was the world-famed Schumann, who in health had been so calm and dignified in his bearing, being borne along, saved from a watery grave. Yet for what? At Edenich, near Bonn, there was a private madhouse, and there he was sent. For a while he corresponded with his wife, but this soon ceased, together with visits from his friends, so excited and worse did they make the master. A pianoforte often occupied his attention, but the playing was strange and unintelligible, and no music came from a soul which once had been so rich in harmony.—CROWEST.

CLARA SCHUMANN. HER GENIUS AS A PIANIST. HER WORK FOR HER HUSBAND.

THIS is not the place to recapitulate the events of Madame Schumann's career as a pianist, or to dwell upon the exquisite qualities in her playing which have made

Clara and Robert Schumann.
From an engraving.

her by far the greatest artist in her own direction among pianists of all periods. In this connection it may be said of her, as of Joachim, that she has not only touched nothing that she did not adorn, but has touched nothing that was not worthy of her position as a supreme artist. Of how many public performers can the same be said? Her perfect technique, her marvellous power of tone-gradation, and the romantic expressiveness of her touch, were simply used as means to an end, and that end was not to glorify herself, but to explain to her hearers the full meaning of the music she "interpreted" (the well-worn word was true of her as it has been true of very few musicians of any kind). Few missions have been so completely fulfilled as that which she set herself, when still quite young, of bringing home to musicians the works of her illustrious husband. She has truly "seen of the travail of her soul," and the universal recognition of Schumann's genius which long ago succeeded to the shameful and persistent ignoring of his powers, is due in no small measure to her perseverance in the early days. The necessity for forcing her audiences, as it were, to see, in spite of the critics, what there was in her husband's music, may well have stimulated the gift of interpretation, in the same way that the wonderful and unapproachable depth and intensity of her style must have been increased, though not altogether caused, by the long succession of troubles of various kinds which have been her companions almost throughout her life. Bitter anxiety and distressing illness—these she has known intimately, although, of course, there have been many bright days in her life, and such an artistic career as hers must be a source of very real pleasure, whether at the time or in retrospect.—J. A. Fuller Maitland, *in "Clara Schumann," in "Masters of German Music."*

SCHUMANN'S INDEBTEDNESS TO CLARA SCHUMANN.

THERE was but one woman to whom Schumann was indebted for inspiration; and that was the woman who was the nearest and dearest to him of all women, his wife. Affianced to him by love and a kindred spirit in musical genius, she roused him to musical effort, she shared in his triumphs while he was living, and, from the day of his sad and untimely death until now, she has revealed the beauty of his music to the world. If he were a creator by the divine right of genius, by the same divine right she has been the interpreter. The bond of love and the affinity of music drew them together in an attachment nothing but death was strong enough to break. His name, his fame, his memory, she has preserved, and made still more beautiful by her own genius, and by the force and influence of her noble womanhood. Clara Schumann has kept her husband's laurels green, has placed wreaths of immortelles upon his grave, and has embalmed his name in an immortal love which had its birth in music, and which still knows no more beautiful or tender expression than in the revelation of that music to the world, though twenty-five years have gone since the poor crazed brain ceased its work.—GEORGE P. UPTON, *in "Robert Schumann," in "Woman in Music."* (*Written in* 1880.)

CLARA SCHUMANN THE GENIUS OF HER HUSBAND'S LIFE.

CLARA SCHUMANN was the genius of her husband's life, the companion, friend, and counsellor of his work,

the guide and inspirer that led him to his highest and most enduring efforts. Her ideal of art was always the purest and loftiest. As an artist she has commanded the homage and admiration of the world. As a woman she stands peerless in the nobility, dignity, and beauty of her womanhood. Since her husband's death she has been his faithful interpreter, besides editing his works. The love which crowned their lives with so much happiness, notwithstanding the cruelty of fate, still remains, and keeps the memory of the composer fresh by her executive tribute to his genius, and her loving and skilful interpretation of his works, which she did so much to inspire and help produce. —George P. Upton. (*Written in* 1880.)

SCHUMANN UNABLE TO EXPRESS COLLECTIVE EMOTION.

In considering the choral, and more especially the "sacred" works of Schumann, we are irresistibly driven to the conclusion that to this most sympathetic of composers, from whom the knowledge of no emotion in the individual heart was withheld, it was a matter of extreme difficulty to give expression to collective emotion, or to those feelings that affect the whole of mankind in common. That power, granted to Mendelssohn in so remarkable a degree, was denied to Schumann.—Maitland.

THE LIVES OF MENDELSSOHN AND SCHUMANN CONTRASTED.

The reader of the lives of Mendelssohn and Schumann cannot fail to be struck by the contrast between the two

careers. To the one, public life must have seemed one long triumphal procession. From the time of his arrival at Leipzig, when he was received with open arms by the entire musical world, until his early death, the enthusiastic adulation of the public never for an instant waned. On crowds and on individuals alike, the magical fascination of his personality exerted an influence that was irresistible. When from Mendelssohn's pen were pouring in ceaseless rapidity compositions that could be understood and loved at once by all that heard them, it was little wonder that the public had no time or inclination to give to the work of Schumann that attentive study by which alone they can be properly appreciated. Not that he was intentionally ignored; the public at large could scarcely be expected to realise his musical merits for themselves; and, besides this, he was almost entirely unknown in society, chiefly owing to his silent, reserved manner and disposition. We, in England, who are accustomed to look upon Madame Schumann with an additional interest and reverence on account of her alliance with the composer, can scarcely realise that at one time his chief claim to notice, in the eyes of the German public, lay in the fact of his being her husband. Yet such was the case, as there is abundant evidence to show.—MAITLAND.

MENDELSSOHN AND SCHUMANN, BACH AND BEETHOVEN.

THE fact that Mendelssohn's compositions were from their first appearance received with universal admiration, while those of Schumann have waited so long for general acceptation, is a direct consequence of the

differing theories of art pursued by the two men. The former felt that nothing that could not at once appeal to the world in general was worth saying in music; the latter, that he must say that which was given him to say, whether the public understood him or not.

The temptation to compare the relative greatness of these two composers is strongest exactly at the time when it is most impossible that such a comparison could be justly instituted. We, even yet, stand too near them to be able to decide which is the greater of the two. Those who stand at the foot of a mountain cannot form a right judgment as to the comparative heights of its peaks; with increasing distance the spectator's estimate becomes ever more and more just. So it is with our opinion of these masters. We are too much inclined to range ourselves on one side or another, according to our various artistic creeds; but music is justified of all her children, and we may rest assured that high on the roll of her glorious sons, not far from the names of Bach and Beethoven, are written those of Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann. —MAITLAND.

SCHUMANN'S KINDNESS OF HEART AS A CRITIC.

ONE of Schumann's most characteristic traits, both as a critic and as a man, was his kindness to young musicians just on the threshold of their career. Of the many instances of encouragement shown in the course of criticism, one will suffice to quote. A young singer had failed to produce any effect on the audience in consequence of extreme nervousness. Schumann wrote: "Nervousness is known to make itself felt most

in the higher notes, and once or twice the singer missed her entry, a thing which has happened to a thousand singers before her."—MAITLAND.

SCHUMANN'S GENIUS AND ITS LIMITATIONS.

SCHUMANN'S genius inevitably felt and was affected by his disease. The author of "Faust," "Manfred," and the "Lieder" is no joyous, serene master, such as was Haydn or Mozart; and still less does this genius, like that of Bach, appeal solely to the intellect; nor is he, like Beethoven, the master of passion and of heroically vanquished sorrow. Schumann voices an omnipotent passion and an invincible grief. Only a mediocre symphonist because wanting in order and logic, he is an unequalled lyrist by reason of the depth and strength of his emotion—greater even than Schubert in his lyrical genius, through the strong individualisation of his power.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE, *in "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians." Translated by Ellen Orr.*

HOW SCHUMANN'S MUSIC HAS GROWN IN POPULAR FAVOUR.

IT was natural that the works of a man having such liberal and advanced views about art should be slow to make their way. His position as editor of a successful musical paper certainly helped him in early years. He, himself, knew it, and expressed it in the words, "If the publisher were not afraid of the editor, the world would hear nothing of me." To the average critic his works were a sealed book. They could

find little that they understood, and much that altogether revolted their conventional notions of propriety; and the result was, that even till long after his death, when the public was becoming universally captivated by his works, they were condemned by the journalists in the most reckless and unrestrained terms. But he left his message to the world in the very best possible hands. His wife having won a position as pianist almost unrivalled in Europe, and having perfect knowledge of the meaning of his works and the way he wished them to be expressed, could carry on the most grateful task of making his music known to all the world by her playing; and so triumphantly has she maintained the cause, that he became one of the best-loved composers of the generation after his death, and to many people, whose hearts and sympathies are warm, the composer who most truly represents the tendency of modern art since the days of Schubert and Beethoven.—PARRY.

GOUNOD

VIII

GOUNOD

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

"Whatever is thought of my music, it must and will always be acknowledged that it is myself—my flesh and blood, bones and sinews. If it is liked, the reason is that it is true—earnest, sincere, alive."

These words, uttered in familiar conversation, were Gounod's opinion about his own work. They are very true words. Sincerity, self-revelation, intensity of conviction, were his characteristics in everything. His music was the outcome of his mind and heart. To understand his music, therefore, one must understand him.

To those who knew Gounod personally it was easy to understand him. His was not a complex nature. It was simple, clear, positive, outspoken. He revealed himself wholly. He was "the master" because his strength was evident to everyone who came into touch with him.

But strength was only one side of Gounod's character. It was beautiful as well as strong. Tenderness, pity, charity, love, were quite as fully his attributes as wisdom, faith, justice, conviction.

Gounod was called "the musician of love," and this not alone by formal critics but by those who knew him intimately, who knew his heart, as it were. The appellation was a noble one. It was equally an appropriate one, and one that should be remembered in all study of his life and work.

GOUNOD'S life has been made known to the world largely by the recollections of his friends—his pupils, and those who had the *entrée* of his hospitable home. Gounod was a deep thinker and an interesting talker. His talk was not gossip; but opinion, thought—the expressive utterance of his reflections and views. He also wrote considerably; and, while he was not an author in the formal sense of the word, enough of his manuscript has been published posthumously to indicate to the world which did not know him personally the capacity of his mind and the clearness and strength of his thinking.

But that which best reveals Gounod to the world is his autobiography, published since his death under the title of "Memoirs of an Artist." This autobiography is very brief and extends only to his forty-first year. But it is so genuinely noble and sincere there can be but one regret about it. There is far too little of it.

But first let us learn something of Gounod's personality as described to us by those who knew him:

"The career of a hardworking man such as Gounod," says Mdlle. de Bovet, "might be graphically portrayed by the chronological table of his works. That is what he said one day himself on my asking him to furnish me with some significant data regarding his career. It was at his house in the Place Malesherbes, in that vast and simple *atelier* which gave an impression of

refinement rather than of luxury. . . . I see his tall, robust figure moving briskly and easily, with a black velvet jacket open on his broad chest, a black silk cravat carefully tied under the turned-down neck of his scrupulously white flannel shirt, fine polished shoes on feet small as a woman's; gay, talkative, fascinating, receiving every one with inexhaustible cordiality and unerring courtesy, but reserving for those who had the happiness and joy to belong to his more intimate circle his treasures of tender familiarity and seductive grace."

Gounod's character was so precisely revealed in his personality that a word or two more from Mdlle. de Bovet will be instructive:

"His physiognomy was too mobile, too expressive, too subtle, for it to be easy for a painter to render it faithfully. One painter alone has succeeded entirely to my satisfaction in this—M. Carolus Duran. He has given us the definitive image of the great artist when he had arrived at the summit of his glory, the portrait of the grown man in full possession of himself, who in healthy old age rests after a life of labour and honour. He is represented facing the spectator, dressed in his house costume, the light black velvet cap thrown back, revealing the superb line of broad, powerful forehead, the forehead of a thinker and worker, with the light-blue eye—very bright, very calm, and very clear—one of those eyes which are, to use a phrase of Gounod's, 'a window opening on the soul'—looking straight ahead with a profound intentness relieved by an expression of rare goodness. Through the silvery, silky beard, spreading out fan-shape, the thick, red, firmly moulded lips, whose sensuality is mitigated by a serious, thoughtful fold, appear to be on the point of opening in order to speak to you. And he was, too, always ready for conversation, whether serious or common-

place, and to let himself go without reserve, answering everything and everybody with no less courtesy than eloquence, and not disdaining any subject or any questioner."

THE estimate of Gounod's place and power as a musician presented below is by Charles M. Widor, "one of the most graceful and most distinguished composers of the younger French school." M. Widor's and Gounod's affinities in music were somewhat alike. It has been said of him that he is "the only musician in France who understood Bach as well as Gounod did":

"We do not doubt it for one moment. Gounod was one of the greatest dramatic musicians of the age; the greatest that our country (France) has produced. His literary education—he knew his classics; the openness of his mind to all influences—he could talk sensibly on any subject; his lack of nervousness, uncommon among artists—all these qualities drew him towards a special ideal of art, an astounding combination of cloudy lyricism and frank clearness, of sensuality and mysticism, of naïve faith and spiritual irony. That ideal could only be realised on the stage. Gounod needed a text to interpret, human sentiments to express. In fine, the 'word' was necessary to him. And in that art which consists in making the verses of a poet *sing* he has no superior.

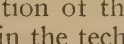
"To-day the musician who repeats the words of his text, who is bad at manipulating long and short syllables and does not respect the cæsura, is doomed to failure. Music and poetry tend every day to draw nearer to each other.

"To Gounod we owe this progress of to-day. He spoke so well; he articulated so clearly; he sang in accents so true and just.

"It was said at his funeral that the accents he put into the mouths of Faust, Marguerite, Juliet, Romeo, are definitive for all those who seek in music the echo of their feeling. . . . The success of Gounod's operas is partly explained by this. No music is more seductive. The melodious caresses which the master poured forth in profusion throughout his work express so marvellously the sentiments which for the greater number accompany the idea of passion that these melodies in passing through many mouths have become the language of passion itself. . . . At certain moments all young girls are more or less Juliets and all young men Romeos.

"A further explanation of the success of Gounod's operas is to be found in the technical purity and clearness of his orchestration. With him, as with Mozart, there is nothing useless, nothing that does not harmonise with the expression of the whole; one desires not a note more, not a detail less. There is never meagreness, never excessive sound; one has only to listen and to admire without reserve. And all this technique, so far as the interpreters of his music are concerned, lies within the limits of easy execution.

"The 'masters' alone write like that."



GOUNOD attributed his all in life and in art to his mother. His autobiography is in reality a filial tribute to her memory:

"If I have worked any good, by word or deed, during my life, I owe it to my mother and to her I give the praise."

Mme. Gounod was an exceptionally strong and noble character. Not only the autobiography shows this but the testimony of others. Her mother had been a

woman of marvellous artistic aptitude—"a musician and poetess as well." She herself was highly gifted artistically, but her greatest gifts were her strength of purpose and her good judgment.

"God had endowed her with a strong heart, a sound judgment, and indomitable courage. Bereft of a mother's watchful care, actually obliged to teach herself how to read and write, she also learnt, alone and unassisted, the rudiments of music and drawing, arts by which ere long she was to earn her living."

Gounod's father was an artist—"one of the best draughtsmen of his day." But although "highly educated, with a mind as refined as nature and study could make it," he "throughout his whole life shrank instinctively from undertaking any work of great magnitude." He would not even take the necessary pains to finish his own pictures. When he had put the "soul" into a portrait he let all accessory details go. These had to be put in by his wife.

The father died when Gounod was but five years old. Another son was ten years older. There was no patrimony. Everything depended upon the mother. But she by teaching—at first both drawing and music, afterwards music alone—brought up her children so that they had all the advantages of a refined and well-provided home. Both sons were well educated. Gounod himself became a capital classic and received his university degree of bachelor of arts before he finally gave himself up to music.

A friend once said to Gounod: "Your mother is not one wonder to me, but two. I cannot conceive how she finds time to do so much, or all the money she gives away." Upon which Gounod in the autobiography remarks: "I know well enough how she found

both—in her own good sense and powerful will. The more she had to do the more she did."

Gounod has left a picture of his mother's care and labour for him when he was a young man of twenty-two studying his art in Rome. It deserves recognition here because of all that she was to him; because, too, of its worth as a tribute to womanhood and motherhood:

"In spite of her professional duties, which engaged her on week days from morn till night, my mother still found time to write to me often and fully. She must frequently have cut short her hours of sleep so as to give me this proof of her constant and tender care. The very length of her letters bore sufficient witness to the amount of time robbed from her nightly rest she had devoted to them. I knew she had to rise every morning at five to be ready for her first pupil, who came at six; and that often her breakfast hour was absorbed by another lesson, during which instead of a proper meal she would swallow a bowl of soup, or, perhaps, take nothing but a crust of bread and a glass of wine and water. I knew her daily round lasted till six o'clock every evening, and that after her dinner she had a hundred and one household duties to attend to. Besides, she had many people to write to as well as me; and, what is more, she was a *dame de charite* and often worked with her own hands to clothe her poor. Nothing but the complete orderliness and method with which she had laid out her time could ever have enabled her to do so much; but those two essential and fundamental qualities, without which life can be neither occupied nor useful, were hers in the highest degree."

Charles François Gounod was born in Paris, June 17, 1818. As in the case of most other great musi-

cians, his aptitude for music was precocious. His first musical instruction came from his mother. This is his account of it:

"My mother, who nursed me herself, had certainly given me music with her milk. She always sang while she was nursing me, and I can faithfully say I took my first lessons unconsciously. I acquired a very clear idea of the various intonations, of the musical intervals they represent, and of the elementary forms of modulation. Even before I knew how to use my tongue my ear appreciated the difference between the major and the minor key. . . . Thus my ear was thoroughly practised, and I easily held my place, even at that early age, in a solfeggio class. I might have acted as its teacher."

When still a mere infant he was tested as to his musical knowledge by a musician who, "sitting down to the piano, improvised a succession of chords and modulations." At each change the musician would ask: "What key am I playing in?" And in his answers the little fellow—"in a corner, with his face to the wall"—"never made a single mistake." At seven years of age he could read a musical score with the same ease as a printed book—"much better, indeed, I make no doubt, than I could do it now," he wrote fifty years later.

Gounod recognised three events in his life as having determined his career as a musician. The first was hearing Weber's "Der Freischütz" when he was seven years of age. The second was hearing Rossini's "Otello" sung by Rubini and Malibran when he was

thirteen years of age. The third was hearing Mozart's "Don Giovanni" when he was fourteen years of age. These were what he called the "three shocks" that awakened his musical being into its destined life and power.

That early enjoyment of "Der Freischütz" was never forgotten. Every detail of the score remained ever in his memory precisely as he had first heard it. Sixty-five years later he was able to write of its author with all the enthusiasm of his first impressions: "Weber's merits must be appreciated by every soul that loves beauty in its noblest aspects."

In his autobiography he thus writes of the second event:

"It was bitterly cold. For two mortal hours did Urbain [his brother] and I wait, stamping our frozen toes, for the happy moment when the string of people began to move past the office window.

"We got inside at last. Never shall I forget my first sight of the great theatre, the curtain and the brilliant lights. I felt as if I were in some earthly temple, as if a heavenly vision must shortly rise upon my sight.

"At last the solemn moment came. I heard the stage manager's three knocks and the overture began. My heart was beating like a triphammer.

"Oh, that night! that night! What rapture, what Elysium! Malibran, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini (he sang Iago); the voices, the orchestra! I was literally beside myself.

"I left that theatre completely out of tune with the prosaic details of my daily life, and absolutely wedded to the dream which was to be the very atmosphere and fixed ideal of my existence.

"That night I never closed my eyes. I was haunted, 'possessed.' I was wild to write an 'Otello' myself."

The third event is thus described:

"Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' was being played at the Théâtre Italien and my mother took me there herself. The exquisite evening I spent with her in that small box on the fourth tier remains one of my most precious and delicious memories.

"When I look back on the emotion that masterpiece roused within me I feel inclined to doubt whether my pen is capable of describing it, not, indeed, faithfully—that were impossible—but even so as to give some faint conception of what I felt during those matchless hours, whose charm still lingers with me, as in some luminous vision, some revelation of hidden glory. [It must be remembered that these words were probably written when Gounod was in his sixtieth year.]

"The first notes of the overture, with its solemn and majestic chords, seemed to lift me into a new world. I was chilled by a sensation of actual terror. But when I heard that terrible threatening roll of ascending and descending scales, stern and implacable as a death warrant, I was seized with such shuddering fear that my head fell upon my mother's shoulder, and, trembling in the dual embrace of beauty and horror, I could only murmur:

" 'Oh, mother, this is "real" music!'

"Rossini's 'Otello' had awakened the germs of my musical instinct, but the effect 'Don Giovanni' had on me was very different in its nature and results. Rossini had taught me the purely sensuous rapture music gives. He charmed and enchanted my ear. Mozart, however, did more. To the enjoyment, already so perfect from a musical and sensuous point of view, he added the deep and penetrating influence of the most absolute purity, united to the most consummate beauty of expression. I sat in one long rapture from the beginning of the opera to its close."

THE warm appreciation which Gounod as a child had of Mozart became a lifelong passion with him. Of Beethoven, of Bach, of Palestrina, and of moderns like Rossini and Mendelssohn, he always spoke with the utmost reverence. Beethoven is "that mighty and unrivalled one," "the greatest epic writer among musicians, the greatest philosopher, the greatest apostle." At the Institute he never passed the bust of Beethoven without bowing low and saluting. Of Bach he would say: "The whole of music is in this man." Of Palestrina, who was one of his earliest reverences, he would rhapsodise in his glowing metaphorical fashion: "His art is the musician's gymnastic. It hardens the muscles and makes the joints supple; it enriches the blood and soothes the nerves; it armours an artist against all the difficulties with which his profession bristles." Rossini he pronounced (next to Mozart) "the clearest of musicians," "the most capacious and highest of lyrical writers." Mendelssohn he held in peculiar reverence. He always spoke of him as "that splendid artist," "that magnificent musician," "that most lovable of men." It was Mendelssohn who on one occasion "never to be forgotten" by him introduced him to the glorious richness of Bach. For two hours once at Leipzig Mendelssohn had improvised for him on one of Bach's chorals. "Great shivers ran along my spine," Gounod used to say, "as I listened to him; and every time I think of it now I seem to feel those shivers again."

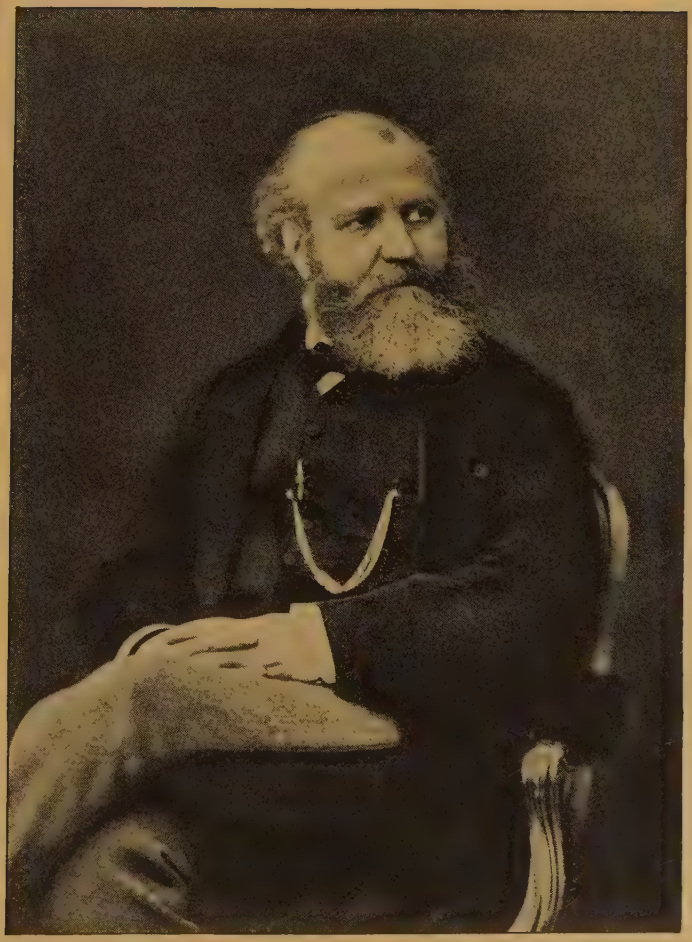
But ever when speaking of Mozart appreciation and reverence passed to praise and adoration. As one has well said, "the word was not too strong to express the devotion with which he worshipped that master." As, for example:

"Mozart's masterpieces are the brightest stars that ever shone in the world of musical art."

And again:

"O divine Mozart, didst thou lie indeed on the bosom of infinite Beauty, even as once the beloved disciple lay on the Saviour's breast, and didst thou draw up thence the incomparable grace which denotes the true elect! Bounteous nature had given thee every gift—grace and strength, fullness and sobriety, bright spontaneity and burning tenderness—all in that perfect balance which makes up the irresistible power of thy charm, and which makes of thee the musician of musicians, greater than the greatest, the only one of all—Mozart."

GOUNOD's preparation for his life as an artist in music was thorough. His mother did not consent to the thought of his becoming a musician until it had been made plain to her that her son's gifts for the art and for its profession were surpassing. When she asked the teacher, Reicha, what he thought of him she was thus answered: "I think, my dear lady, that it is no use trying to stop him." Accordingly, it was determined that he should pursue the study of music along with his academic studies, until he had taken his degree. That done he entered the conservatory and gave himself up to music wholly. His instructors were Halévy, La Sueur and Paër. When he was nineteen he won the second place in the grand prize of the Institute (the "Grand Prix de Rome"). Two years later he won the first place. This success enabled him to spend three years in Rome and six months in Vienna.



Charles Francois Gounod

In both cities he came under the best influences, not only in music but in art generally. At Rome he met Madame Hensel (Fanny Mendelssohn) and through her subsequently had the good fortune to meet Mendelssohn at Leipzig. He played at Leipzig for Mendelssohn some of the music he had composed at Rome and at Vienna. Mendelssohn was much impressed. Laying his finger on a passage in the music he said: "My boy, that might have been written by Cherubini." "Such words," writes Gounod in the autobiography, "from such a master were greater honour than any decoration—more precious to their recipient than all the ribands and stars of Europe."

GOUNOD returned to Paris in 1843 at the age of twenty-five, a finished musician. His first appointment was humble enough. He became organist and chapel-master of the church of the parish in which his mother lived. His organ was small and poor. His choir had but two basses, one tenor, and one boy soprano. Such were the resources for the exposition of his art at the disposal of him who in a few years was to be reckoned the greatest musician his country had produced.

But at this time Gounod had thoughts of giving up his musical career. His aspirations were rather those of a cleric than of a musician. He was a devout, earnest-hearted man, and for some years he looked upon the church as his appointed sphere of duty. "To call down peace into a suffering soul, to refresh a guilty conscience with divine pity," seemed to him an infinitely beautiful mission. "I had added philosophical and theological studies to my musical studies," he

writes in his autobiography, "and for an entire winter I followed the seminary course of St. Sulpice clad in an ecclesiastical gown. But in all this I had strangely overlooked my true vocation; and at last, realising that it would be impossible for me to live without my art, I left the order for which I was not fitted and once more entered the world." "These five years spent at the foot of the altar," says his friend, Mdlle. de Bovet, "left no trace of clerical manners when he returned to the world. Deeply religious sentiments alone remained." But these, and a biblical and scholastic erudition very rare in a layman, always gave to Gounod's conversation at least a flavour that was clerical.

"THERE is only one road for a composer who desires to make a real name for himself," says Gounod in his autobiography. "That is the operatic stage. The stage is the one place where a musician can find constant opportunity and means of communicating with the public. It is a sort of daily and permanent exhibition, where his works can be perpetually on view.

"Religious and symphonic music, no doubt, rank higher in the strictest sense than dramatic composition. But opportunities for distinction in that highest sphere are very rare, and can only affect an occasional audience, not a regular and systematic one, like the opera-going public.

"The stage tempted me irresistibly. I was nearly thirty and eager to try my fortune on the fresh field I dreamt of. But I had no libretto and I knew nobody whom I could ask to write one. Then I had to find an impresario willing to employ me and trust me with a commission; and who was likely to do that in face of the undoubted fact that my previous training

had been mostly confined to sacred music, and that I knew nothing about the stage? Altogether I was in a fix."

Fortune favoured him. He was introduced to Madame Viardot, at that time "in the zenith of her talent and fame" as an operatic singer. He had met her ten years before at Rome. Madame Viardot had faith in the bright youth she remembered as a student in Italy. She told him that if he would compose an opera she would sing it. All gates now flew open. Accordingly, in 1851, yet after many mishaps, "Sapho" was produced. "Madame," said Berlioz to Gounod's mother, his eyes wet with tears, "nothing has touched me so much these last twenty years." But, notwithstanding the praise of the critical, "Sapho" scarcely took with the public. Upon which Gounod remarks:

"I think it may safely be laid down as a general rule that a theatrical work always, or almost always, has the public reception it really deserves. Theatrical success so inevitably depends on a variety of small details that the failure of any one—of the merest accessories even—may (as has frequently happened) counterbalance and perhaps utterly compromise the effects of the finest qualities of conception and performance. Staging, ballet, scenery, dresses, libretto, fifty things go to mar or make an opera. Many works of the very highest merit in some respects have failed, not in rousing the admiration of true artists, but in winning popular favour, simply through the lack of the 'variety' so indispensable to that class of the public which is not content with the simple charm of intellectual beauty."

But "Sapho" was successful enough even with the public to lead to other commissions, and Gounod's

star rose steadily, though not for a time with much splendour. But in 1859, in his forty-first year, "Faust" appeared. "Faust," as is well known, has been one of the very greatest successes the modern stage has known. It disputes with "Il Trovatore" the honour of "bringing more money to impresarial coffers than any other opera that can be named." It was not, however, a success at first, especially in France. Its earliest honours were won in Germany and in England.

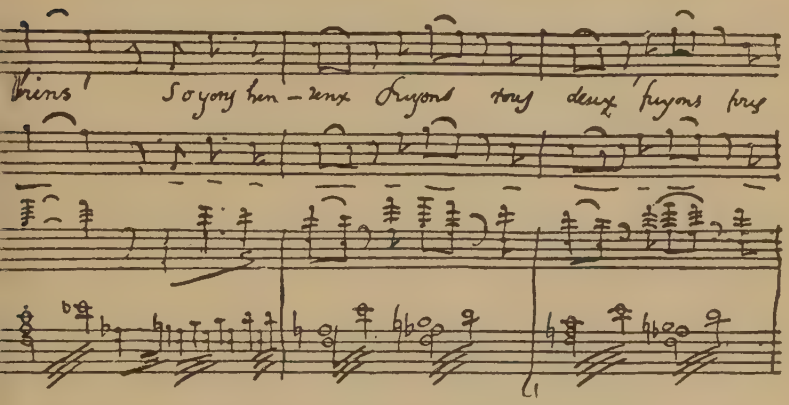
It is interesting to see what Gounod himself thought about "Faust." It is pretty generally understood that he never ranked it as high as he ranked his much less frequently heard work, "Mireille"—which is believed to have been the favourite with him of all his operas—or even as high as he ranked his second great success, "Roméo and Juliette":

"Though 'Faust' did not strike the public very much at first, it is the greatest theatrical success I have ever had. Do I mean it is the best thing I have written? That I cannot tell. I can only reiterate the opinion I have already expressed, that success is more the result of a certain concatenation of favourable elements and successful conditions than a proof and criterion of the intrinsic value of a work."

"Faust" was a tone-poem of love, but the love was not such as Gounod's whole heart went with. He found a more congenial theme in Shakespeare's play of the "star-crossed lovers" of Verona. "Roméo and Juliette," produced in 1867, though it has not been so popular with the public as the work founded on Goethe's poem, is yet thought by connoisseurs to be the musician's masterpiece. When asked himself which of the two, "Faust" or "Roméo and Juliette,"

he preferred, he would comically reply: "I like 'Don Giovanni' better." Still, those who knew his heart believed that his preference lay with the opera of the immortal "Lark Duet."

"Roméo and Juliette" was a work of pure spontaneity. It is said by those who have examined the original manuscript of it that many of its finest passages seem to have been written in "single inspired breaths."



Facsimile from MS. Score (for Pianoforte) of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."

Gounod himself has said that when composing it he heard the characters in the drama "sing as clearly" as he saw natural objects about him. "The clearness of their song fell upon me like a beatitude."

GOUNOD's friend, Monsignor Gay, once said to him: "I know thy soul well. It is only in God that it will at last find true repose and blossom into its fullest beauty." The great musician's life justified the good bishop's prediction. In "Sapho," "Faust" and "Roméo

and Juliette" he has sung of mortal love, each flight of song rising into clearer and clearer heights of purity. In his later years he still sang of love, but of love divine, immortal love. In his two oratorios, "The Redemption," first brought out at Birmingham in 1882, and "Mors et Vita" ("Death and Life"), also first brought out at Birmingham (1885), the musician turned to a phase of art that he had had in contemplation ever since his early days when he was studying sacred music at Rome. The most typical characteristic of these works is one with that of his operatic work —"unparalleled sweetness." In the words of Camille Bellaigue: "They constitute a last revelation of that ardent soul and beautiful genius whose every thought was a pure passion and whose every act an act of faith and love." "The Redemption" Gounod considered "the work of his life." The "Mors et Vita" was only a necessary sequel to it. Death when blessed by redemption is but the prelude of eternal life. To Gounod himself it seemed to be peculiarly proven so. His last act as a musician was to play the "Requiem" of the "Mors." Three days later—October 18, 1893 —eternal life was his.

GOUNOD

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES

SELECTED

GOUNOD'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER.

If I have worked any good, by word or deed, during my life, I owe it to my mother, and to her I give the praise. She nursed me, she brought me up, she formed me; not in her own image, alas! —that would have been too fair. But the fault of what is lacking lies with me and not with her.

She sleeps beneath a stone as simple as her blameless life had been. May this tribute from the son she loved so tenderly form a more imperishable crown than the wreaths of fading immortelles he laid upon her grave; and clothe her memory with a halo of reverence and respect he fain would have endure long after he himself is dead and gone.—*From "Charles Gounod's Autobiographical Reminiscences."* (*The quotation is from the Preface.*)

GOUNOD ONE OF THE FEW GREAT CREATIVE MUSICIANS.

To be the composer of "Faust" is in itself sufficient to establish a claim upon the sympathy and gratitude

of many thousands, as well as to enjoy the indisputable right of occupying a niche by the side of the greatest and most original composers of the century.

There are but few creative musicians whose individuality is so striking that it leaves its impress not only upon their own productions, but upon those of their contemporaries. Their genius is reflected, their mode of thought copied, and even their mannerisms are reproduced by numberless admirers and conscious or unconscious imitators.

As it was with Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Wagner, so it has been with Gounod. A higher tribute of praise it is indeed impossible to offer.—ARTHUR HERVEY, *in "Masters of French Music."*

GOUNOD'S GENIUS REALLY ORIGINAL AND INDIVIDUAL.

MONS. ADOLPHE JULLIEN judges Gounod severely when he says that the more he has had occasion to hear and study his works, the more convinced he has become that Gounod possesses the genius of assimilation. According to him, the greatness of Gounod's talent is derived through the study of the works of all the masters, and especially of those of Bach, Handel, Schumann, and Berlioz. This I consider open to doubt. That Gounod has studied the works of his predecessors and profited thereby is evident, but this has been the case with all musicians. Something more is required to compose a work such as "Faust;" that something which is the appanage of but few composers, and which is known as "individuality."—ARTHUR HERVEY.

GOUNOD'S DRAMATIC METHOD NOT WAGNERIAN.

GOUNOD'S method, from which he has not since departed, seems to have been to musically delineate each phase of the drama, treating every scene as a separate whole—that is to say, without having recourse to any connecting link or *leit motiv;* the recurrence of previously-heard melodies in the fifth act hardly coming under this category. He is satisfied to depict his characters in music that is intended to be more or less in accordance with their individuality. Herein consists the great difference that separates his works from those that are conceived after Wagnerian ideas.—ARTHUR HERVEY.

THE POPULARITY OF "FAUST."

THAT "Faust" is perhaps the most popular opera composed during the last fifty years is a generally recognised fact, and one that is not likely to be seriously contested, whatever restrictions may be made from different points of view concerning its merits.—ARTHUR HERVEY.

FAUST ADMIRED FOR VARIOUS REASONS.

IT is eminently to the credit of Gounod that he should have found the means in his "Faust" of pleasing a variety of differently constituted individuals, who probably admire his work from totally different standpoints. To the great majority the charm of "Faust" lies in melodies such as those of the "old men's" and "soldiers'" choruses, the "Kermesse" and well-known waltz; the more refined and sentimental will

prefer the famous love duet and the prison trio; prime donne will incline to the jewel song, which furnishes them with the opportunity of displaying the agility of their throats; and the cultivated musician will single out parts that do not attract the same amount of attention, but are not the less noteworthy—such as the opening bars of the prelude, the entire first act, the end of the third act, the death of Valentine, the church scene, the commencement and end of the last act.—ARTHUR HERVEY.

THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF "FAUST" IN LONDON, 1864.*

IN his amusing memoirs, Colonel Mapleson gives an entertaining account of the production of "Faust" in London. Finding that there appeared to be a lack of interest in the new work, discernible through the fact that only £30 worth of seats had been disposed of for the first night, he adopted the bold and singular course of distributing the tickets for the first three performances far and wide, and giving out that the house was sold out. He then put an advertisement in the "Times," stating that "in consequence of a death in the family, two stalls for the first representation of 'Faust,' the opera that had excited so much interest that all places for the first three representations had been bought up, could be had at 25s. each." The success of this stratagem appears to have been complete. Public curiosity was aroused, and the triumphant career of "Faust" in this country [Great Britain] was begun.

* "Faust" was first produced in Paris in 1859; but in its early days in Paris "Faust" was not very successful.

The success "Faust" has achieved all the world over is probably unprecedented in operatic annals.

Gounod is said to have got only £40 for the English rights, and he was deemed lucky to get even that. —ARTHUR HERVEY.

GOUNOD'S GENIUS BEST SHOWN IN "FAUST."

THE essence of the master's genius is contained in "Faust." Although since then he has composed many works of great merit, yet he has never been inspired to a similar degree.*—ARTHUR HERVEY.

GOUNOD'S ADMIRATION FOR MOZART, BEETHOVEN, AND BACH.

THERE is a decided attraction in hearing the opinion of one creative artist about another, and Gounod's ideas concerning some of the great musicians are worth recording. We are already aware of his boundless enthusiasm for Mozart, whom he terms "the first, the only one." Bach and Beethoven have also exercised their sway upon him, and both these masters run the composer of "Don Giovanni" hard in Gounod's estimation. He is reported to have one day expressed himself in the following terms concerning Bach: "If the greatest masters, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, were to be annihilated by an unforeseen cataclysm, in the same manner in which the painters might be through a fire, it would be easy to reconstitute the whole of music with Bach."—ARTHUR HERVEY.

* Written in July, 1893. Gounod died October 18, 1893.

GOUNOD'S USE OF COLD WATER.

GOUNOD is said to have found in cold water a valuable aid to his studies. A friend, who had called on the composer, perceived, under his writing-table, a large tub of cold water, and ventured to ask the reason for this.

"When I have written for an hour or so," replied the composer, "my head gets very hot, and strange to say the only way of securing relief is by going to the other extreme, and putting my feet in very cold water."

"That is a dangerous remedy," said the other.

"Well, well, perhaps so; but you see it has not hurt me thus far very much," said Gounod, "and so I shall continue to use it."—*From "Musical Anecdotes."*

A COMPANION STORY TO THAT OF BEETHOVEN'S LOCK OF GRAY HAIR.

THE individuality of a great composer is ever attractive to his admirers, and when in addition to his gifts as a creator he possesses that peculiar qualification known as "personal magnetism," their enthusiasm occasionally causes them to outstep the bounds of common-sense. It is especially members of the fair sex who are prone to indulge in exaggerated expressions of hero-worship. The emotional nature of music causes it to appeal to their minds with such intensity that they make a fetish of their idol, and fall down and worship not only him but everything he touches and looks upon. There are plenty of most amusing incidents on record which might be cited in support of this. Amongst these I will mention the following concerning which may be said, *Se non e vero e ben trovato.**

* "If it isn't true it's very appropriate."

A story is told of a lady admirer of Gounod's who once paid him a visit. Noticing a cherry-stone on the mantelpiece, she annexed it, took it home and had it set by a jeweller as a brooch, surrounded by diamonds and pearls. Paying a visit to Gounod some weeks later, the lady drew attention to her act of reverence, when Gounod said: "But, madam, I never eat cherries; the stone you found on the mantelpiece was from a cherry eaten by my servant Jean!" Tableau! —ARTHUR HERVEY.

"ROMEO AND JULIET."*

IF Gounod had not succeeded since his "Faust" in producing any work that could bear comparison with this masterpiece (however creditable in their way the operas that followed it might be), he was destined in "Romeo and Juliet" to be more fortunate, and to wed music to Shakespeare's story that many of his admirers have not scrupled to place upon the same level as the former work. With this estimate I am by no means prepared to agree, although I should be inclined to consider "Romeo" as occupying the second place in the list of the composer's dramatic works.—ARTHUR HERVEY.

THE POPULARITY OF "ROMEO AND JULIET" IN FRANCE AND IN ENGLAND.

"ROMEO" proved successful in France from the outset, whereas in England it failed to maintain itself in the

* Sometimes this opera is spoken of by its French name, "Roméo et Juliette"; sometimes by the name (English) of the play on which it is based, "Romeo and Juliet"; and very often by the name partly French, partly English, "Roméo and Juliette."

operatic répertoire for a number of years, notwithstanding the appearance of Mme. Patti as *Juliet*. Recently it has acquired an undoubted popularity, owing possibly in part to Mons. Jean de Reszke's assumption of the principal character.—ARTHUR HERVEY.

GOUNOD'S MARVELLOUS CHARACTERISATION OF JULIET.

GOUNOD sometimes gave, as one of his chief reasons for renouncing the priesthood, his dread of hearing a woman's confession; but the artist, freer than the priest, has made amends, and Gounod has confessed some most admirable penitents—*Sapho, Marguerite,* and, above all, *Juliet*. Music has been defined as the affinity of sound and soul; and never has this affinity shown itself more gracefully than in the second act of "Romeo;" never was sound a more delicate interpreter of a lovelier soul. *Juliet* lives for us as much through song as by her words. By the changing light of the music, we see the transformations of her soul, and with every variety of thought and sentiment comes a corresponding change of melody, harmony, or instrumentation.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE, *in "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians." Translated by Ellen Orr.*

GOUNOD'S WORSHIP OF THE DIVINE.

THE musician of "Sapho" and "Ulysse," of "Faust" and of "Roméo et Juliette," of the "Redemption" and of "Mors et Vita," passed his years in the beautiful order of a perfectly rounded life: his early days in the old world of the gods, then years of love, and lastly years of self-consecration. If his youth was that

of a levite, his old age was that of a patriarch, and the religious sentiment which never fully left him, occupied at last his whole soul. I say "sentiment," for in speaking of Gounod the word seems to come naturally to the lips; but it is the religious idea, too, that we must consider, for Gounod was a Christian as well through his intelligence as through his heart and was possessed of no less faith than love. No contemporary artist has so shown his genius to be affected by the idea—the passion—of the divine, and of the divine in all its phases; he sought for and worshipped it in all Truth as in all Beauty—in the doctrine of the gospel, in the genius of Mozart, in a page of St. Augustine, a symphony of Beethoven, or a formula of Copernicus or Kepler. Many are the essays upon philosophy or theology found among the manuscripts which he has left.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

GOUNOD THE MUSICIAN OF TENDER SENTIMENT. GOUNOD THE SON OF MOZART AND BACH.

AND such as we now know Gounod to be, where shall we place him but in the sphere of clear thought and tender sentiment? . . . The love which Gounod sings is less violent than tender; neither fierce nor frantic, one never fears to find it, as so often in Wagner's passion, the brother of destruction and death. And, moreover, it is the love which is loved for itself alone, in its purity, borrowing no interest either from the world's epics, as do Wagner's heroes and heroines, or from history, as do Meyerbeer's. And, finally, it is an intimate, familiar love, which was unknown to French music before Gounod's time—the opera in France

being more ambitious in those days, and the *opéra-comique* lacking in depth and poetry. Exempt from frivolity and bombast, the art which Gounod inaugurated was also free from complications and obscurities. His melody is always clear; mind and ear seize economy and structure at once, following the repetitions and the carrying forward, as it were, of the original motive to ever-varying keys. By virtue of this characteristic symmetry Gounod is a pure classic, and a son, not only of Mozart, but of Bach.—CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

GOUNOD'S PEACEFUL LATER DAYS.

THE life of Gounod was like one of his own songs. Peace in his latter days descended upon the soul which had been so full of fire, leaving it bathed in light. He composed but little towards the last of his life; and if by chance he took up a pen, it was to write not passionate but contemplative works—masses in the Palestrinian style, in which he voluntarily renounces himself, endeavouring to sink his personality in that of the grand, pious old artist. I recall, too, a hymn to the night, which was one of his last inspirations, calmer and more august in its quiet strength than "Le Soir."* Once, shortly before his death, as he sang me this song, I seemed to see his lifework pass before my eyes. I could see all his passion and love ending in the unchanging consonances of the serene melody, and I realised that, in the genius of the master, and in his own soul, those profound words of Amiel had been accomplished: "*Aime et reste d'accord.*"† —CAMILLE BELLAIGUE.

* A melody written by Gounod when a student in Italy and afterwards incorporated into a scene in his opera "Sapho."

† "Love and be at peace."

VERDI

IX

VERDI

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY

By John Ebenezer Bryant, M.A.

Mozart lived in distress and died in poverty. Haydn's earnings had been small and his means narrow. So, too, were Beethoven's. He was glad to sell his "Missa Solennis," the work he considered "the crowning achievement of his life," to the courts of Europe for fifty ducats (about $100) each court. Mendelssohn lived upon his private fortune. His earnings from his music, or from either teaching or conducting, were inconsiderable. His salary as director of public music at Düsseldorf was but $450 a year. Schubert received almost nothing for his songs, and absolutely nothing for anything else he composed, and when he died his possessions were not enough to give him decent burial. Schumann earned nothing from his music, and exceedingly little from either teaching or conducting.

Verdi's success as a musician has been very different. Beginning life in as humble circumstances as any of these great masters, his course, almost from the very beginning, was characterised by that public appreciation which makes a man's achievement valuable commercially. From the first his work was sought after both by opera house managers and by publishers.

For his very first opera he received 1,750 francs. For his fourth opera, composed when he was still considerably under thirty, he was asked to name his own price. This he did by saying that it should be the same as Bellini (then in the height of his career) had received for "Norma." For his "Aida," written when he was wellnigh to sixty, he received $20,000 for its first presentation only. He has acquired wealth. He has bought estates. For many years he has lived the life of an Italian nobleman. In 1893 he was offered the title of marquis, but declined it. Notwithstanding all that he has achieved in music, in his later years he has taken principal interest in looking after his farms, his horses, his cattle, his fruit and his flowers. "At St. Agata," he once wrote, "we neither make nor talk about music. If you come here you will run the risk of finding a piano not only out of tune but very likely without strings."

The reason for this surpassing success of Verdi's has not been because of his surpassing greatness as a musician. All the masters above named were great in several departments of music. Verdi has achieved greatness in scarcely more than one department. Nor can it be said that in that department in which he has been most conspicuously successful, the opera, he is greater than Mozart, for example. It is rather because of the changed conditions under which the modern musician works, as compared with earlier musicians. Music is no longer the appreciation of the few. It is the enjoyment of the many. Especially is this so in Verdi's own land, Italy. There the opera has become the amusement—one might say the absolutely indispensable amusement—of the whole people.

And it is because Verdi has worked and written for the people, and made himself a favourite with and

a necessity to the people, that he has been successful beyond most other musicians of either antecedent or present times. Not very long ago he said: "The people have always been my best friends from the very beginning." And his successes, out of Italy especially, have been popular successes, rather than successes of estimation. Critics have extended to him their commendation only when his successes have been so general and so pronounced that longer to have withheld commendation would have seemed absurd. And even to-day Verdi's most popular opera, "Il Trovatore," the opera by which he is best known to the world, the opera which it is said has taken in more money than any other opera ever produced, the opera which managers still can always count upon for winning good receipts, is by the critical connoisseur laughed at and pooh-poohed.

GIUSEPPE VERDI was born in Roncole, a little village near Busseto, not very far from Parma, Italy, October 11, 1813. His father was an innkeeper and the keeper of a village store—humble and poor, but, in his condition, business-like and prosperous. In the year 1814 the village was sacked by an invading army and much bloodshed occurred. The story of the almost miraculous escape of the future musician is thus told by his biographer.

"The frightened women took refuge in the church—safe, as they believed, near the image of the Virgin—until the soldiers forced the doors and slew women and children till the floor reeked with blood. One woman with infant at breast fled to the belfry and hid there, thus saving herself and her child. The child was the infant Verdi."

As a child Verdi seems to have been exceptionally musical, but little record of his precocity has been kept. It is told that he had a peculiar fondness for listening to the music of street organs! It is also told that once when in church, acting as an assistant to an officiating priest, he became so spellbound listening to the music of the service that the priest in trying to rouse him to his senses unfortunately kicked him down the altar steps!

When he was seven years of age his father obtained a spinet, or pianoforte, for him. He became so enamoured of this instrument that he spent all of his time at it. It is said that once, having forgotten one of his favourite chords upon it, he became so angry that he began "to belabour the key-board with a hammer." Verdi, we are told, still preserves this ancient spinet. It bears an interesting inscription. After the child had had his treasure for a year it needed some repairs. These were supplied by a tradesman of the village. The inscription runs as follows:

"I, Stephen Cavaletti, added these hammers anew, supplied them with leather and fitted the pedals. These, together with the hammers, I give as a present for the industry which the boy, Giuseppe Verdi, evinces in learning to play the instrument. This is of itself reward enough to me for my trouble. Anno Domini 1821."

The ambition of Verdi's father was that some day his son might become organist of the church at Roncole. So, to fit him for such a position, should it ever become vacant, he had Giuseppe receive instruction from him who was then organist. It was not long, however, before the instructor confessed that his young pupil "knew all he had to teach."

To further fit his gifted son for life the father sent him to school at Busseto. For board, lodging, and tuition the total charge was only three pence a day. But this sum was a serious outlay for one in the position in life of the elder Verdi. The musician has had much cause to be grateful to his father for those early educational efforts of his, humble though they were. They were in reality the great influences that determined his future career.

When Verdi was ten years of age he began life for himself. He entered the service of a merchant of Busseto, with whom his father dealt, named Barezzi. He became successively office boy, clerk, general assistant. He must have been efficient and painstaking in his service, for he won Signor Barezzi's confidence, and Barezzi was always a friend to him.

Barezzi was a musical amateur, a player on several instruments, and in his way a patron of music. He discovered young Verdi's talent and encouraged him in it. Moreover, he brought him under the influence of Provesi. Provesi was organist and choir-master of the cathedral of Busseto, the conductor of its "band," or orchestra, and a good musician. Verdi assisted Provesi in every possible way: copied his music parts out for him, took his place at the organ occasionally, and made himself generally useful. In return he received from Provesi lessons in instrumentation, counterpoint, thorough bass, and musical art and science generally. In three years, when Verdi was thirteen years of age, Provesi, too, could say that his pupil "knew all he had to teach."

Verdi had already been able to realise his father's fond ambition for him. In his eleventh year he had been made organist of Roncole. The salary was only $7.50 a year, but then there were extra fees for bap-

tisms, marriages, and funerals. The work, however, had to be done only on Sundays and holidays. He still remained on at Busseto with Barezzi, and still remained under instruction or in close touch with Provesi. This first position of his Verdi held seven years.

In the meantime his music was attracting attention. A priest at Busseto named Seletti, who had been giving him lessons in Latin, had been very desirous that he should enter the church. "You have a gift for Latin and must be a priest," he said. One day Verdi happened to be in charge of the organ at Busseto when Seletti was officiating at mass. The music was unusually beautiful. Seletti was much impressed by it. When the service was over he inquired who the strange organist was. When he found out that it was his young Latin pupil he was astonished. "Whose music was it you were playing?" he asked. Verdi was frightened, but he informed him truly. He had brought no music with him and he had been improvising. "So I played as I felt," he said. "Ah!" exclaimed Seletti, "I advised you wrongly. You must be no priest, but a musician."

Verdi's great desire was to be an opera-composer. Provesi encouraged him in this ambition, and predicted he would become a great master. It was thought best by his friends that he should attend the conservatory at Milan. But money was needed. Barezzi advanced the money. To Milan and to the conservatory Verdi accordingly went. But he was refused admission! By examination the authorities of the conservatory discovered that Verdi had no special aptitude for music! Needless to say the date of that luminous examination is not a red-letter day in the calendar of the Milan conservatory.

The would-be opera composer was chagrined, but

his rejection was undoubtedly a good thing for him. He was already well grounded in the theory of music. What he needed now was some practical familiarity with the actual work of fitting musical ideas to librettos —scoring scenes, devising choruses, etc., etc. All this he got by putting himself under the instruction of Lavigna, the conductor of the world-famed Theatre La Scala. The young musician soon showed the stuff he was made of. "Giuseppe is a fine fellow," said Lavigna to Barezzi, who once came to inquire about his protégé. "Some day he will be an honour to us and to his country." Verdi was now eighteen years old.

When Verdi was twenty years of age his old instructor, Provesi, died. Verdi was now appointed to Provesi's place as organist of Busseto. Three years later he married. His wife was Margarita Barezzi, a daughter of his friend and patron. Two years later he determined to leave Busseto and try his fortune in Milan. Accordingly, in 1838, he removed to Milan with his wife and his two infant children, a son and daughter.

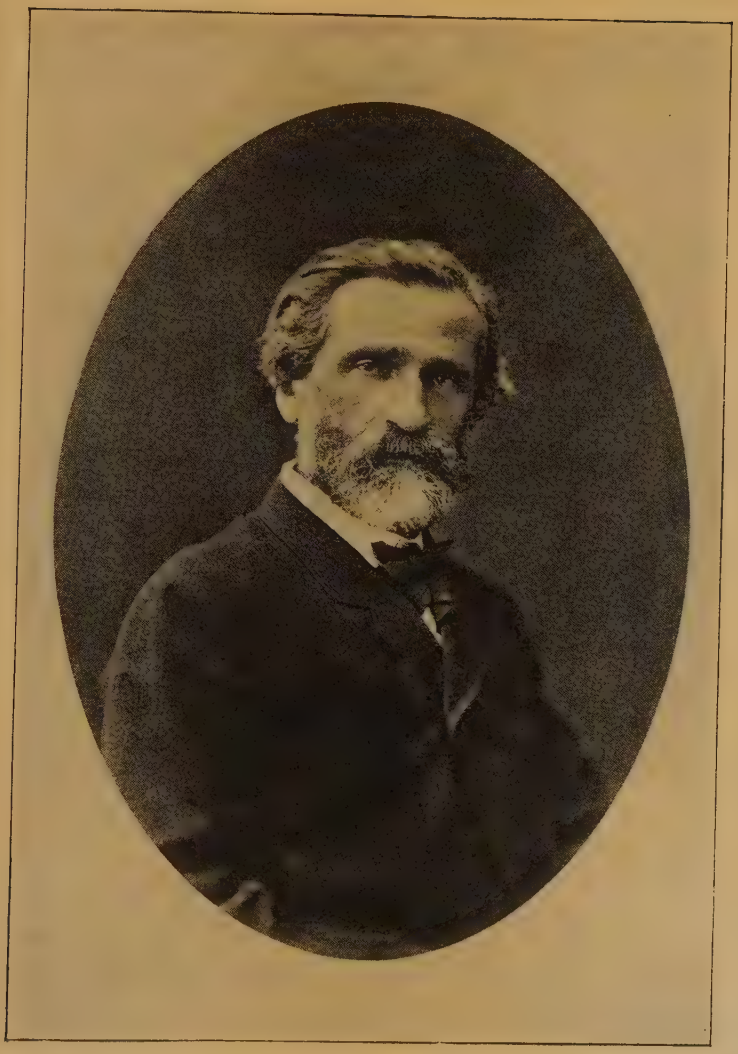
The struggle to get on in Milan was a hard one. But the young wife was brave and loving and she helped. She even sold her jewels to pay rent. Success came, but very slowly. By chance he had opportunity to conduct at a presentation of Haydn's "Creation." The chance was one that people wondered at. "I shall never forget," Verdi has said, "the sort of sarcastic approval that crossed the faces of the knowing ones. My young, thin, and shabbily attired person was little calculated, perhaps, to inspire confidence." But he succeeded. His playing showed (for

he had to play the pianoforte as well as conduct) that, young as he was, he was a master in his craft.

Difficulties, however, sprang up on every hand, and he was about to give up and return to Busseto. But just as he was most despairing the thing he had longed for happened. An opera he had written was accepted for performance at La Scala. It proved to be a success (1839). People flocked to see it performed and the music publishers paid him a good price for it. Verdi took heart. He knew that he had his future in his own hands. Immediately a commission for three new operas came to him.

But hard upon his bright success bitter anguish and sorrow followed. Almost at one blow he lost his two children and his wife. "Alone! Alone!" he wrote. "In a little over two months three coffins, all that I loved and cherished most on earth, were taken from me. I had no longer a family." He had passionately loved his wife. He had passionately loved his children. To lose them thus broke him utterly. He cancelled his engagement to supply the new operas and determined "never to compose another note."

ITALY was the original home of the opera, and for centuries it was the land where the opera was supposed to have its most perfect realisation. And yet for centuries the opera in Italy made but little development or change. It consisted fundamentally of a number of arias, duets, choruses, etc., "strung together," as the phrase is, into a sort of musical story, the whole enlivened by an orchestral accompaniment. The dramatic interest of the story was largely a matter of make-believe. The real interest which the entertainment had



Giuseppe Verdi

for its hearers lay in its constituent lyric parts. Even the overture was little more than a mere piece of patchwork, a mélange or potpourri made up of snatches of the airs that were to follow, concocted into an introduction for the purpose of giving the auditors a foretaste of what they were more fully to enjoy later on. If the book of words chanced to be a good one, if it embodied a well-constructed story, a story of dramatic interest and power, then the opera could not but benefit more or less from this goodhap. But generally the book of words, the story as a whole, was of little importance. It was only the individual lyric pieces that counted.

Such—that is to say, essentially—was the Italian opera even under Rossini, the composer of greatest genius that up to his time the art in Italy had ever known, although by the brilliancy and power of his orchestration, his enlarged use of choruses, his enlarged use of the orchestra in recitative parts, and the masterly power of his overture work, he had raised Italian opera to a dignity as an art-production it had never before experienced. Such, too, even in a more marked degree, was Italian opera under Rossini's contemporaries and successors, Bellini and Donizetti, with whom melodic plentifulness, sweetness, richness, and "catchiness" were the main considerations.

The opera in Italy had always been emotional and for the most part tragic. In Germany and also in France, but especially in Germany, the opera had developed along the lines of supernaturalism, sentiment, and romance. The German national opera and the French-German school of opera, which is modelled upon it, are essentially romantic—frequently supernaturally romantic. Begun by Mozart, continued and developed by Weber and Spohr, continued and devel-

oped still more by Halévy and Meyerbeer, the non-Italian opera, or opera of the north, became quite a different thing from the emotional melody-opera or lyric opera of Italy and the south. Of this northern romantic opera, the modern opera of Germany—the opera of Wagner and Bayreuth—is the natural, though very highly developed, outcome.

The northern opera was romantic, mystical, supernatural; its southern progenitor, emotional, passionate, tragic. But the principal distinguishing characteristic of the northern opera was its greater dramatic intensity. German national opera, German-French opera, was not a mere assemblage of arias, duets and choruses. It was an organic dramatic composition, working out by means of musical expression both vocal and instrumental, as well as by uttered language and histrionic action, the dramatic sentiment or idea with which it was charged. The whole production of an opera, therefore, shared in this dramatic intensity of purpose. The overture, the orchestral accompaniments, the scenery, the acting, the dressing of the actors, the words of the libretto, the vocal music, whether in recitative, aria, duet, chorus or ensemble, were all subordinated to one general intent, the realisation of the dramatic idea that the opera under performance was supposed to embody.

The upholders of the modern school of German opera claim that the opera as constructed and produced by them does more truly become a musical drama than any previous form of opera. We mention this only in passing. The Wagnerian development in opera came subsequent to the period we are now specially treating. Its influence upon Verdi, if any, was only in the later part of his career.

THERE are three distinct periods of production in Verdi's history. The first period was that which extended from his twenty-sixth year, the year of his first opera (1839) until his thirty-seventh year (1850). During this period he produced many operas and achieved much success. For one of the latest operas of the period ("Louisa Miller") he received $2,525. For another ("The Corsair") he was paid $4,000 simply for the score. But all this success was principally in Italy and among his own countrymen. A number of his operas were brought to England, but few had great triumph there, although several were moderately successful. Perhaps the opera of Verdi's of this early period that has found most favour with English-speaking people is "Ernani" (1844). "Ernani" was founded upon Victor Hugo's tragedy "Hernani." When this opera was brought out in Paris a trouble occurred. Victor Hugo was hostile to it, insisting that its libretto was but a sorry mutilation of the words of his drama. To appease the angry poet other words were used and the title changed.

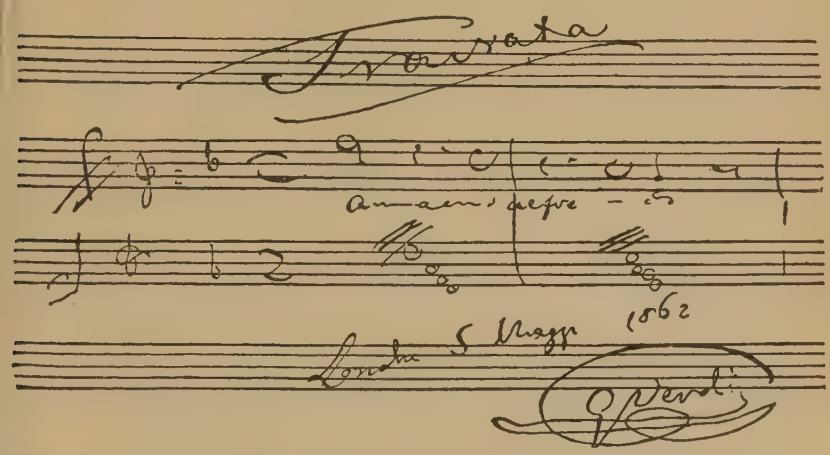
These early operas of Verdi's did not show the originality and individuality of genius which characterised his later work. They were constructed wholly upon models which Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini had already fully illustrated. Of course, they had many true Verdinian characteristics. Their melodies were ear-capturing and spirit-stirring. Their orchestration was rich, full, and charged with feeling. Their finales and chorus effects were strong and brilliant. Moreover, in Italy, Verdi's music and the words he set it to were oftentimes of a patriotic character. He was looked upon as the people's musician. It was a revolutionary time in the history of the nation, and some-

times when one of Verdi's pieces was on the boards the police, and even the military, had to be called in, so excited did audiences get. But outside of Italy the general criticism was that Verdi as a musician was noisy and blatant. His faults were seen, his merits were not seen. Indeed, his most characteristic merits had, as yet, scarcely shown themselves. His great conception of a true music-drama was still undeveloped.

THE second period of Verdi's production extended from his thirty-seventh year (1850) to his forty-sixth year (1859). In this period Verdi became the most popular opera composer, not simply of Italy, but of the world. Of the seven operas composed in this period three—"Rigoletto" (1851), "Il Trovatore" (1853) and "La Traviata" (also 1853)—have had a popularity that, taking the whole world over, and the whole period of the time since their first production until the present, has exceeded the popularity of all other operas the world has known.

The story of "Rigoletto" is based on Victor Hugo's tragedy "Le Roi S'Amuse." The story of "Il Trovatore" is based upon a Spanish tragedy entitled "The Troubadour." The story of "La Traviata" is based upon that well-known story and play of Dumas the younger, "La Dame aux Camélias" ("The Lady of the Camelias"), known in English as "Camille." Not one of the stories is pleasant reading. The first two, indeed, are generally characterised as "revolting." The third story is of such a character that when the opera embodying it was first put upon the English stage a great effort was made by both press and pulpit to stop it.

But the popularity of these operas only very partially depended upon the character of their librettos. The librettos afforded attractive scenes and striking situations, and these, of course, the composer took full advantage of. The real strength of the operas lay in the character of the composer's music. Here was mel-



Facsimile from MS. of Verdi Preserved in British Museum.
(From the album of Eliza Wesley.)

ody, rich, fluent, and captivating, as any Bellini ever wrote, with, moreover, a peculiar quality of dramatic appropriateness that no previous Italian opera music ever had. Besides, in the orchestration there was a richness and fulness of tone effect, an appropriateness of illustration and dramatic exposition, which marked a new departure in opera composition. Above all, there was in each opera a oneness of conception, a dramatic continuity, a recognition throughout the whole work of a dramatic intent and purpose, all equally new and striking. Verdi no longer was popular because he was

a pleasing song and chorus writer. He was popular now because he was a great and strong dramatic artist.

FROM 1859 to 1870—that is, from his forty-sixth to his fifty-seventh year—Verdi wrote no opera, and the world had almost come to the conclusion that he was willing to rest under his laurels and would attempt no more flights of his muse. But in 1870 he received a commission from the Khedive of Egypt to produce an opera to grace the inauguration of a new playhouse in Cairo. The composer was to name his own terms, and altogether the honour was too important to be slighted. The result was "Aida," first produced at Cairo, January 24, 1871. "Aida" is generally thought to be Verdi's finest, most characteristic work. It is, perhaps, the most strongly emotional opera ever written. The éclat which accompanied its first representation exceeded that of any previous demonstration Verdi ever was honoured with.

Once more the master sank into retirement and once more the world supposed he had put aside his dramatic work forever. After "Aida," with only one exception (1878), he produced no other opera until 1887. Then, in his seventy-fourth year, at La Scala, Milan, amid demonstrations of honour that were almost national in their representative completeness, was produced his great Shakespearean opera "Otello" ("Othello").

Still once again did Verdi astonish the world. In 1893, when he was in his eightieth year, in La Scala, Milan, on February 9th, was produced a work that not only was one of the very finest he had ever written, but also was one very different from anything else he had ever written. This was his great Shakespearean opera

"Falstaff." In other words, though Verdi had all his life devoted himself to the writing of tragic operas, he now, when he was an octogenarian, showed that he was a complete master of comic opera. "Falstaff" was a spontaneous effort of genius with him. "The music often made me laugh while writing it," he said.

This production of "Falstaff" at La Scala was one of the most remarkable events that ever occurred in that historic playhouse. "It would be impossible to conceive," said one who was present, "an audience more representative of the best elements in music, art, politics, and society. Critics were there from all parts of Europe—indeed, one might say from all parts of the world."

VERDI's triumphs have been with the masses. Connoisseurs have always been somewhat severe upon him. When his operas "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata" were proving themselves to be a fortune to every playhouse manager who had the good luck to get them, critics were everywhere saying that his music was "vulgar and commonplace," "noisy and incoherent," "shallow and pretending." "Trashy," "flimsy," and "meretricious," were epithets in constant use. Later, when "Aida" became a success, although it was admitted that he never wrote anything "without a display of emotional and sensational power," it still was charged to him that his "themes were commonplace" and that his instrumentation was "ponderous" and "blatant with brass." This sort of criticism, however, has largely passed away. Verdi's music, whether vocal or instrumental, is now generally recognised to be both artistic and scholarly. Its quality, whatever it may be, has been justified by its success.

Also in his "Aida," and still more so in his "Otello" and his "Falstaff," the criticism was made that Verdi had come under the influence of Wagner. His music, so it was said, was showing an adaptation to the canons of construction laid down for "the music of the future." Of course Verdi, like every other musician of his age, could not help but be more or less affected by the teaching and example of the great master of the modern music-drama. But Verdi's genius is independent and original. His work from the beginning has been as much self-evolved and self-determined as that of any other musician of his time. Gradually he advanced from the effusive lyric opera of his youth, the opera that Bellini and Donizetti illustrated by their genius, to the symmetrically artistic music-drama of his mature age. His operas, even his "Otello" and his "Falstaff," are not Wagnerian. They are not dramas first and music productions afterward. With him music—pleasing, captivating, heart-spirit-and-soul-entrancing music—is still the chief end and aim. But this end is reached not by catering to the skill of solo-performers; not by pushing forward arias, duets, etc., unduly; but by giving a dramatic value, imparting a dramatic interest, to every feature of the composition—the declamatory recitatives, the choruses, the finales, quite as much as the arias and duets—and especially by throwing upon the whole a constant play of light, and shade, and tone-colour, by means of appropriate suggestive and descriptive orchestration.

VERDI

CRITICAL STUDIES AND REMINISCENCES

SELECTED

"A GIRDLE OF MELODY AROUND THE WORLD."

THERE is no need to ask "who is Verdi?" He is that Italian master who has put a girdle of melody literally round the world. Not to the accomplished musician, the cultured amateur, the plodding student, and the happy home musical circle is he known only, but to take England alone, he is familiar by name and tune to thousands of the poorest and lowest, whose only music is the street organ, and whose main musical literature is the opera-house announcements on the theatre doors and public hoardings. Men and women who cannot pronounce the name of Mendelssohn articulate Verdi, and outcasts and arabs, whose opera house is the wide, wide metropolis, and whose only orchestra is engined by the Saffron Hill fraternity, have the Italian *maestro*, in name and tune, at their tongue-tips. All this may not be art, but it is magnificent.—FREDERICK J. CROWEST, *in "Verdi: Man and Musician."*

VERDI THE EXPONENT OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF OPERATIC ART IN THE CENTURY.

VERDI becomes a great art-study. He stands distinctly an epoch-making musician. A composer who in

1845 had not been heard in England, and who at the present time [1897] commands the lyric stage of this and every other European country, to say nothing of other continents, furnishes necessarily solid ground for critical musical enquiry. His artistic career is most instructive in its steady growth to mature ripeness. His efforts, too, have been almost entirely confined to opera, and if we examine Verdi's operas from first to last, it will not be difficult to trace the change that has taken place in the fashion of opera during the past three quarters of a century. This has been as progressive as it has been emphatic; and no composer's works reflect it so decidedly as do Verdi's. The man and the musician went on in company. As he matured, so his art-work ripened. The three periods of his artistic career furnish a history of nineteenth century operatic fashion and style.—CROWEST.

VERDI THE GREATEST OF ITALY'S MUSIC-DRAMATISTS.

WHILE the most popular musician of the nineteenth century, Verdi is, of all Italy's famous exponents of dramatic-musical art, indisputably the greatest. The land of song has produced many notable musicians, many wondrous melodists; but not one of them, not even Rossini, has so modified and influenced the national art as has Verdi. The entire extent of his impress will only be fully known when the Italians come to write their country's musical history. Verdi will be found to be the master who made Italian opera a grand national art-form, something of a social requirement in this closing nineteenth century.—CROWEST.

VERDI THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF ALL MUSICIANS.

To win a reputation such as belongs to Verdi, even if some discover it to be ephemeral only, is, indeed, a great achievement. Other pre-eminent musicians have laboured in every branch of their art—sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, oratorio and opera, symphony and quartet, song and dance—with all which some of them have hardly become known during their lifetimes outside the range of their own country. There seems to be a profound musical problem here, but the solution is at hand. The greatest of the great composers were each and all before their time. Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Schumann came in an age that was all unprepared for them. Verdi, on the other hand, whose phenomenal success is unlike theirs, was born at the moment. The musical world was waiting with open arms for him; for it had been satiated with opera music of a meretricious order, though written by his own countrymen, from which any deliverance could not fail to be a relief. The rescuer proved eventually to be Verdi.—CROWEST.

THE ENDURINGNESS OF THE POPULARITY OF "IL TROVATORE."

IT will be allowed, we suspect, that no dramatic-lyric work is so well known, or has enjoyed a more amazing popularity than has Verdi's opera of "The Troubadour." Whatever may be its merits and demerits, it is unquestionably a work that has delighted a generation fast passing away; while it bids fair to afford

equal pleasure to a new and rising one, judging by the hearty reception given to the opera at recent performances. For long and long have ominous words been uttered predicting the decline and death of "Il Trovatore," with all Italian opera of its kin. But behold it is alive and well! Thanks to the efforts of "apostles" of music like Hullah and others, musical education has gone on apace since "Il Trovatore" first appeared here; but with all this, and all the classicism which it has been fashionable to ape in music, there yet remains something in Verdi's opera that still attracts, not merely the "mob," but educated people.—CROWEST.

THE TUNEFULNESS OF "IL TROVATORE."

MILLIONS find tune in "Il Trovatore;" and tune (when of the quality of Verdi's) becomes the first, the unextinguishable principle of music. This is the grand secret of the vitality of "Il Trovatore" and operas akin to it, which the intelligent many will continue to enjoy to their hearts' content, *malgré* the pityings of wiseheads. When "Il Trovatore" is extinct, that will be the time to sing its requiem, although there would seem to be little promise of any of this generation being required to attend that solemn function.—CROWEST.

"AÏDA," "OTELLO" AND "FALSTAFF."

VERDI'S Third period works, "Aïda," "Otello" and "Falstaff" are the greatest and grandest specimens ever contributed to the répertoire of Italian opera. In them Verdi has reached the perfection of his art as he

knows it, and has brought the musical drama to a point which cannot consistently be passed. It is doubtful whether another Italian composer will ever be found to extend the national opera as left by Verdi in these matured period works—compositions which, everything considered, are more satisfactory, and probably more permanent because more reasonable, than any musical drama that has emanated from the modern German school. These Third period works, by the illustrious Italian, will last so long as there is a dramatic lyric stage, whether this be in England or abroad.—CROWEST.

VERDI'S EARLIER AND LATER WORKS COMPARED.

VERDI must ever be remembered for the extravagant ear-taking melodies of his early operas, which have amply justified their existence; but he will best live musically by his Third period operas and his "Requiem" mass. These compositions must always furnish a glorious summit to Verdi's pinnacle of musical fame. At the same time it will be, we predict, many a long day before the last is heard of "Il Trovatore" and "Rigoletto."—CROWEST.

THE WORLD'S GREAT MUSICIANS

EXAMINATION PAPER

NOTE—These examination questions are given for the purpose of indicating the sort of information the student-reader should be able to obtain from a careful study of the papers presented in this book. Each student-reader is recommended to write out carefully as good answers as possible to all the questions. Of course only such answers need be attempted as can be formed from a study of the papers in the book.

I. HANDEL.

1. Give a brief estimate of Handel's position and influence in the world of musical art.

2. Describe Handel's musical precocity.

3. Describe the influence of Italy upon the development of Handel's genius.

4. Describe Handel's musical work in England prior to the composition of his oratorios.

5. Give some account of Handel's minor masterpieces.

6. Give a brief account of Handel's greater masterpieces, specifying the circumstances of their production, their character (in a general way), their impression upon the public at the time of their first production, their subsequent popularity and history, etc., etc.

II. Haydn.

1. Give an account of Haydn's position and influence in the history of the development of instrumental music. Explain why he is called "the father of the symphony and of the string quartet."

2. Give a brief account of Haydn's childhood and youth, with special reference to his musical education and his musical development.

3. Give a brief account of—

(a) Haydn's life with the Princes Esterhazy;
(b) his visits to England.

4. Give some account of the production and character of—

(a) "The Emperor's Hymn;"
(b) "The Creation;"
(c) "The Seasons."

Also an account of the popularity of these works, both in Haydn's own time and since his death.

III. Mozart.

1. (a) Describe in a general way Mozart's place in the world of music.
(b) What was Gounod's estimate of Mozart?

2. Describe fully Mozart's musical precocity and give an account of his childhood and youth.

3. Describe in detail Mozart's life in Italy.

4. Describe the tragic character of Mozart's life in his own country.

5. Enumerate and describe, as fully as possible, the character of Mozart's masterpieces, adding notes descriptive of the circumstances of their production, etc.

IV. Beethoven.

1. Give as fully as possible the general opinion of the world in regard to Beethoven's greatness as a musician.

2. Describe Beethoven as a player on the pianoforte.

3. Give some account of—
   (a) Beethoven's character;
   (b) his idiosyncrasies.

4. Give some account of Beethoven's deafness, and describe its influence on his life, character, and career as a musical artist.

5. (a) Describe, in a general way, Beethoven's symphonies. Describe more particularly the Third, the Sixth and the Ninth symphonies.
   (b) Give some account of Beethoven's sonatas and chamber-music, adding such notes of interest relating to their names and the personages to whom they were dedicated as may be possible.
   (c) Give a brief account (descriptive or otherwise) of (1) "Fidelio," (2) "The Mount of Olives," and (3) the "Missa Solennis."
   (d) Give some account of Beethoven's habits and conduct during the composition of the "Missa Solennis."

V. Mendelssohn.

1. Give an account of—
   (a) Mendelssohn's character and personality;
   (b) his family and social environment;

(c) his musical precocity and his development as a musical artist;
(d) his personal history subsequent to childhood;
(e) his place in musical art.

2. Give a brief account of—
(a) Mendelssohn's compositions for the pianoforte;
(b) his symphonies and overtures;
(c) his oratorios—specifying as well as possible the character of these compositions and the circumstances of their production.

3. Give an account of Mendelssohn's influence on contemporary music—specifying particularly what he did towards the improvement of musical education.

VI.-VII. Schubert and Schumann.

1. Describe as fully as possible Schubert's place in musical art and the scope of his genius as a musical artist.

2. Describe as fully as possible—
(a) Schubert's musical precocity;
(b) the circumstances of his life subsequent to boyhood;
(c) his personal character.

3. Give an account of Schubert's facility, power, and character, as a song-writer.

4. Give some account of Schubert's musical work other than as song-writer. Enumerate (as far as possible) his masterpieces and indicate in a general way their character.

5. Describe—
(a) Schumann's character and personality;

(b) his early life;

(c) his marriage, and the influence his marriage had on his art;

(d) his later life and the effects of its circumstances upon his career as an artist.

6. What is our debt to Clara Schumann with respect to Schumann?

7. Describe in a general way Schumann's place in musical art—

(a) as judged by his contemporaries;

(b) as judged more lately.

8. Enumerate some of Schumann's masterpieces and write brief descriptive notes on each one enumerated.

VIII. GOUNOD.

1. Gounod has been called "the musician of love." Justify this appellation.

2. Describe—

(a) Gounod's personality;

(b) his character;

(c) the interest that he felt in theological and religious matters.

3. What place and rank does Gounod hold among the more modern masters of music?

4. It is said that "Gounod attributed his all in life and in art to his mother." Explain and illustrate this statement as fully as possible.

5. Describe the external influences (other than the influence of his mother) which determined Gounod towards the career of musical artist.

6. Give a brief account of Gounod's musical education.

7. Mention three of Gounod's operatic masterpieces

and write upon each notes descriptive of their production, character, success, etc.

8. Mention two of Gounod's works in the realm of sacred music and briefly remark upon their character, the circumstances of their production, etc.

IX. VERDI.

1. What has been Verdi's success as a musician? Account for it as far as possible, both with reference to the musician himself and with reference to the public.

2. Describe Verdi's education and development as a musical artist.

3. (a) Describe in a general way the distinction between German opera and Italian opera.
   (b) Describe in a general way the distinction between the character of Italian opera antecedent to Verdi's earlier years and its character in more recent years.

4. (a) Enumerate the masterpieces by which Verdi achieved success in what may be called the middle part of his career.
   (b) Write brief notes, descriptive and otherwise, on each of the masterpieces enumerated.

5. (a) Enumerate the great masterpieces of Verdi's later years.
   (b) Write brief notes, historical and descriptive, on each of the masterpieces enumerated.

6. Write a brief account of the treatment that has been meted out to Verdi by critics. Contrast and compare this treatment with that bestowed upon him by the public.

GULF SHORES PUBLIC LIBRARY

GULF SHORES, AL 36542